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## A WINTER IN BERLIN.—I.

I had a few months to spare for a vacation in Europe, but could not go over until late in October. At that season the current of tourists turns south from Paris, and distributes itself along the main lines of travel, through the south of France into Italy, where it eddies about Florence, Rome, and Naples, until the spring warmth turns it again northward. The more enterprising push on to Egypt and Palestine, though a few turn aside into Spain. It occurred to me that, instead of going over the Italian ground again, I would go this time in the opposite direction, and get a glimpse of another part of Europe; so, instead of following the crowd to the lands south of the Alps, I started for Berlin.

It was a chilly morning in the early part of November, 1879, when I left Paris. Occasionally during the day the fog lifted, and there were brief glimpses through the humid car-windows of the brown fields of northern France stretching away from each side of the road in long, narrow strips, and then of the villages and more variegated surface of Belgium. It was certainly a comfortless ride. As the early darkness came on we changed cars at the frontiers, and the stiff uniforms of the railroad *attachés* and their harsh speech told us unmistakably that we were on Prussian territory. Cologne was soon reached, and a warm supper in the comfortable hotel in a great degree balanced the long account of the day's discomforts. A day in this quaint city, to look once more at the magnificent cathedral, and then I pushed on to my destination by the way of Hanover and Magdeburg. In a few days after

my arrival in Berlin, through the assistance of a member of our embassy, I was enabled to find a home in a small German family. My hostess was the widow of a public official, who, in the course of a long and honorable career, had been enabled to give his family a social position, which after his death it was very hard for the widow to maintain upon the meager pittance which the Government doled out to her as a pension. The worthy Frau Geheimrätin, therefore, was glad to admit me as a member of her family. It may be as well to mention here that a "Geheimrath" is a privy-councilor, but at this day in Germany the title has become an honorary one, conferred by the sovereign upon meritorious subjects, and, according to the custom of the country, the wife is always addressed by her husband's title. I took possession of her two vacant rooms, and remained until the following May. For the time I was in every sense a member of the family, and I had thus a very favorable opportunity to see the interior of the life of middle-class Germans, and certainly the simple, unaffected hospitality, the culture and heart, which I met in the circle to which I was introduced, disposed me from the outset to be uncritical toward the features of the life about me which appeared strange.

My life during the winter was one of quiet observation, and as it may possibly be of interest to those who have not been in Germany to know something of its capital, I shall endeavor to summarize my observations and experiences.

By looking at the map it will be seen that the latitude of Berlin is a little north of that of London, and relatively to our own continent it

is as far north as the northern point of Newfoundland, on the Atlantic side, and the northern point of Vancouver's Island, on the Pacific. The climatic conditions of Western Europe correspond more nearly in equableness to those of the western than the eastern parts of North America, and in a general way it may be said that the climate is what it would be if situated at a corresponding parallel west of the Rocky Mountains. The winter was very much like one in New York city, without, perhaps, the sharp and sudden contrasts one experiences there. There was considerable snow, and yet it was never deep, and I recall only a few days of good sleighing. During almost the whole of December the heavens were heavily overcast, and for weeks no ray of sunshine came into my windows. Daylight appeared toward nine in the morning, and the night settled down a little after four in the afternoon. Of course, the opposite extreme prevails in midsummer, when the long morning and evening twilight leaves not more than five hours of darkness—between ten and three o'clock. Great heat occasionally prevails in the latter season, but, taken altogether, the Berlin climate is more equable than that of New York, and less so than that of London. The Germans take many more precautions against the cold than we do, and than we deem necessary. A gentleman does not consider himself adequately protected for a street promenade in winter without a long overcoat, heavily lined with furs, with a huge fur collar up about his ears; in addition, he envelops his throat in numerous folds of a silk handkerchief, and finally stuffs his ears with cotton. In truth, the views and practices of the average German, with reference to fresh air, present some inconsistencies to an American, which certainly, at first view, appear hardly reconcilable, either with each other or with what we are taught to consider the fundamental conditions of sanitary well-being. Within doors he has a horror of fresh air. Closed double windows; every cranny through which a trifle of pure, unadulterated air can make its entrance carefully sealed; a hot, thick, steamy, and inodorous air; are to him the conditions of comfort. He revels in the stifling, tobacco-reeking atmosphere of the Bierkneipe, or popular concert-hall. When it was discovered that I habitually left the window of my sleeping-room open, even during the coldest nights, I was immediately warned that I was guilty of an indiscretion which would probably end in typhus fever. I was, however, so wedded to this bad habit, and took so much comfort in it, that I continued its practice, and, notwithstanding the ominous

prediction, escaped any ill effects. And yet, while the German stews himself within doors, he will seize the slightest pretext, whenever the weather permits, to sit out in the open air. As May opens up, and even before the chill is out of the atmosphere, the restaurants and *cafés* place tables and chairs in such open spaces as they have about them, which are immediately put to use by guests, who linger over their beer late into the chilly evening. A bit of garden, with a scraggly tree in it, is an excellent stock-in-trade for a beer-house. I have asked several Germans to explain to me why their country people hermetically sealed their houses, and yet in the warm season counted so much upon the fresh air without, and they have invariably answered that it is because they have a great horror of draughts, and believe them provokers of rheumatic complaints, of which they have a great dread. The explanation, however, hardly seems adequate, because they will sit for hours out-doors in a chilly air that in any other part of the world would surely bring on the complaint they affect to fear so much.

In order to picture to oneself the situation of the chief city of the German Empire one must imagine a wide stretch of flat, sandy country, with a narrow, sluggish stream meandering through it, and on each side of this stream the crowded streets of the metropolis. This stretch of level surface, in fact, extends over the greater part of Prussia, from the Rhine to the Russian line, and north to the Baltic. This small river is the Spree. In a general way its course is from west to east through the city, expanding on the eastern side to its greatest width. It has one or two parallel branches, which have been widened and deepened into canals sufficient for the long, clumsy country boats to come up to central points in the city.

From an obscure fishing station on this river, established prior to the twelfth century, has grown a closely compacted city of over a million of inhabitants. The form of the city is substantially circular. If a line be drawn from north to south through the circle, the older parts of the city will lie to the east, and the newer to the west. Cutting the circle, in a line running east and west through its center, is the principal thoroughfare, known as the Unter den Linden, which extends from the old Schloss, on the east, to the Thiergarten, at the opposite extremity. This street is the pride of the Berliners, and their lounging place, but it cannot be said to present any especially striking effects. It is, perhaps, two hundred feet broad, but the stately lindens which are said to have once shaded its central walk, and which gave it its pretty name, withered and died as the pavements encroached

upon them, and are now replaced by double rows of insignificant successors, which are only kept alive through persistent attention. The center is occupied by a broad foot-way, which has on one side a carriage-way, and on the other a horse-path. Outside of these, on each side, are the usual street-ways and sidewalks. At the east the Linden loses itself, when it crosses the Spree, in the wide space known as the Lustgarten, which was formerly a veritable garden, and also parade ground. On one side of this roomy square is the old palace, generally known as the Schloss; on another side is the Dome Church, where the imperial family attend divine service; and on the northern face the square front of the old Museum, with its broad flight of steps, stands forth with an air of aggressiveness. At the sides of these steps are the two magnificent bronzes which are so much copied in small—the amazon on horseback defending herself against a tiger, by Kiss, and the hunter on horseback combating a lion, by Wolff. Connoisseurs say that the Berlin Museum contains the best arranged galleries in Europe for the study of the development of art, in sculpture, painting, and engraving; but it has no works of special renown. Behind this building is the beautiful structure of the National Museum, where are the collections of modern art. Recrossing the bridge from this magnificent open space, and going westward, we come at once upon the Opera House, Emperor's and Crown Prince's palaces, the university, arsenal, and academy buildings. These are all clustered quite near to each other at the eastern end of the Unter den Linden, and are all exteriorly quite plain, looking more as if built for use than ornament. In the center of the Linden, directly opposite the Emperor's palace, stands the colossal bronze statue of Frederick the Great on horseback, towering up fully to the height of the neighboring buildings. It is a wonderfully spirited and impressive bronze, and yet, withal, very natural. The shops of the Linden are in no way noteworthy, nor its architecture at all impressive. At the western end it terminates at the triple arch, which opens directly on to the Thiergarten. This latter is the public park of Berlin, and is certainly as charming as possible. It is about two miles long, and perhaps half a mile wide. Its charm lies in its extreme naturalness. It is merely a bit of wild woods, with carriage-roads, horse-paths, and foot-ways winding about among the trees. The natural undergrowth is left undisturbed. There is little attempt at artificiality, or, if there is, it counterfeits nature admirably. One can wander off into depths of wildness, by little sheets of water, where the conscious-

ness of a surrounding city with its noise and turmoil is entirely lost.

In the winter I was accustomed to very often take long rambles into its remoter parts, and always with fresh enjoyment. The sharp, keen air braced one up for vigorous exercise, and it was exhilarating to tramp along the deserted winding paths, and look off among the dark-bodied trees, rising like mourners out of the snow. At times there were peculiar effects, when a sudden sharp, cold snap followed a moist day of greater warmth than usual, and the great arms of the trees, and every tiny branch of the bushes, were cased in icy crystals. Then the slant rays of the sun, gleaming through the frosty air, filled the silent aisles of the wood with multitudinous sprays of diamonds and pearls. But it is when the warmth of latter May comes that the exquisite beauty of this bit of nature is seen, for then it is turned into a sea of foliage of the most delicate beauty. This noble park is so near the populous parts of the city that it is easily accessible, and is consequently filled with people, on Sunday afternoons especially, and every fine day troops of children can be seen, with their nurses, reveling in the piles of loose sand which the authorities have very considerably placed in the play spaces for the particular delectation of the youngsters. Of the many public parks I have seen, I do not recall one which, to the pedestrian, is so attractive as this. I have heard ladies complain, however, that its drives are not extensive enough, and that, therefore, it is soon exhausted. Along the southern side of the Thiergarten is the Thiergarten Strasse, which is lined with villa-like residences, surrounded by gardens. Immediately south of this lies the fashionable quarter of the city, though it cannot be said that Berlin has any one quarter which is exclusively devoted to the residences of the wealthier classes. Just outside the north-east corner of the Thiergarten a new and beautiful quarter is growing up around the Königsplatz, which is also occupied by the upper ten. In the center of the *platz* rises a column, surmounted by a huge gilded figure with outstretched wings. This is the "Denkmal," or memorial column, recently reared, as expressed in letters of gold on its base, "by a thankful country to its victorious army." The fluted sides of the column hold cannon captured from the Danes, Austrians, and French, and the four sides of the spacious pedestal contain bronze reliefs of the principal scenes in the recent wars with those peoples. Near by is Kroll's summer theater, with its roomy gardens.

On the eastern side of the city the Friederich Hain, a new park, has been created in or-

der to accommodate that more populous quarter. Except in the center, in the part immediately around the Rathhaus, or city hall, the streets are broad and roomy, and there are plenty of open spaces. Great care is taken to keep the streets clean and well lighted. In the principal thoroughfares the gas-lamps are not above a hundred feet apart on each side, and are kept lighted all night, whether there is moonlight or not, so that one can walk about the city at all times of the night with a sense of perfect security, which is, perhaps, also aided by the presence of plenty of policemen in all directions. There is a certain monotony in the domestic architecture and coloring of the streets. Almost universally the dwellings are built alike, so that a description of one will answer, in the essentials, for all. Ordinarily, the house has a frontage of between fifty and sixty feet, and is, as we should say, five or six stories high, and in depth the main building will, perhaps, also be fifty or sixty feet, while wings will extend rearward on each side of a small open court, which lies like a well in the midst of the surrounding structure. A building of this kind will be made of brick, stuccoed, and usually painted a brownish color, and in a respectable quarter will be occupied by from twelve to sixteen families, and in the poorer quarters by many more.

Let us suppose we are entering one of these buildings to examine it. In the center, upon the level of the street, is the heavy double door. On the right, we see a little brass bell-knob, with the word "Portier" over it. This we ring, and in a moment the door opens, as it were automatically, with a slight spring. No one is to be seen, but as we enter we perceive on the right, near the level of the hall-way, a little window, through which a face is peering. This will belong to some member of the porter's family, who is taking an observation of the newcomer, and is ready to question him if his appearance suggests a doubt of his intentions, or to answer questions if desired. The corresponding apartments below the street level on the opposite side of the hall-way will probably be occupied by a small dealer in fruit and vegetables, or thread and needles. The stranger is thus constantly surprised in wandering through streets lined with elegant mansions, in which evidently the well to do classes are residing, at the incongruity of a series of shop-windows along the level of the street, with the miscellaneous display of small wares for sale, and by the signs of vegetable, meat, and other dealers. But to continue our examination. The hall-way into which we have entered leads directly into the well-like court-yard already mentioned, and also to the rear stair-way connecting with

several flats above. Before reaching this court, however, we notice on each side a flight of stairs ascending to the right and left. Let us take those to the right; those to the left would lead to flats and apartments corresponding to those we are examining, as the house is double. A half dozen steps brings us to a little landing, which serves for the suite of apartments—denominated the Parterre, corresponding to the French *entresol*; continuing up the polished stair-way to the next floor—the Erste, or *belle étage*. From the little landing we notice two double door-ways on each side, with a tiny brass plate on the wall by each, with the name of the occupant. Each is the entrance to a separate residence. In the middle of the door is a little bull's-eye, with an interior slide, which furnishes a convenient port-hole for observation of the visitor before the door is opened. If one should happen to call at an unusual hour, perhaps the lady of the establishment, unsuspecting of a friend at the unwonted time, will herself answer the bell; but she warily pushes aside the slide, and the waiting visitor will see an eye examining him, and then hear a rushing rustle along the hallway, and presently the red-faced *mädchen* will demurely answer his summons, and beg him to enter, and afterward the mistress will walk in with an air of having been entirely unconscious of his presence before the card was presented. Entering, we come into a narrow hall-way leading off to the right, which divides the reception and living-rooms—which look on to the street—from the dining-room, sleeping apartments, and the kitchen, in the rear. Such a flat will contain from six to twelve apartments, according to the magnitude of the building, with high ceilings and plenty of space. The same building will contain various grades of respectability. The Parterre and first *étage* may be occupied by a general, colonel, or baron; the second by a well to do merchant; the third by an officer of the civil service, whose income is modest, while the rear wings may be filled with the families of the less pretentious, or may be let out for furnished rooms. Toward the center of the city, where space is more valuable, one will see a conglomeration of family life and petty industries crowded into the same building, which is by no means agreeable to us, who are accustomed to the separation of business from domesticity. The floors are seldom carpeted, but are waxed, or sometimes varnished, with their nakedness relieved by a few rugs scattered here and there. There is a certain bareness and absence of the abundance of knick-knacks, elegances, and coziness of our American interiors, which convey an impression of indifference to show and display.



Evidently the German ladies do not devote as much time and attention to these minor graces as our women; possibly it comes from the general economical habits of the people, but more likely from the partial absence of the domestic life common with us. Whatever the cause, a German interior rather chills than attracts. In all the living-rooms one sees the tall porcelain stove, which is a fixture. These stoves give out a soft, agreeable heat, are economical, and require but little attention. Thus it will be remarked that each of these buildings is a collection of dwellings under one roof, very much concentrated, but yet each suite of apartments spacious enough for all reasonable purposes. Each building, as already suggested, is guarded by a porter, whose duty is to zealously watch the incomings and outgoings. The first impression is that there can be little privacy in such a method of living, but the contrary is really the case. I lived for six months in a building containing fifteen families, and never came to know the members of any of the others by sight, not even the one next adjoining on the same *étage*. One can therefore easily understand that Berlin, with over a million of inhabitants, covers much less ground than an American city of considerably inferior population.

In consequence of the flat surface on which the city stands, its drainage has presented some difficulties, but these have been overcome by a system of steam pumps, and I understand that now it is adequately sewered. As is well known, the successful termination of the Franco-German war, and the receipt of the milliards from France, excited a wild fever of speculation in Germany, especially in Berlin. Under its influence, the city received large accessions to its population, and new streets and quarters were rapidly built up. The reaction of 1873 burst the bubble, and ever since there has been the complaint of dull times common to all the rest of the world. Yet rents are not low, according to German standards, though moderate when judged by those prevailing in the large cities of the United States.

The impression which one receives upon a first acquaintance with Berlin life is that the people are rigidly governed, and that the military spirit is the dominant one, and this impression certainly deepened in me the longer I remained. It is true that just now the state of affairs is somewhat exceptional, as Berlin is subject to what is called "the petty state of siege." In the excitement which followed the two attempts upon the Emperor's life in 1878, the Reichstag voted a very severe law against the Social-democrats, which placed very arbitrary powers in the hands of the military and

police authorities, and permitted the Government at its discretion to treat cities, either as in an actual state of siege, which would deliver the people entirely over to the military law, or as in the condition of petty siege, which gives the police certain exceptional powers of search, arrest, and banishment. Immediately after my arrival in my hotel I was presented with a printed form, on which I was requested to write my full name, family position, place and date of birth, profession, religion, where last from, and, in addition, had to submit my passport to the inspection of the police. This procedure was repeated when I removed from the hotel to a private family. In this way the police keep a record of the movements of every person in the city.

The whole life of Prussia is tinctured and impressed with the militarism, which has been its inheritance from the beginning. The drill-master has made his mark in all directions. Military order, rigidity, obedience, and in a degree its arrogance, control social movements and relations. One would not be surprised at any moment in the crowded streets to hear the order to "fall in," and to see the entire male population march off in regiments. I could well understand that it was a natural movement for half a million of armed men to pour across the Rhine within a few days after war was declared.

A glance at the map of Europe will show that the German Empire is a state without frontiers. On one side it is liable to be overrun by Russia, on the other by France, while in the south her jealous enemy, Austria, stands sullenly equipped for sudden war. The sad history of Germany shows that it has been made the battle-ground of Europe, and that her petty principalities have been the intriguing ground of the Great Powers. Prussia has finally grown to be the dominating force through her admirable military organization. It is before and above all else a military state, and has been for two hundred years.

Professor Gneist, in the debate recently had in the Reichstag upon the proposition to increase the army, showed that in the time of Frederick the Great two-thirds of the revenue of his kingdom was consumed by the military organization, but that since then there has been a gradual reduction, so that, as he asserted, they ought to consider themselves peculiarly fortunate, because only one-fifth is now required.

With very few exceptions, indeed, the entire able bodied male population of Germany, between the ages of twenty and sixty, are soldiers, either in the active army or one of the reserve

corps, and can be mobilized and made ready for attack or defense in a very short time. It is asserted that in the War Department are notices all ready to be sent, on the instant, to every man liable to service, calling him to his place, and the entire organization is so well coordinated, and the place of each man and each thing is so well arranged in advance, that it would only require eight days to mobilize one million of soldiers and put in line the immense material at the disposition of the War Administration.

At twenty years of age every man goes into the active army and serves three years, unless he has received a degree at a university, or has passed certain examinations, and in addition supports himself while in service—in which case he serves only one year, and is termed a "Freiwilliger." At the end of the three or one years' continuous service, as the case may be, the soldier goes back to civil life, and may pursue his vocation. Still, he remains a soldier. He is incorporated in the reserve, and must take his place in the ranks and serve six weeks in the year. He remains in the reserve four years, and then passes into the first van of the Landwehr for five years, and then for five years into the second van. He is at any time liable to be called on for active service up to his thirty-seventh year. After that he goes into the Landsturm, where his liability is to be called upon only for defensive warfare. Up to his sixtieth year he has a definite, fixed place in the military organization.

As is well known, the present effective system grew out of the complete break-down of the army at Jena in 1806. When Napoleon had completely subdued Prussia he hoped to render her in the future helpless, and so he imposed the condition that thereafter her standing army should not exceed 42,000 men, which, relatively to the armaments of the surrounding powers, was manifestly a bagatelle, but General Scharnhorst avoided the effects of this restriction by devising the present scheme, which in a few years gave the greater part of the population a military training; so that when, in 1813, following upon the frightful retreat from Moscow, the Germans rose against Napoleon, the Prussians were able to put a large and effective army in the field, and were further able, in conjunction with their allies, to retrieve at the sanguinary battles around Leipsic the disgrace of Jena. The Prussian system is simply the levy *en masse* and an equalization of the heavy burdens of war. Before its introduction the rank and file were exclusively peasants, and the term of service was ten years. These poor people were forced into the service and most brutally treat-

ed. The *bürger*, or citizen, class was entirely exempt, and the nobility had the exclusive claim to officers' commissions. Even at this day, notwithstanding there is no legal exclusion of other classes, the officers are mostly noblemen or connected with the nobility. The career of arms is looked upon as the fit one for men of this class, and they are sufficiently numerous to largely monopolize its posts of honor.

The consumption of one-fifth of the annual revenue in army support, and in addition the withdrawal of nearly every active, capable man from productive pursuits for a period of three years, are certainly heavy burdens, but yet the Germans willingly submit to them, because they know that their national life and unity are held only upon this hard tenure. The productive power of the country is not only impaired by actual loss of time of the soldier while under arms, but also because of the additional loss of time which is suffered while the handicraftsman is taking up and again making himself expert in his interrupted calling. This last point was emphasized by the Opposition in debates upon the last army bill. On the other hand, the army is, in a good way, an educator. It takes the raw peasantry and young citizens and trains them to promptness, order, and obedience. The discipline is severe, as any one can see who has watched the recruits on the drill-ground, but it is not degrading or exhausting, and at the end of his three years the young man is intellectually and physically in better trim than when he entered the service.

That Prussia is a military state is impressed upon one at every turn. I recollect how strikingly it was symbolized to me one Sunday morning at the services in the Dome Church. The Emperor came into his *loge*. No other person was with him in his large compartment. Presently, when the clergyman commenced to read the liturgy, the congregation rose to its feet, and the old Emperor also arose and stood. His uniform was visible under the military cloak thrown back upon his shoulders, and he stood leaning upon the hilt of his sword, with his head inclined in prayer. It was a characteristic exhibition of the Prussian idea. In Prussia, the hand is always upon the sword, and God is worshiped according to the articles of war.

The other great factor in Prussia, and, in fact, in all German life, is the bureaucratic system. Personal government has always heretofore been the rule; the present attempts in the direction of a parliamentary *régime* are really as yet only tentative. There has grown up an elaborate civil and police service, which penetrates into all the relations of life, and has de-

veloped a system of "red tapeism" and rigid regulations quite appalling. The Prussian is, metaphorically speaking, marked and labeled at his birth, and he lives and dies and is buried according to a complex system of rules, to which he submits with admirable patience.

These two, militarism and bureaucracy, supplementing the natural sedateness of the people, and the absence of all street cries, which are strictly prohibited by the police, give to the external life of the capital an air of subdued formalism, which is quite in contrast with the exuberance of other great cities. The police are very numerous; there are above three thousand. If there is any gathering of a public character, the neighborhood fairly swarms with them. The authorities are evidently very much afraid of the populace. I was present at the unvailing of a statue of Goethe, in the Thiergarten—certainly a most peaceful and unexciting occasion, and there were not above a thousand spectators present; yet every approach was closely guarded by rows of policemen. I am sure there were five hundred of them about.

Officers of all branches of the military service are numerous in Berlin. They always appear in uniform, with sword at the side. The especial aim with the younger ones appears to be to get their trousers to fit as tightly as possible, and to compress their waists into the smallest possible compass. As a rule, they are fine, soldierly looking men, but one now and then remarks in the Unter den Linden a most attenuated pair of legs with a cavalry sword clanking alongside of them. The lieutenants furnish the dancing men of society. Military officers have certain privileges, such as non-liability to suit for debts. They also have the *entree* to all public amusements at reduced rates. But, on the other hand, usage forbids them from appearing in any but the first places. For example, you will never see an officer in uniform in the parquette at the opera. With reference to debts, the unfortunate creditor can complain to the military authorities, and, if his debtor does not pay, he may be, and often is, compelled to leave the service. The pay is small, and few officers can subsist without private fortunes; consequently, the poor ones look about for rich girls to marry, and the latter are glad to respond.

The social hierarchy stands in about this wise in Berlin: First, of course, the imperial court and the upper aristocracy; then army officers of the upper ranks, and superior officers of the various branches of the civil service, together with the university professors. Next in order stand the lower military and lower civil officers;

then the professions—lawyers, physicians, journalists—followed by bankers, and, lastly, wholesale merchants and large manufacturers. Here the line is drawn. Retail people, small manufacturers, and clerks are nowhere—are outside the magic circle. The foreign diplomatic corps, and also the leading artists and literary people, have the *entree* into all circles.

A second lieutenant, or the holder of a Government office above a mere clerkship, has a better social standing than the enterprising merchant whose energy may be opening new fields of commercial enterprise in remote parts of the world. I am now speaking only of social conditions in the capital city. It is said to be otherwise in Hamburg, Bremen, Leipsic, and other cities, where commerce holds an honored place, but in Berlin one very soon discovers that the military and official classes, who lead society, look down upon the money-making part of the community in a contemptuous, patronizing way. I should not omit to mention a curious distinction, which is very carefully observed. A man distinguished as an artist, or in literature or science, or in any of the intellectual fields, no matter what his origin may have been, may be presented at court, but his wife, unless she be of noble blood, cannot be. It naturally follows from these social prejudices that the poor nobles, of whom there are crowds, and all others who can, are striving to get into military or official life, so that much of the energy, and even culture, of the community, is diverted from commercial and industrial pursuits. It is apparent that the peculiar military and political development of Prussia operates in a variety of ways to retard its economical advancement.

When we consider, also, that its broad stretches of flat country are by no means fertile, we need not be surprised that it is a poor country. Even in the capital, among all classes, the scale of living is lower, simpler, than in corresponding sections of society with us. It is noticeable in equipages, dress, and the table. Well to do Germans practice small economies which are unknown with us, and those who depend upon the limited salaries attached to Government offices content themselves with very plain living. Fortunately, there prevails a healthy social sentiment which does justice to those who are not ashamed to live in plain apartments, to wear plain clothes and eat plain food, if better cannot be afforded. Mrs. Grundy is not the terrible old female in Germany that she is in the United States. No amount of money will give a coarse-grained, ignorant man social prominence. It is true that mere birth furnishes advantages socially, which from a dem-

ocratic standpoint seems absurd; this is the ridiculous side, but at the same time it must be allowed that the German soul does not go so low down in the dust before blue blood as does that of the average Englishman. The patent of German nobility descends to all the sons alike, and the natural result is that the land swarms with poor nobles, so that the very commonness of aristocratic clay has made it less precious in common eyes. It is quite common for nobles who have no property to drop the title and merge themselves in the common herd. What is called fashionable society is not materially different in Berlin, New York, or San Francisco. The same varnish is to be found in all. To see, know and comprehend the true social life of a people, to get the local flavor and color, one must go into the circles of the middle classes, and here the German character appears at its best.

The men of these classes are, as a rule, more carefully educated than their equivalents with us. They do not press into active pursuits so soon as our young men, and in every way their lives, their movements, and their thoughts are more deliberate. A German never seems to be in a hurry, and the first difficult lesson which an American must learn among them is to wait and be patient.

The politeness of the men to each other is rather punctilious; the fashion is to take off the hat with a formal swing, frequently reaching half way to the ground. Even when friends come together at the Bierkeipe, or in other social places, there is a careful observance of all forms of politeness. I have heard this formalism accounted for on the theory that, as the duel still prevails, men are always on their guard not to overstep the limits of strict good breeding. The men are loud talkers, and somewhat demonstrative, notwithstanding their phlegmatic demeanor; they are likewise capable of consuming innumerable glasses of white or black beer, and of smoking more vile cigars than any other people. The rule is to smoke everywhere; the exceptions are few. In a train of cars there will be one or two compartments with the notice, "Nicht rauchen;" if a similar warning is not visible in any place of public resort you will be sure to inhale the odor of cheap cigars. The popular concert-rooms become blue with tobacco-smoke, and toward the end of the performance one will be hardly able to distinguish the ghost-like figures of the musicians through the hazy medium. The men are also cultivated on more sides than with us, and while each one pursues his specialty with plodding zeal, he yet is not so apt to surrender his entire being to it, very often cultivating

music or some of the sciences. Socially, the men assert their claims as lords of creation. They are formally polite to women, but not deferential. They seem to act upon the theory that every woman is guilty until she proves her innocence. The women accept a position of inferiority, and, as a German lady assured me, are satisfied with the manifold restrictions upon their liberty—simply, I suppose, because they never knew different conditions. The sexes are kept carefully separate from early youth up, and the boys of a family get the cream, while the girls must content themselves with the skim-milk. When a girl is marriageable, and attracts the attention of a marrying man, the latter seeks, either personally or through a friend, permission from the parents to pay his addresses to her; if his suit prospers they are betrothed formally by two successive announcements from the pulpit of the neighboring church, and frequently one will see in a newspaper a notice like the following, which I take from a daily journal:

"The betrothal of our youngest daughter, Hedwig, with Mr. Carl Gothe, merchant, is respectfully announced.

"EMIL MATZDORFF and wife (born Kuhl).  
"FRANKFORT, May 18, 1880."

The marriage may not follow for a long time, and sometimes the engagement is broken. If so, the announcement process, in case of a new betrothal, is repeated. The newspapers announce betrothals as marriages are announced with us. After the engagement, custom permits great freedom of intercourse between the lovers. The happy pair will often exhibit an effusive affection in public which is quite comical to the cold-blooded on-looker.

In the ordinary intercourse between the sexes, custom requires that the first greeting in the street shall come from the gentleman, and, if there is handshaking, he must first offer the hand. He has it in his power to drop or continue the acquaintance, as he pleases. An unmarried lady cannot take an unmarried man's arm in the street, unless she is betrothed to him, nor can she accompany him alone to any public place. In truth, unless ladies exercise the greatest discretion in ways that would never be thought of with us in her intercourse with gentlemen outside her own family, she is subjected to disagreeable suspicions. Nay, recently I read an article in a very widely circulated Berlin paper, in which the writer complains of the lack of politeness of German gentlemen toward ladies, and also states some of the observances required from a lady in public. It is improper for a lady to greet any but very intimate



gentlemen friends heartily on the street, or to look back or around, or for two or more to stand talking together on the sidewalk, or for a young lady alone to stop and look in a shop window. The surface politeness, the hat lifting et cætera, of German gentlemen toward ladies, is demonstrative enough, but they will not put themselves out a particle for a woman.

After marriage the wife occupies a position a shade or two above that of an upper servant. If small economies are to be practiced, it falls to her lot to practice them. The husband must make a good appearance, even if the wife has to stay at home in plain clothes. She is expected to wait upon him assiduously. I have seen a loving husband, one who ordinarily was rather demonstratively so, call his wife from another room, and ask her to hand him a cigar or a glass of wine from the next table. His lordship would not take the trouble to rise from his chair and walk across the room. The lady of the house carves at table, and pours out the wine, and many wives perform menial services which our women of corresponding social positions would revolt at. A friend related to me an instance of a university professor's wife, who polished his boots every day. The male foreigner is generally, at first, very much embarrassed by the attentive ministrations of German ladies in social gatherings, but the noble animal, man, has, after all, such an innate sense of his own importance, that he very soon comes to take all these minor attentions as only his natural due.

The family tie, I think, is stronger than with us; the family clings longer together, and its members are more interdependent. It is often charming to see the genuine affection of children for their elders; there does not seem to be successive declarations of independence as children arrive near majority, as is too often the case with American youth. Birthdays are religiously observed. The odd theory prevails

that one knows the birthday of each relative and friend, and yet it is impolite to ask them when the anniversary occurs. Consequently, if one has a wide circle of relatives and friends, he is obliged to indirectly ascertain the several birthdays, and then, perhaps, keep a record of them in calendar form. The correct thing is to send a bouquet, or a pot of flowers, with a card of greeting. My venerable landlady celebrated her seventy-fourth birthday during my stay in her family. I remarked that morning an unusual note of preparation in her apartments, and quite early she appeared in her best toggery. Cake and wine were placed on the table, and presently relatives, friends, and flowers in pots and bouquets, began to pour in. Very soon the windows were filled with blooming roses, azaleas, hyacinths, and May-flowers. Kindly greetings were extended by visitors, and cake and wine consumed. The old lady's face beamed with joy at these demonstrations of respect and affection. This irruption into the quiet house gave me the first intimation of the nature of the day; and in order not to be lacking in courtesy, I quietly slipped out and purchased a pot of blooming roses, which I sent with my card of greeting to the old lady, just as if I had known all along it was the festive day. The day closed with a grand family supper. It is also a very pleasant little custom for each one of a family, when he rises from the table, to bless the meal; and it is quite common for guests at a hotel, when they rise from the *table d'hôte*, to bow to those near and repeat the usual phrase, "Gesegnet die Mahlzeit." It is also common at private gatherings, when the company rise from the table, to greet each other with handshaking, and for relatives to kiss each other. Indeed, kissing is lavishly indulged in, but it always appeared absurdly comical when two strapping, bewhiskered fellows smacked each other, first on one cheek and then on the other. W. W. CRANE, JR.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## CRUISING IN A CHINESE MAN-OF-WAR.

In the summer of 1879 I was suffering from an attack of low fever, contracted in the low-lying districts surrounding Shanghai, where my residence was then situated, and deeming that a trip upon salt water might in some degree recuperate my health, I applied to my superiors for leave of absence. This was readily granted, and at the same time I was in-

formed that one of the gunboats of the Foochow division, stationed at Ningpo, had just received orders to proceed on a cruise after pirates; also, to convey an official to form a new settlement upon a hitherto uninhabited island in the Chusan Archipelago; and that, if I liked, I might take a trip in her. Accordingly, I got my valise and blankets on board the steamer *Kiang Teen*,

which belongs to the Chinese Merchants' Company, and which leaves Shanghai for Ningpo every alternate afternoon. Having secured a comfortable berth, I went up on the hurricane deck, to enjoy the cool of the evening, while proceeding down the Whangpoo toward the fishing village of Woosung, where the river joins the mighty Yangtze on its way to the ocean. The course of the steamer was difficult and tortuous, rendering it not an easy task for any captain, unless experienced, to safely navigate his vessel through the numberless sampans, cargo boats, and pleasure yachts that strove to pass across the bows. Nothing picturesque is presented to the eye along the banks of the stream, which are lined on one side with an expanse of reclaimed ground, about to be turfed over to form a promenade for the weary residents, to enjoy a whiff of cool air after the heated atmosphere they are subjected to during the summer. But we see long lines of wharves, at which huge steamers and ships, of all nations, are discharging their cargoes, and the stately buildings, residences of merchants who amassed a fortune in days gone by, prior to the opening of the Suez Canal and the completion of the telegraph to China. Alas! those balmy days are now departed forever. The great tea firm of Him Sun On know the price of Ningchows and Oopaks in London or New York as well as you do, and are not to be tempted with what you consider an alluring offer.

Steaming on, we pass the wharf of the China Merchant Steamer Company, whose fleet, traversing the coast of China, consists of not less than thirty-seven steamships, flying the dragon flag. Now we come in view of the buildings that are intended for the manufacture of cotton piece-goods on foreign principles, but which scheme has yet to be elaborated. On our right lie the British naval depot and a large brick structure, for tanning hides for export to Europe; also, a new dock, not yet completed, but which will, when finished, enable Shanghai to compete with Hongkong in docking large steamers.

We are suddenly startled by the gong signaling, "Stop the engine," and find that a sampan is right in our way, and the boatman, with the utmost *sang froid*, pulling leisurely, apparently oblivious of the fact that had the steamer struck his frail craft he would have been lost. He accomplished his object—to cross the bow—and then our captain sang out to him, "Oh, you scoundrel!" His smile was so simple and sarcastic as to dispel any wrath a person could entertain toward him. He simply replied, "Chin, chin, Captain," and paddled leisurely on.

We continued on our way down the river, passing Woosung, where we saw the British

ship, *Iron Duke*, and the French war ship, *Armide*, and, dipping flags to them, steamed out upon the bosom of the great river. The evening being still sultry, after dinner the Captain and I indulged in our cigars until the bell gave us warning that it was midnight, when we retired to rest. At 5 A. M., I was awakened by the boy informing me that we were near Chên Hai, a town at the entrance to the River Yung, upon which the city of Ningpo stands.

At the mouth of the river a fort was built during the excitement occasioned by the Japanese invasion of Formosa. This fort may be safely pronounced the most formidable that China has erected. A short description may suffice. It is built of solid granite, covered with five-inch iron plating, and with a backing of teakwood and fir, so bolted together as to form a homogeneous structure. Its entire construction is upon foreign principles, and it is to the credit of the Chinese that they received no assistance whatsoever as to detail from any European. The whole erection of the fabric, from the foundation, which had to be blasted from the solid rock, to the topmost stone, was superintended by a mandarin named Lin, who studied the art from the various works upon fortification translated into Chinese. In form it presents a square, three sides facing the sea, and commanding the approach to the mouth of the river, and the fourth side constituting barracks and store-room. The roof is concrete, and splinter proof. The mantlets are of iron, five inches thick. The fort proper consists of a double tier, the top tier retiring somewhat from the lower, and the whole face, being built at an angle, affords no surface for a shot to lodge in the batteries. The armament is four twenty-ton Krupp guns, breech-loaders, and six five-ton Armstrong muzzle-loaders; also, one long-range, fifteen-centimeter balloon gun, similar to those used at the siege of Paris by the Germans. The embrasures are solid iron doors, and, for the protection of riflemen, square towers, built of teak and armor plated, are erected at each end of the fort. Manned efficiently, it would be no easy task for any war ship to pass the mouth of the river.

Chên Hai boasts of owning a larger number of junks engaged in conveying merchandise up and down the coast, as far south as Foochow, and for fishing purposes, than any port in China. We steam through a narrow channel, between countless junks of various sizes, gaudy with green and red paint, tinsel, and gold, carrying on their sterns pictures of the tutelary deity of the Chên Hai prefecture, and the immense wicker-work basket, which, if the vessel is caught by a gale, is thrown to windward, and allows her to ride to the anchor easily. This

fairway is kept clear only by the exertion of a foreigner, in the employ of the Customs service, who resides ashore, in a pretty little house, surrounded by numbers of mud houses and gray brick walls, but which has a pleasant look, with its veranda covered with vines. Still going along under easy steam, we see on both sides of the river, which is only half a mile broad, some things which, to a stranger, at first sight appear to be haystacks, but which we know to be ice-houses. Immense quantities of fish are caught in the Yellow Sea, in the district from Shanghai to Ningpo. In order to preserve the fish, ice is collected from the ponds and lakes around Ningpo, and stored for the fishermen's use. The cost is almost nominal. One picul (one hundred and thirty-three and one-third pounds) can be purchased for twenty-two to twenty-five cents, and, if plentiful, the figure is reduced to twelve cents, thus enabling all classes to use ice for household purposes in the summer.

We now come in view of the foreign concession of Ningpo, which may be aptly called an island, surrounded, as it is, by numerous canals and creeks, which form a connecting link with the great system of water-ways that extend throughout the empire of China. The trade of the port has year by year dwindled, so far as foreigners are concerned, to almost nothing—the whole of it, no inconsiderable item, having passed into the hands of the natives. There is nothing picturesque about the city of Ningpo or its surroundings. It certainly may be classed as one of the cleanliest cities of China. Passing the gunboat upon which I was to take passage, I hailed it, and found, shortly after the arrival of the *Kiang Teen* alongside the hulk, that the Captain's gig, pulled by six sturdy Amoy men, clothed in snow-white jackets and pants (similar in style to our man-of-war men's costume), straw hats, with black bands, upon which was printed, in gold letters, the name of the ship, and every bit as neat and clean as the eye or taste could wish for, was awaiting my orders. After presenting me with the Captain's card, the coxswain and the men took my baggage and quickly conveyed me on board the ship. At 3 P. M. steam was up, and we proceeded down the river, arriving at Chên Hai, where we anchored for the night. Early in the morning I was awakened by the noise of tramping feet upon the deck, and, upon rising, I found that a detachment of soldiers, to the number of five hundred and twenty, accompanied by twenty or thirty women, had come on board. These men were encumbered with rifles, bags of powder, umbrellas, rice-pans, dogs, paper lanterns, old cutlasses, etc., and such an incongruous amount

of baggage and rubbish that it would require the practiced skill of an auctioneer to particularize.

They were to form the first settlers upon the island of Nan Teen, under the rule of an official duly appointed by the Governor of the Chekiang province. This gentleman, a jolly-looking Chinaman, who, upon coming on board, was introduced to me by the Captain, immediately entered into a conversation with me, and asked me to breakfast with him, which invitation I accepted. As we were yet at anchor amid the fish boats, a fine supply of cod and sea-mullet was purchased, which, as I had been accustomed to the muddy-flavored finny specimens caught in the Whangpoo, I relished exceedingly. Having now received the stores of rice, salt fish, and cabbage for the commissariat department, and the tide serving, we lifted our mud-hooks at noon, and, steaming slowly and cautiously, almost threading our way through the numberless fish-stakes and nets that abound in the vicinity of the mouth of the river, found ourselves abreast of Tiger Island. A light-house, showing three sections of light, is erected upon this island. It serves to mark the entrance to the port, and is kept admirably served by the attendant keepers, two of whom are Manila men and the other four Chinese. As we were bound upon a search after two piratical junks, as well as upon a colonization commission, our orders were to proceed first to Chepoo Bay, distant from Chên Hai sixty-two miles, and there communicate with the mandarin in charge of two sailing war junks, whose force had not been sufficient to engage the robbers.

As the steamer proceeded at half speed among the islands, so as to arrive at Chepoo at daylight, I had ample time to enjoy the varied scenery that presented itself to my gaze—highly cultivated slopes, upon which were growing the cabbage plant, beans of every description, whose blossoms were exhaling sweet perfumes that reached us on deck as we wended our way quite close to the shore. Little cottages, belonging to the laborers, who, in nearly every case, were owners of the land they cultivated, were dotted here and there over the landscape. These then appeared to me, in the distance, to be well built habitations, but I found later, upon landing, that "distance lends enchantment," etc. The water is always smooth here, as it is naturally protected by the islands of the Chusan group, which act as a kind of breakwater against the influence of the monsoons. The passages, except the most intricate ones, are used by the coasting steamers in proceeding to and from Hongkong to the north, thereby saving some ten or twelve hours' run.

The sunset, gilding the waters, and here and there touching with its last rays the white sails of the innumerable small boats that came out of every creek and inlet on both sides of us, fell upon a scene that was unique and interesting. I was recalled from my admiration of the landscape by hearing the jabbering, in Chinese, of my military friend, as he asked me if I had any foreign food with me. Upon my replying in the affirmative, he coolly invited himself to supper with the Captain and myself. Now, the Captain, who had been living among foreigners from his fifteenth year, was used to our customs, spoke English with fluency, and was the first man who had left the Foochow training-ship to assume command of a Chinese gun-boat. He not only navigated the ship by meridian, but was capable of working her by both stellar and lunar observations. He was well up in gunnery and all the practice of the English navy. He tried to enforce the discipline he had learned from his instructors, on board his vessel, and, I bound to say, he succeeded in a degree which astonished the soldiers, who treat their officers with familiarity and contempt.

The Captain's cook knew how to prepare food in foreign style; so, having ordered him to get supper ready, we invited our mandarin friend to partake. He made a very poor meal on account of his dislike to beef, which is seldom eaten by the Chinese middle or upper classes, and had it not been for the rice, cabbage, and bamboo shoots that formed part of our repast, he would have gone to bed supperless. However, with the aid of a bottle of brandy I managed to get him merry; and in the generosity of his heart he told me that if I wanted any land upon the island to let him know, and, although I was not a Chinaman, I could have the deeds made out in a native's name. As I didn't see my way clear to become a landed proprietor in that part of the empire, I declined his offer. We conversed for some time, till I told him that I wanted to go on deck, and get a little fresh air and enjoy my cigar. He gave his assent, and called to the servant to get his pipe ready, and I left him to smoke in peace.

It was by this time dusk, and, going up on the bridge, I found the Captain in close conversation with an old man, who, in his youth, had been one of the gang of rovers who plundered the junks as they pursued their way among the narrow passages that we were now traversing. He had been sent by the district magistrate at Ningpo to enable us to discover the haunts of the lawless crew whom we were searching, upon the old principle, "set a thief to catch a thief." There is hardly any twilight

during the heated summer months in this latitude, and, darkness now coming on, it was deemed advisable, surrounded as we were by hidden dangers, which rendered it unsafe to proceed, to anchor, which we accordingly did. The scene on the deck of the *Foo Boo* was very strange. Here was I, one foreigner, entirely at the mercy of six hundred Chinese. When I thought to myself how these people had treated my countrymen previously, I almost wondered that I could be among so many natives, and not a single word of disrespect or bad language uttered. Possibly, the fact that I spoke their tongue, and conformed, in a measure, to their peculiarities and ways, accounted for this; but it must be remembered that these soldiers were Hunan men, the natives of which province have always shown an inveterate hatred to Europeans, and have, whenever an attempt has been made by missionaries or travelers to visit their cities, displayed the greatest hostility. The men were grouped together in various attitudes about the deck, having their mats spread under the lee of the bulwarks, and, indeed, on every available spot they could find. Some were still smoking their last pipe before sleeping, and, in accordance with their usual habit, kept knocking their glowing tobacco ashes on the deck, marking it with little black spots, to the disgust of the quartermaster on watch, who, in vain, begged them to desist. The Captain and I had our beds made up in the chart-house on the bridge, it being too close and stuffy to sleep below, as the number of servants, cooks, pipe-bearers, and chair coolies attached to the *suite* of the mandarin were all quartered in the cabin. After chatting upon the capabilities of the new Krupp guns, and comparing their merits with the Armstrong, to which weapon my friend had a partiality, we thought about repose, and, turning into our bunks, sleep soon came to our weary eyelids.

I was disturbed by the morning gun, at 4:30 A. M., the echoes of which reverberated among the hills, startling the patient and hard-worked water buffaloes that were lazily chewing their cud among the rank lush grass down toward the sea-shore. As we proceeded toward Che-poo, I went on the bridge, and was astonished to see the pass we were now entering. The water was seething and boiling all around us, and the current running at a terrific rate. In such a situation it was extremely difficult to steer the ship, requiring no less than four quartermasters at the wheel. On both sides of us rose precipitous rocks, covered from the base with verdure, amid which I noticed beautiful specimens of the Chinese pine, and here and there clumps of wild flowers. Our vessel was



in such close proximity to the land on both sides that it would have been easy to throw a biscuit on shore, these being our only substitute for stones. The length of the pass is only about a quarter of a mile. Suddenly rounding a slight curve we came in sight of a magnificent sheet of water, almost circular in form, and completely land-locked. On our starboard hand was the town of Chepoo. Still steaming on we came abreast of the house of the mandarin, under whose beneficent rule the inhabitants rejoice. Two war junks, whose commander was to accompany us upon our expedition to the Archipelago, lay at anchor in the bay.

Everything being shipshape, at 10 A. M. the Captain, our mandarin friend, and myself pulled ashore in the gig, calling alongside the flag junk, whose men, seeing us approach, donned their uniforms, and hastily fired three guns in honor of the distinguished visitors, who happened to be of a higher rank than their officers. We found, upon inquiry, that their captain was awaiting our arrival on the shore, at the *yamun* of the magistrate, and, resuming our course, we arrived at the jetty, where a motley crowd of fishermen, boat-girls, and children, were assembled. Of course, being dressed in foreign costume, I was an object of curiosity to them. Some years had elapsed since they had seen a "foreign devil," the missionary that pays them a visit occasionally being clothed in native garments. Some few displeasing remarks were made by them, but were quickly suppressed by the underlings in the service of the magistrate. Sedan chairs had been provided to convey us to the quarters, but as we had only a short distance to go I proposed walking, so as to get a glimpse of the streets. The site of the town being on the slope of the hill, the ascent was thus somewhat difficult, but the Chinese had built steps to enable foot passengers to get along easily. Chepoo is essentially a fishing mart, and depends for existence on the fleet of junks that make the port a way station, on their voyages between Ningpo, Shanghai, and Tientsin to the north, and Wenchow, Taichow, and Foochow to the south. Nothing is to be seen in the main street but coir and bamboo ropes, anchors, native canvass, and all the necessary articles requisite for ship use. Here and there are dotted tea shops, where bargains for firewood, charcoal, or any stray flotsam and jetsam are concluded over a cup of hyson and dishes of melon seeds; and many a good round sum of Mexican dollars and silver bars has passed hands there in the good old days when Dent's and Jardine's fast clipper schooners came in with opium for sale.

The town is divided into two distinct parts, that to the north being inhabited by the natives of the Fohkien province, and to the south by those of the Chekiang province. The Fohkien population seldom intermarry with the Chekiang families, seemingly keeping aloof from intercourse, other than serious party fights over any wreckage that finds its way into the bay, at which times it becomes necessary for the war junks to interfere. They also enjoy a monopoly of the right to convey passengers to and from vessels at anchor. The boats used are identical to those at Foochow—sharp at the bow, and having a square stern, propelled, in nearly every instance, by women, one at the steer oar, and two sculling at the bow. Five cash (half cent) is the fare paid for their hire; and for a whole day's work to receive half a dollar is deemed good fortune.

After a walk of half a mile, we arrived at the mandarin's residence, where we received instructions for our guidance, and a system of ruses designed to be employed in the capture of the pirates. Their usual rendezvous was in a small creek about twenty miles from Chepoo Bay. It was agreed that, as the buccaneers had emissaries in the town to give them information, we were to keep our mission secret. The two native-built war junks were to sail to the northward on the evening tide, and when outside of the Chênmun Pass were to join us in Footow Bay. We were to take on board the old mandarin, commodore of the station, a native of Canton, whose face bore unmistakable signs of powder marks and scars, which gave rise to conjectures as to what his former vocation had been. It was confidentially imparted to me by the First Lieutenant of the *Foo Boo* that the gentleman had been in many a fight, and had captured many vessels, as leader of a gang whose depredations were at last so enormous that the Government deemed it policy to confer a button on him, and thus disperse the clique, rather than go to the expense of sending gunboats after them.

At daylight we got up steam, and found that our anchor was foul. This mishap delayed us nearly an hour, and before we got finally under way the sunrise was gorgeous in the east. Large masses of purple and orange clouds rolled over the tops of the hills, lending a softness to the otherwise tame landscape. Squads of laborers were going to their daily work in the fields, some to pursue their vocation of brick-making on the western shores of the harbor, some to gather the now fast ripening plums and apricots that the Chinese are so fond of when in a green state, and others, with their donkeys, to carry the spoils of the fish-boats to

inland villages. The air resounded with the not over harmonious songs of the junk sailors, pulling up their sails or heaving their cumbersome anchors, to take advantage of the morning tide. Our pilot rushed up and down the bridge in an excited state, informing us that we must catch the tide in a particular channel, which he was bound to get through. Our two mandarin friends placidly seated themselves in the chart-room and conversed, while the Captain and I watched the ship as she pursued her course, at three-quarter speed, toward the southern entrance to the bay. If the entrance to Chepoo had struck me as being rather narrow, my surprise was changed to astonishment when I saw the place we were rapidly approaching. It was marked upon the English Admiralty Chart as impassable except for vessels drawing less than five feet of water. As our draft was twelve feet forward, and fifteen feet aft, and several nasty, black-looking rocks showed themselves right ahead of us, I felt alarmed, as also did our Captain. Upon expressing our fears to the pilot, he coolly said: "All proper; me savey; go full speed ahead." We shot through the gap at the rate of twelve knots per hour, and our ship, finding herself on the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, gave such a lurch and roll that it took me off my feet.

A number of junks were visible, sailing with the south-west monsoon on their way north. To the practiced eye of our ex-pirate pilot and mandarin, these were known to be Fohkienese vessels. We got close to one about eleven o'clock in the morning, and found that she was laden with poles for Shanghai. The method of carrying these poles is somewhat singular, and bears a close resemblance to our lumber-ships' deck-loads, except that the poles are lashed on both sides of the junks with immense bamboo hawsers, until the whole looks like a gigantic floating raft. Nothing is visible of the vessel herself but the four or five masts. Our guides questioned the sailors, and found that upon the day previous two piratical craft had been seen going in-shore among the islands distant fifteen miles to the southward, and answering in every description to those we were in search of. Accordingly, we again steamed landward, and heading for Footow Bay (so called from the summit of the island bearing a marked resemblance to the head of Buddha) to join our light-draught consorts, arrived there at 4 P. M., and found them snugly anchored. We took them in tow, and had scarcely rounded the cape before our attention was attracted by a cluster of boats, probably five or six in one spot, evidently so deeply absorbed in their labors that until a shot from our bow-gun aroused them to a sense

of danger, they seemed quite unconscious. Immediately fifty or sixty men sprang from the vessel they had been pillaging, and, jumping into the small boats alongside, endeavored to reach their own two junks that were beating about in close proximity to the scene. Our armed boats were lowered, and pulled in company with the two war-junks—whose crews were supplemented by some of the soldiers we had taken on board—toward the piratical craft. Without any resistance—which, indeed, would have been in vain—the vessels were immediately surrendered, and, steaming toward them, we lashed one on each side and proceeded to make our way to Ningpo. The astonishment of the leaders of the pirates when they beheld our pilot and the mandarin was something laughable. They soon became friendly, however, and talked over old times, but they were careful in no way to criminate themselves as to the object of their attack on the junk that we had witnessed.

Arriving again at Chepoo, we landed our soldiers and the official in charge of them, and, wishing them a pleasant trip, resumed our return voyage. At Ningpo, where we anchored on the fourth day, we gave our prisoners over to the District Admiral, under whose kind administration confession was extorted from them. It appeared that on board the piratical craft traces of portions of the furniture of a foreign ship had been found; and although the men denied any knowledge of her name, they said the articles had been purchased by them on shore. Future search by one of the English gunboats solved the riddle. The table had been on board the British *Iorcha Mandarin*, whose captain had been foully murdered by the crew, and the vessel and cargo, having been sent to the south of Shanghai, had been disposed of there. About five hundred and eighty Mexican dollars were also found on board the junks, and a quantity of clothing. Twenty-eight out of the sixty composing the crew had made their escape, to return once more to their old haunts. The leaders and the rest were sent to Hangchow, the provincial capital, for further trial, and I afterward saw in the *Peking Gazette* that ten of them were executed, and the others sentenced to a term of imprisonment for three years.

Thus ended my trip on the *Foo Boo*. The captain and officers vied with each other in showing me attention, and I was afforded every opportunity of observation. Were every commander in the Chinese navy as competent as Captain Lin Ko Chang, the Government might well be proud. It may be mentioned that the *Foo Boo* (literally, the happy rippling wave) is

a brig-rigged man-of-war, with engines capable of driving her at the rate of over thirteen knots an hour. She is constructed of teak, armed with eight broadside Vavasseur guns, forty-pounders, breech-loading, and one bow-gun, throwing a shot of three hundred pounds. She was built

in 1876, at the Foochow arsenal, and is numbered seven in the books of that establishment. On leaving her, I again took passage in the *Kiang Teen*, and arrived in Shanghai, safe and sound, after an absence of six days.

HENRY D. WOOLFE.

## A STRANGE CONFESSION.

### CHAPTER III.

On Saturday, the 21st, following the tragedy of Friday night, there was great excitement in San José. The earlier risers, through force of habit, glanced carelessly at the morning paper as usual, started at seeing the head-lines of the terrible affair, and then hurriedly and eagerly read the meager, but elaborated, account published. Many had already heard rumors, the story having gained some currency the night before; and these, more than the others, were eager to read it. As a general thing, people experience more satisfaction from reading the account of an occurrence, of which they have complete or partial information, than do those who have heard nothing. The facts were meager, for the reason that the reporters had been denied admission to the house. But in the name of all that should make journalism a builder up rather than a tearer down—the friend of the people rather than the devil's flag of truce, the shield of the innocent, the helpless, and the friendless, rather than the convict's winding-sheet—enough was said, and more. For the California news gatherer is, more strictly speaking, a news monger. He is nothing, if not "sensational." To be "sensational," one must have an imagination. To exercise the imagination, one must assume facts and build theories. In California it is considered necessary to exercise the imagination. The coldest thing in reasoning is this: that which is not a fact is a falsehood. There is no intermediate ground, no average. Consequently, a theory is a falsehood until it is established as fact. It is dangerous to publish theories where grave interests are involved. Perhaps the most sacred thing on earth is woman's honor; the next, human life. When the one is threatened, humanity revolts; when the other, nature is outraged. When by vague hints and surmises, and by wallowing in the blood that flows with crime, we conjure up visions of the

lamp-post and a rope, we rob Justice of her balance, leaving her only the sword.

San José is a sleepy town, but it never takes a healthful sleep and wakes refreshed. It sleeps, quite truly, but with one eye open. This is done for fear a neighbor may do that which will pass unnoticed, in the dread that a scandal or a sensation may be overlooked. Likewise has San José some thrift. As an evidence of this, it is merely necessary to mention the fact that the noise of carriage-wheels may be heard at all hours of the night. It is not large enough to be a city, nor small enough to be a town. Being thus, it has nevertheless within its boundaries a peculiarly cosmopolitan population, in which the best and the worst elements of society may be found. In the former originate the scandals; in the latter, the sensations. Thus it furnishes within itself an almost endless round of pleasurable excitement, in which the flavor of the wine is mingled with the madness that it brings. Throughout the length and breadth of California, San José is the most delightful spot in which to live. Why should it not be? There is not a finer climate in the world; it has the College of Notre Dame, handsome church edifices, and the Normal School; the Alameda is the grandest drive west of the Rocky Mountains; and San José has the prettiest flowers and the handsomest ladies in all the State.

Crime has not been uncommon in San José. The Spanish bagnios of El Dorado Street, in days gone by, have seen more than one man put a knife into another's back, and the shadows that still darken San Pedro Street have their gloom intensified by the memories that linger there. But in the crime of the 20th of June, as the public understood it, there was that which stanching the blood that flowed in El Dorado Street, and threw a pall over the shadows of San Pedro. There was that in it which stirred stern natures and frightened the weak. It was that a strong man, in the full glow of youthful manhood, had confessed that he took the life of a girl. It was not unnatural that her dead

body was sanctified by the tear that trembled in some mother's eye, and that for a shroud she wore the pity of the world. The manner of murdering her, it was thought, was so cruel, so heartless, so without the least element of manly strength and dignity, so degrading to the sterner stuff of which men are made, that it is no wonder a dangerous feeling commenced to grow.

When the great bell in the tower of St. Joseph's called the devout to early mass, there were already groups of men here and there, eagerly—some angrily—talking, and hopelessly hailing every passer-by for later news. Every man relied upon his neighbor, as is the case when a great calamity has fallen, or is about to fall. Strong natures thus crop out, and they are generally dangerous, but always welcome. Men demand a reliance upon something.

Casserly was at his post, not having slept, and busy arranging his plans. He had started the telegraph, and was determined that the fugitive, who carried justice with her, having kidnapped it, should be caught. Fearing another escape, he had put the mother under arrest, leaving her in the custody of an officer, by the body of her dead charge.

About ten o'clock, a citizen went to him at the police station, and desired to speak to him privately, there being a curious crowd in the room. Casserly followed him out.

"You had better keep an eye on the corner of First and Santa Clara," said the man.

"Why?"

"A considerable crowd is down there."

"Well, what of it?"

"Go and see."

The Chief went instantly. Arriving there, he found about a hundred men eagerly listening to a speech by a half drunken, tolerably well dressed man, talking half good-naturedly, half fiercely. The crowd was swelling rapidly. The Chief, seeing no occasion for his interfering, and curious to learn what the man was saying, stopped at the outskirts of the crowd and listened.

"I'll tell you what we did then," the man was saying. "As soon as the news was pretty well spread, we scattered handbills, calling for a mass meeting at twelve o'clock noon. In response to the call every store in Mobile was closed, and all the cotton brokers, commission merchants, and wholesale dealers turned out. We were five thousand strong. And we meant business. Then what did we do? Did we stand around with our mouths open and our hands in our pockets?—and snivel?—and cry?—and slink about like so many hounds? No, sir. The law can be outwitted, but the people never. When we open the jail-door, we give crime a relish of danger. Why was there a ne-

cessity for a Vigilance Committee in San Francisco? Because the law had failed. Very well. Then what did we do in Mobile? One man mounted a box, and made a speech that set them all on fire. They cried out with one voice, 'On to the City Hall!' But the Mayor had foreseen trouble, and had called out the militia. There were five splendid companies. By the time the crowd swarmed into Conti Street, thicker than bees and more hungry than wolves, the militia was drawn up in front of the City Hall with 'present arms' and bayonets fixed. The Mayor showed himself at an upper window of the City Hall, and shouted, and waved his hand, and made the crowd halt. Then he made a speech, insisting that the law should be allowed to take its course. But Conti Street is narrow; and the crowd continued to pour in from Royal, thirsting to be revenged for this outrage on humanity, and crowding onward those who had halted. At length the crowd stopped in front of the soldiers, densely packed. Then some man threw a stone; it struck the wall of the City Hall, and fell to the ground. The moment that followed was terribly quiet. Then another stone was thrown, and another. What happened then? A strange thing. You should know what it was. The order was given the soldiers to charge. They did charge, but they slipped their bayonets between the men of the mob, and nobody received a scratch. Not a shot was fired, not a bayonet-thrust was given. Do you think a soldier, with a spark of manhood in his heart, would have injured a hair of their heads? The crowd closed into the gap the soldiers had left, stormed the jail, and in less than thirty minutes our man was swinging to a tree. That is the way in which it should be done. But you are pale, and white-livered——"

His speech was suddenly checked by a powerful hand on his throat. In another moment, before even his instinct of self-defense could operate, he was thrown to the ground and quickly secured with handcuffs. Grasping the tendency of the speaker's words, Casserly had pushed his way through the crowd and seized his man.

Casserly was a man of prodigious strength. He was six feet in height, and large and brawny—a Hercules. Prior to his advent in San José a year or two before his election to the office of Chief of Police, he was a boxing teacher in San Francisco. It was not known, however, that he possessed unusual strength and courage until the following remarkable occurrence rendered him conspicuous:

One evening, during a public speaking on Santa Clara Street, he was standing, with oth-



ers, on a large box, the better to overlook the immense crowd and know how to act in case of a disturbance between political enemies. His head was thus brought within about two feet of an awning overhead, which was crowded with women. This awning was braced by iron rods, running horizontally from the outer edge to the wall. Some one suddenly exclaimed, in dismay:

"The awning is coming down!"

A glance showed Casserly that the rods were bending downward. The crowd fled from underneath, and a cry of terror arose. The box on which Casserly was standing was deserted, with the exception of one man. The glare of the torches revealed his face and form to the horrified gaze of the crowd. It was Casserly. Squaring his massive shoulders and bracing his powerful arms, he received the tremendous weight of the awning, and the women were saved.

Thereafter Casserly's strength and fearlessness were known; and there was considerable consternation in the incipient mob that witnessed his summary procedure with the man who sought to stir up bad blood by telling of the riot in Mobile. But this feeling gave place to anger. Some said:

"He had no business to interfere."

Others: "He's too fresh, anyhow."

And again: "Come on. We'll see fair play."

As Casserly rose to his feet, dragging the man up with him, he saw at a glance that the still rapidly increasing crowd was growing menacing. This roused the lion in him. He was a man to whom fear was absolutely a stranger. Holding his prisoner by the collar with his left hand, and pushing him as he would a feather, he backed to the wall, his eyes glaring and his nostrils distended.

Since Casserly assumed charge of the police department, he had shown an iron hand to the thugs and bravos who made El Dorado Street the stronghold of all the horse-thieves, highwaymen, and cutthroats, who had at intervals infested the greater part of the region between Los Angeles and San Francisco. He had already sent several to San Quentin, and the others feared him. Consequently, when this crowd, in which were many burning for an opportunity to take him at a disadvantage, saw that he was surrounded by a mob requiring little to render it dangerous, and that he was comparatively powerless, it spurred on the excitable and vindictive.

He was too wise to turn his back upon them. There is nothing keener or quicker than a Spaniard's knife. He recognized several friends in the crowd, and called on them for help; but

they looked away, pretending not to hear—for Casserly represented the law, which might miscarry, and which was therefore looked on with disfavor. The crowd became insulting and aggressive, intimating that he had been bribed to protect the murderer. This caused him to turn a shade pale. At length, a brawny drayman suddenly seized Casserly's prisoner by the left arm, and by a violent jerk attempted to wrest him from Casserly's grasp. The effort failed, and with a blow between the eyes, powerful and quick, Casserly sent the drayman staggering back into the arms of his friends. This was the signal for the outbreak. The open space of some half a dozen feet between Casserly and the crowd was invaded. Casserly drew his club, and delivered a crushing blow upon an uplifted hand that carried a knife. This checked the crowd, and Casserly sounded his whistle. There is something appalling in the shrill sound of a police whistle. It is always a surprise, and sends a thrill through every fiber of the person more surely than does the warning of a rattlesnake. It is the voice of the law crying out for help against violence. The crowd fell back and melted away.

On the way to the city prison Casserly said to his man:

"I saved you from San Quentin."

"How?"

"By stopping you before you said too much."

The man hung his head in shame. Casserly won a friend.

But the popular thirst for revenge was not quenched. Rumors multiplied, and Howard was charged with nameless and revolting crimes in connection with the murder.

After locking his man in a cell, Casserly again went out upon the street. He was met near the door by an old man, who walked with a cane, and whose manner betrayed excitement. It was Judge Simon.

"Casserly," he said, "do you know what is going on?"

"I think it's not serious."

"Casserly! Are you blind?"

"No, Judge."

"Well, then, you *must* see that—"

"What?"

"—the people are rising!"

This brought Casserly face to face with the dreadful fact. He felt the blood tingling in his arms and hands. The weight of a world was on his shoulders, but he said, calmly:

"I will put them down."

He was the embodiment of the law, the fortress that guarded the inviolability of the Code. His body should stem the flood that threatened to sweep away the demarkations between out-

lawry and the sanctity of right. Like an oak that reared its head proudly when the sky was black with the gathering storm, he would stand proudly still, though torn from branch to trunk by the lightnings and dismembered by the winds. This one man against thousands felt in his right arm the strength of a legion, and said:

"I will put them down."

The manner in which he said this strangely reversed the relations between him and the old judge. He was a man of nerve; the other, a man of brain. The man who was helpless last night is master to-day.

Casserly led the old man into the office, sat down at the desk, reflected a moment, and asked:

"How do you word it, Judge?"

"Word what, Chief?"

It was no longer "Casserly," but "Chief."

Casserly paid no attention to the question, but wrote the following:

"OFFICE OF CHIEF OF POLICE, }  
San José, Cal., June 21, 1880. }

"CAPTAIN HARVEY:—There is mischief on foot. They want to lynch young Howard. The Mayor is out of town. It is urgent that you quietly and immediately order your men to the armory. Will see you there.

"CASSERLY."

He sealed the note, and sent it by a messenger, with instructions to hasten.

"What was it, Chief?" asked Judge Simon.

"A call for the militia."

"Ah!"

He left the office, the old man following.

"What are you going to do now, Chief?"

"Strengthen the police force, and get the Sheriff to double his deputies."

"Ah!"

The two men had reached the corner of Santa Clara Street, when they were hailed by a man running toward them from the direction of El Dorado. He was about forty years of age, tall and gaunt, and dressed in clothes that were too short at the ankles and wrists. The bottom of his vest lacked some three inches of reaching the top of his pantaloons, and his suspenders were thus rendered conspicuous. His clothes were old, faded, and greasy. His arms and legs were very long. His neck was also of remarkable length; and his narrow, rounded shoulders, and his general appearance of being all neck, and legs, and arms, and hands, and feet gave him the aspect of a crane. As he ran, his legs flew promiscuously about, like the arms of a reaper. His face was long and narrow, and his eyes were small, and greatly sunken and crossed. Altogether, he looked villain-

ous. He said to the Chief, with half closed eyes, and an air of portentous mystery:

"Things is bilin'."

"Yes?"

"You bet!"

"Where?"

"Right 'round El D'rader, thar, 'most to First."

Casserly betrayed no concern. "Sam," he said, coolly, "I advise you to go home."

"Why?"

"Because you might kill somebody, and that would start the whole thing."

The man vainly endeavored to conceal his pride, and, in a mysterious half whisper, said: "Feard it's too late, Chief."

"Why?"

"Look-a-here," he said, showing a cut in his vest.

"How did you get it?"

"A feller down thar, bigger'n what you are, any day in the week, was a-preachin' hangin' to the crowd, and I collared him, an' tol' him he was my pris'ner, when he outs with a knife and lets me have it here. But it wouldn't work on me—don't you forget it! I'm too old for thet kind of a racket, and I knocked it off this way, and then I put it to him as hard as I could send it with this!" Saying which, he drew a dirk-knife from a sheath. It was stained with blood.

The poor old Judge was so frightened at the ferocity of the man that he cautiously put Casserly between himself and possible danger, looking painfully anxious.

Casserly asked no more questions, and simply gave this strange advice:

"As you've started, Sam, you can kill a few more; it will help me out."

"I'll stay by you, Chief," and the man ambled away.

The old man asked:

"Who is that, Chief?"

"Sam Wilson."

"Rather dangerous character, isn't he?" the Judge asked, in a *nonchalant* manner, as if he were vastly accustomed to being thrown in contact with such dangerous men, and knew that they were harmless fellows—first-rate fellows, in fact—provided one knew how to manage them.

Casserly laughed.

"Don't you believe he did it, Chief?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I know him."

"You don't mean to say he's not a bad man, do you?"

"Yes."

The Judge was chagrined. Nevertheless, it was not until some time afterward, when he was surrounded by less exciting circumstances, that he realized the fact that he had made a mistake in reading character. Not yet entirely satisfied, he asked:

"Who is he?"

The laconic answer was:

"A chronic."

"But his vest was cut."

"He did it himself."

"And his knife was bloody."

"He stabbed a quarter of beef at a butcher's stall."

But "The Crane"—for that was his common appellation—was half right. The mob was gathering; and it was he who, by his exaggerations, and goings from one crowd to another, kept the fire burning.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The Coroner, having early Saturday morning received notification of the death, proceeded to the house about ten o'clock. He went alone. Idlers passed the house, gazing at it curiously, seeing nothing. The door and windows were closed. It was an unpretentious modern dwelling, two stories high, with a bay-window below, and another above, and a window and a small portico over the entrance. There are hundreds of such houses in San José. The sidewalk was shaded by a row of stately elms that extended the length of the block.

The approach of the Coroner sent a ripple of excitement through the crowd of idlers. The fire that was kindling in the heart of the city threw, as yet, no gleam there. When the Coroner arrived at the gate, he found himself a Stork wielding the scepter in a kingdom of Frogs, or a brevetted gnome at the head of an army of ghouls. Never before had he appeared so important in the eyes of the community.

One of the most prominent features of the prevailing popular sentiment in regard to the tragedy was the readiness to seize upon anything, whether fact or conjecture, that tended to throw light on the transaction. Then it is that the Coroner is of vast assistance to the newspapers. When the actors in such affairs are known, every detail of their history is analyzed with avidity. There is something tangible, which, however obscure, reveals more or less under the microscope of a great hunger for knowledge. But in this case the parties were strangers. They had moved to San José only a few days before, and had hardly been seen.

That neighborly feeling which prompts a community to receive a respectable stranger, and which it shall not be intimidated is tinctured with curiosity, had not exhibited itself. There had been no callers. No one knew of a skeleton in the closet. The desire, then, to learn more of the inmates of the house, and, above all, to arrive at the cause of the murder, amounted almost to frenzy. Those acquainted with the characteristics of a Californian mob will not think this statement is exaggerated.

Knowing the demand of the public for all attainable knowledge, the Coroner, always an important person on such occasions, was determined that he would unearth the mystery, so far as lay officially in his power, and receive the credit therefor. Thus he became auxiliary to Casserly. When he found, then, that a reporter awaited him at the gate, he felt that it was an attempt to wrest away his privileges.

"Doctor," said the young man to the Coroner, "the policeman refuses to admit me—the fool! He can't deny you. I will go in with you."

"Well, let me see," replied the Coroner. "He has orders from Casserly, I guess. I think it will be better for me to go in alone. She will talk more freely; and I can tell you everything I see and hear."

But the reporter, fully aware of the fact that no one can see and hear as well as a reporter, demurred. The Coroner insisted politely, urging his point—a good one—and the young man yielded. He knew there would be other opportunities.

The Coroner was named Garratt. He was short and stout, and had a round face and small eyes. He was as pompous as short and stout officials who have round faces and small eyes usually are. He rang the bell. A heavy step was heard descending the stairs. The door was unlocked and cautiously opened an inch or two, bringing to view one eye of the policeman. Then it was opened a little wider, and the other eye became visible.

"Good morning, Doctor. Come in."

"How're you? Anything new?"

"No."

"Where is the body?"

"Up stairs."

The two entered, and the door was again locked.

"Wait a minute," said Garratt. "Who's got the undertaking job?"

"Nobody."

Garratt drew a commission on such things.

"Is it laid out?"

"Yes."

"Who dressed it?"

"The old woman."

"That looks bad. She had no right to until the jury saw it. When did she do it?"

"Fore I came in."

"All alone?"

"All alone."

"Looks very bad. Too much hurry."

The policeman's manner was in striking contrast with that of Garratt's. The former was serious; the latter, nervous and bustling. The policeman was fully accustomed to death and crime, but possessed that fine natural feeling of discrimination that told him the people with whom he had to deal were not ordinary. His manner showed respect, and some awe.

"Has nobody been here?"

"Two or three ladies wanted to get in, but I wouldn't let 'em."

"That's right."

"She wants to send for a Presbyterian minister, but there was nobody to go."

"No servant?"

"No."

"You might have got some one outside to go, but you did right. I will send now."

He opened the door, called one of the loungers he knew and sent him on the errand. Then the two went up-stairs.

There were four rooms on the second floor—two in front and two in the rear, with a hall the length of the latter, and between them. Each room had a door opening upon this hall. The doors were all closed. The policeman rapped softly at the first door on the left, and a woman's voice said:

"Come in."

He turned the knob carefully, as if afraid of waking some one, and opened the door in apparent dread that the hinges would creak. They entered.

It was a bed-chamber, neatly and almost elegantly furnished. There was a door communicating with the front room, which was also well furnished. The two windows of the rear room were open, and the fresh, sweet, bright morning sunlight flooded the room. Evidently it was a man's bed-room. The front room was a woman's. In the further corner of the room into which the Coroner was introduced, and to the left, with the head against the partition wall, was a bed, and on this bed was something entirely covered with a sheet. Sitting upright near the bed, and opposite the open communicating door, calm, proud, self-possessed, and extremely pale, was a woman of singular beauty. Her deathly pallor was rendered more striking by the black she wore. Seeing a stranger with the policeman, she rose with the air of a queen. She seemed to recognize

instinctively in this stranger an enemy. She was about forty-five years of age, somewhat above the medium height of women, moderately slender, but having full shoulders and a well rounded form. Her black hair was tinged with gray. The classic beauty of her face, the imperious dignity and the refined grace that accompanied every movement, the consciousness of power shown by her dark eyes, the calmness, the self-reliance, the courage, showed at once that she had descended from the Huguenots, and that her blood was blue. Her complexion was fair, her hands small. Her appearance gave evidence of the highest refinement, and of that large-hearted aristocracy that may yet be found in South Carolina and Virginia, but which is trampled down, lost, and forgotten in the jostling crowds that, covered with sweat, mount the golden stair of our Californian society.

"Mrs. Howard," said the policeman, awkwardly and embarrassed, "this is Dr. Garratt, the Coroner."

She bowed, and said, "I presume, sir, that you have come to hold the inquest."

"Not yet, madam; not yet. Haven't summoned the jury yet. Just came around to see how things are. Is that it?" he asked, nodding toward the bed and twirling his hat. His tone was heartless and harsh.

"Yes," she answered, and added, "will you be seated?"

The Coroner felt his brusqueness and inferiority. He sat down. She resumed her seat, and asked:

"Is it absolutely necessary to hold an inquest, Dr. Garratt?"

"Certainly, madam."

"I thought—I was thinking—that perhaps—"

"Well, madam?"

"—that by not holding the inquest it might be kept out of the papers."

"It is too late."

"Why?" she asked, quickly and anxiously.

"The papers are full of it."

This was a cruel blow. The woman's cheek mantled with shame.

"Already?" she asked, in a bitter tone.

"Yes, madam; here is the paper."

She received it with a hand that slightly trembled, adjusted a pair of gold eye-glasses that unsteadily reflected the light from the window, and proceeded to read. But she had undertaken more than she could accomplish; for at reading the startling head-lines her sight became dim, and she could not hold the paper firmly.

"Will you read it to me, sir?" she asked Garratt, handing him the paper.



He took it, intensely gratified, cleared his throat, and in a loud tone, cruelly emphasizing the words that ground into her heart, read the account. Every word burned as would a red-hot iron thrust into the flesh. Crushed though she was, there appeared her strong nature flashing angrily from her eyes. Every known detail was set forth—the circumstances immediately following the shot, as heard by the man and woman; the crime, so enormous and revolting, that, as a dispensation, heaven made the criminal to be his own accuser; his besotted and brutish condition; the flight of the girl, and the consequent evidence of an outcropping of natural and inherited proneness to crime; the arraignment before the people of the perpetrator, and of all who abetted him, or endeavored to shield him, or throw a stumbling-block in the path of justice; surmises, theories, and speculations; broad hints that summary measures should be adopted to prevent the cutting of so wide a swath of crime through a peaceful community—all cruel, all degrading, all prompted by the relish that it brings to tear out a human heart and feed it to the mob. When he had finished he looked up, and saw that her head was bowed.

"Is it all true, madam?"

This question acted slowly, but surely, like poison. Gradually recovering herself, she raised her eyes to his face. Her bosom heaved, and a tinge of color appeared in her cheeks. She rose to her feet, her face pinched, the muscles drawn, and the same dangerous look that her son had shown in the saloon flashing from her eyes.

"It is—*false*—sir!" she said in a low voice that faltered with emotion. "It is *false*—and, more—it is—*cowardly*!"

Instinctively Garratt rose nervously, and stepped back, his eyes fastened upon hers, which riveted his gaze. Then with a powerful effort she checked herself, turned away, passed into the adjoining room, turned the blind, and looked out. She remained thus a moment, and came back, her step growing unsteady as she reached the chair. However, she did not sit down, but stood against the bed, and with a trembling hand reached to pull down the sheet. But she broke down without disturbing it, withdrew her hand, staggered half backward, fell into her chair, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Her heart was broken.

Still, she had a great work to perform, and the recurrence of a knowledge of it calmed and restored her. After the outburst her manner was entirely changed. The womanly grace, dignity, and tenderness reasserted themselves, but there was no trace of haughtiness. She

decided upon a plan. "Doctor," she asked, "how were those presumed facts learned?—or do you know?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied Garratt, his confidence in himself restored; "the greater part was learned from the officers." The policeman winced, and looked guilty. Mrs. Howard spared him by not looking his way.

"And then," continued Garratt, "there is a sameness running through crime that makes certain assertions always very near the truth."

There was a concealed insult in this, and the woman quickly detected it. "I would like to see the man who wrote it," she said.

"Why?"

"Because he wrote blindly."

"Well, then, if he is wrong, the courts will set you right."

"As I understand it, Doctor, there are some wrongs which the courts cannot rectify."

"Perhaps so—perhaps so."

The policeman had, during this conversation, sat uneasy, and finally said, in an apologetic tone, "There's a newspaper man at the gate."

Garratt darted a look through him. Mrs. Howard noticed it. Turning to the policeman, she said:

"Will you be kind enough to call him up?" and to Garratt, as the officer left without venturing another look toward him, "You officers hunt for crime. Newspapers seek, or should seek, to find the truth."

Garratt bowed, and smiled grimly. Mrs. Howard received the reporter so graciously that he was instantly at his ease, and he saw that he had to deal with a woman of superior intellect, intelligence, and tact. He explained that he had written the article; did so conscientiously, with the information he could procure; regretted that he had been unable, through her own and Casserly's refusal to permit an interview with her, to obtain her version.

"I see," she said, sadly. "I will now do all I can to assist you, and will give you all necessary information. You performed your duty, and I respect you for it. Come, and look at her," she said, going to the bed.

He stood beside her, as, with a firm hand, she entirely removed the sheet. It was a picture of rare beauty and sadness—a young girl, waylaid and strangled by Death on the high road to a future life that should have been full of years ripe with happiness; at the time when the sky should have been blue, and the air redolent with the perfume of flowers; when the storm should have passed mercifully over the lowly violet, and when the terrors of the Great Unknown should not have blanched the youthful glow that reflected the radiance of heaven.

She was arrayed in pure white. The face was mobile, and sadly sweet, betraying no indications of the death-pang. They all gathered around, awed and silent. Mrs. Howard, speaking in a low voice that might have touched a spring in the hardest heart, said:

"Her name was Rose Howard—a distant relative of my husband. He adopted her when she was quite a child, her parents having died. She was a gentle, sweet, unselfish girl; and I loved her as one of my own children."

She covered the body. She had gained a point—the reporter's heart was softened.

"The girl who left last night is named Emily Randolph. Her parents live in Ohio, and they sent her to me several months ago, for the benefit of the Californian climate. It was feared she had consumption. I lived in San Francisco until a few days since. As she did not improve in the harsh climate of that city, I came here to find a better. She is rather a nervous, weak child, and it was dangerous to allow her to remain during this terrible time. The manner in which I sent her away I am aware looks as if she knows something that I desire she should not tell. But I would not have her carried through the ordeal that I knew would be forced upon her, for her life is in my charge; and I knew that she would not be allowed to leave. If I disclose her whereabouts—even if I knew—she would be brought back; and I am unwilling that she, too, should follow this poor child to the grave."

Mrs. Howard ceased. Very little had been learned, and the reporter delicately waited until she should say more. Suddenly she became attentive to a faint sound from a distance, that floated through the open window. The men had not noticed it.

"What is that?" she asked.

"Where?" asked Garratt.

She went to the window, and looked out. People were running toward the city. The

octopus was drawing in its gigantic arms to concentrate its strength somewhere. Leaving this window, she went hurriedly and nervously to the window of the front room, threw open the blind, raised the sash, and leaned far out, straining her eyes to see, if possible, what was the cause of the commotion. She was filled with an indefinable dread. Presently a man came hurrying along the sidewalk beneath the window. "What is the matter?" she asked him.

He halted, looked around for the voice, and discovered her.

"Haven't you heard?" he asked.

"What?"

"Of the murder?"

She was becoming sick and faint. She asked, "What are the people running for?"

"To see the fun."

"What is it?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Do you hear that noise?"

"Yes."

"That's the mob."

"Well, what then?"

"They are going to break open the jail, and take the cowardly murderer out, and hang him as high as Haman." And the man hurried on.

That was all. She stood petrified with terror. Then did the grand old heroism that warmed her blood break forth in all its splendor. She would throttle this giant who thirsted for the blood of her son, though he should be as strong as a hurricane, and as relentless as death. She sprang through the door, her look terrible. The policeman intercepted her as she made for the stair. She shook him off, exclaiming:

"I will save my boy!"

The bulldog of the law had said, "I will put them down;" the mother said, "I will save my boy."

She hurried down the stairs, opened the door eagerly, gained the street, and flew like the wind.

W. C. MORROW.

CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

## AN AUTUMN DAY.

The earth lies wrapped in peace; upon her brow  
The laurels of the fruitful year are pressed;  
Triumphant and elate still seems she now,  
As one who glad, yet weary, dreams of rest.

The sun, his useful ardor wisely spent,  
Floods all the day with tender, mellow light,  
That crowns, with smiling, well deserved content,  
Sere reaped meadows and gay wooded height.

Upon the air's soft breath the gossamer  
 Ghost of a blossom hither and thither flies;  
 All insect life, with plainly lessened stir,  
 Pursues its little aimless industries.

Close by the fences, in still country ways,  
 The plumage of the crimson sumac shines;  
 From tree and shrub with every zephyr sways  
 The fairy drapery of scarlet vines,

As though the summer, when her reign was o'er,  
 Fleeing, usurped and wounded, through the wood,  
 Added unto her giving one gift more,  
 And glorified them with her own heart's blood.

Far out upon the little lake the trees  
 Cast lengthening shadows; swaying branches nod  
 Unto their fair reflection; every breeze  
 Kisses the glory of the golden-rod.

And over all the loving sky leans low,  
 And seeing all the beauty mirrored there,  
 Itself most fair, smiles wonderingly, as though  
 It had not dreamed the world was half so fair.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

## A PRIVATE LETTER.

BERKELEY, Aug. 21, 1880.

My Dear Fellow-Being (— for really that is the only relation that gives me any right to address you), I was reading a story of yours the other day in a certain magazine, and was struck by a little mistake in grammar that you contrived to repeat a good many times. I knew you were a young writer, and it was plain that you were one of great promise; and it seemed to me a pity that a pen capable of such touches of the genuine literary power should slip into bad English, especially into a mistake so uninterestingly common, so newspaperly, as it were, — a sin without any tang of eccentricity to spice it. Of course I feel a painful delicacy in convicting you of bad grammar, and I could n't think of speaking to you publicly about it. I would n't for the world have anybody know I meant you, not even yourself—for certain. That is why I write thus privately to you about it. Not that mistakes in grammar are such blood-curdling things, in themselves, but there is this harm in them: they catch the attention, and so distract one's mind from the real matter in hand. Have you never noticed how, when the eloquent B-an-r-ges is preaching, sometimes in the most impressive passage an unfortunate

mispronunciation hits your ear and throws the whole train of thought and emotion off the track? Just so, my dear friend (for I begin to feel very good natured to you now that I am in the way of being abusive—there is a great deal of human nature in people), when I was reading your charming story, just as my feelings were beginning to kindle in that passage, you know, where—for the first time—with—, suddenly this grammatical blunder exploded under my rapt attention with a bang, and scattered my emotional tension to the winds.

Besides, there is the terrible *inference*. Don't you know how a bad slip in the refinements of English syntax, coming from some newly introduced person, and coming, too, with the fatal smoothness of habitual use, opens up to you in a second whole vistas of inference and of undesirable probabilities for an acquaintance? Just so you will be sending a manuscript some day to the Coastian, or the Scribbler's Magazine, or the Ocean Monthly; and the editor will pick it up from a two-bushel basket of such and his eye, flaming with the preternatural fires of haste and intellect, will snatch at a page or two of your trembling and otherwise innocent darling, and will pounce on this identical sole-

cism. It will be enough for him; for the power of inference must needs be swift and savage in a hurried editor in prolific literary regions.

But you are impatient to know what all this is about. It is about the improper use, yea, the inveterate snarling up and inextricable entanglement of the uses of *shall* and *will*, *should* and *would*. "Oh," you say; "is that all! Why, everybody makes mistakes in *them*." No, in fact not everybody. You will find that our best writers never use these little auxiliaries improperly. Indeed, it is the absolutely perfect discrimination between such words, the subtle sense of the least delicate flavor or ethereal aroma of difference between such impalpable significations, that gives one charm to their style. I admit, on the other hand, that occasionally the particular auxiliaries in question are maltreated by otherwise respectable writers. It is, in fact, an Hibernicism that has crept into use, in this country particularly. But it will be well for you and me to remember that only old and successful authors can afford to write badly.

Suppose, then, that once for all we look into this matter, and know the rights of these four small words. It is not difficult, but it will require a bit of research into English grammar. You hate grammar, I suppose? That is right. I never knew any one to love it: at least the thing that goes under that name in the schools. Of course no one can help liking the real study of grammar, the science of the subtlest workings of the human mind dealing with the symbols of expression; but few school-boys ever get a taste of that. They are dragged by the ear through such text-books as that of G-ld Br-n, and forever after hate every person and every thing that was ever associated with the subject—the desk at which they recited it, and the smell of the particular flower that came in at the window where they tried to learn it, and the teacher that drove them mad with the reiteration of its meaningless maunderings. You will hardly believe it, but there really are, though, of late, several grammars written by scholars, intelligible, sensible, delightful books. (Of course the School Boards have not introduced them: they only consider the bindings of books and their relative cheapness.) Such, for instance, are Prof. Whitney's "Essentials of English Grammar", and Prof. Bain's "Higher Grammar".

We will begin, then, by trying to forget all about the "Potential Mood" and other devices of Satan, found in the ordinary grammars, and go back to the origin of these four little "useful troubles", *shall* and *should*, *will* and *would*. You know that a thousand years ago, in good

King Alfred's time, the English people spoke our mother-tongue in the form which we now call Anglo-Saxon, but which they themselves always called "Englisc",—"English", as it really was, only without the later accessions from the French, Latin, etc. In this original form of English the primitive verb had (besides our familiar imperative, infinitive, and participle) only two moods: the indicative, to express a *fact* (as, "*I was there*"); and the conditional (or subjunctive) to express an *idea* of a fact, merely conceived in the mind (as, "*if I were there*"). In the indicative, or fact mood, the tenses (there were only two, present and past; as, *am* and *was*) meant time: in the subjunctive, or idea mood (since mere mental conceptions are not tied up to time) they only meant different relations of doubtfulness (as, "*if ever I be king*", or, "*if I were king at any time*"). Take for example the statement of fact, "*it is wrong*": this is the indicative mood, and the present tense means present time, to-day. Or, "*if it is wrong*, he is not aware of it": this also is the indicative mood, in spite of the "*if*", because, although we do not assert it as a fact, we assume it to be a fact, for the time being, as you see by the conclusion; and accordingly the present tense means present time, as before. But suppose we say, "*if it be wrong*, he will not do it". This, you see, is the subjunctive mood, expressing a mere idea, as being possibly true; and the present tense does not mean time (it is future time, if any thing), but mere contingency. Again, take the statement, "*he was wrong*": it is indicative mood, stating a fact, and the past tense means past time, yesterday. Or, "*if he was wrong*, he has probably discovered it": this also is the indicative mood, in spite of the "*if*", because we assume the fact to exist, as the conclusion shows; and accordingly the past tense means past time. But suppose we say, "*even if he were wrong*, he would not discover it". This, plainly, is the subjunctive mood, expressing a mere supposition; and the past tense does not mean past time—indeed it may refer to any other time whatever except the past. What, then, does it mean? Do you not see that it means to throw the idea still farther away from reality than the present tense would do, implying that, while his being wrong is a supposition, it is an improbable supposition? And what more suitable for this meaning than to push it back into the past, where there can be no "*if*" or peradventure about things at all: where (as an old saying runs) "'tis as 'tis, and 't can't be any 'tis-er".

At this point, my dear young novelist (for that is what you are coming to, if the fates per-



mit), you are beginning to suspect that you have been basely deceived. You began to read my letter with the alluring expectation of something genial if not absolutely frolicsome, and here we are in the thorny wilderness of—(we will not speak the loathed word) the study that “teaches the art of speaking and writing the English language correctly”. (As if it really ever did that! When everybody knows that *that* art, if learned at all, is learned at the breakfast table, and the mother’s knee, and what we Californians still, by poetic license, call the “fireside”. Then what is the use of all this long, — —? [Yes, I know you are calling it that.] Because there really are a few idioms in our much Hibernicized, and Scotticized, and Gallicized, and Missouriated and Downeasticized mother tongue, that cannot be known with perfect confidence without going to the very roots of the matter.)

Know, then, that *shall* and *will* were two Anglo-Saxon verbs (*shall* being of the form *sceal*, just as our word *ship* was originally *scip*, with the *c* pronounced as *k*). These were not auxiliary verbs, but genuine independent verbs; “*ic wille*” meaning “*I wish*”, or “*I determine*”, and “*ic sceal*” meaning “*I owe*”, or “*I ought*”. In the Anglo-Saxon version of the Parable of the Unjust Steward the question, “*How much owest thou?*” is rendered “*Hu micel scealt thu?*” This signification lasted to Chaucer’s time, who writes, “that faith I *shall* to God”. And Mr. Earle (in his “Philology of the English Tongue”) says that in one of the old country dialects a child would still say, if asked to run of an errand, “I will if I shall”: i. e. “I am willing to if I ought to.”

These two verbs, to *shall* and to *will*, naturally came to be used very often with the infinitive mood (i. e. the noun form) of other verbs, this infinitive being the object of the mental act of *shalling* or *willing* (owing or wishing). For example, “*ic wille leornian Englisc*” meant “*I will to learn* (or, I will the learning of) *English*”. Just so with *shall*: “*ic sceal leornian*” meant, “*I owe the learning*”, or, “*I ought the to-learn*”.

You see, therefore, the fundamental distinction between these two words (and it governs every case of their apparently arbitrary uses). *Shalling* involves the idea of influence or pressure or obligation, from without: *willing* involves the idea of self-determination, from within. This would be, if possible, still more evident, if I dared to ask you to plunge one fathom deeper into the inky sea of historical grammar; for, the oracles of those abysmal regions tell us that the present, *shall*, is itself the past tense of an original old fossil verb *sculan*, meaning “to get

in debt”. (Grimm says, from an ancient present with the meaning “to kill”: the past tense meaning, therefore, “I have killed and have to pay the legal fine.”) The past tense signified, then, “I have got in debt”, i. e. “I am under the pressure of an external obligation”, or, “I owe”. You perceive, now, the absurdity in the Hibernicism, “I will be obliged to refuse your request”; for this means, “I wish or will to be obliged to refuse it”. What we desire to express is our being under the outside pressure of circumstances, so we say, properly, “*I shall* be obliged”.

But, you understand, in such an example as this last, where hardly anything but mere futurity is expressed, we are outrunning the Anglo-Saxon usage. It was only in later times that this grew up. You can see how, since willing to do an act, and feeling a pressure to do an act, are both likely to result in the future doing of it, there would come about a habit of expressing mere future expectation by these combinations. And it soon came to be felt as an instinct of courtesy, in expressing a future act, to speak humbly in the first person as if about to do it because of outside pressure—“I shall do it”, while the second and third persons are politely represented as doing it of their own free will—“you will”, or “he will”, do it. For instance, “I shall pay my just debts”, is as if one said, “not that it’s any virtue in me, but I must”; while, “you will pay your just debts”, implies that of course you wish to, and would, whether compelled or not.

There are two apparent exceptions, but they are really only further illustrations of this original meaning of the words: in the interrogative form we use “*shall*” for the second person, because “*will*” would ask for consent or a promise; and in quotation we use “*shall*” for all persons, because the person is represented as speaking, and saying, in the first person, “I shall”.

So much for expressing mere futurity: but, of course, where determination is to be expressed, the case is just reversed. Here the first person says, “I *will*”, and the second and third are represented as dominated by this outside determination: “you *shall* do it”, “he *shall* do it”. (By the way, the phrase “*I won’t*” is such an exceedingly valuable one, morally, that it is worth noting here that this is an abbreviation of a good old form, “*I wol not*”.)

And now shall we briefly explore the matter of “*should*” and “*would*”? For, to tell the truth, since this is a strictly private letter, and you don’t even know that it is you I am talking to, one may frankly say that in their usage, also, there were grievous wrongs.

Mark you, then: this same "shall" had in Anglo-Saxon a past tense "*sceolde*", *should*; and "will" had a past tense "*wolde*", *would*. These, also, were at first not auxiliaries, but independent verbs, and meant as thus: "*ic sceolde leornian*", "I owed it (yesterday) to learn"; "*ic wolde leornian*", "I willed the learning of it". The same forms were used in the past tense (so-called) of the subjunctive, but here was expressed not a fact, but the mere mental idea of a fact; and the past tense meant not past time (future, rather, if anything) but doubtfulness. And soon, just as *shalling* and *willing* lost much of their independent meaning, and came to express mere futurity, so *shoulding* and *woulding* came to express merely doubtful or conditional futurity, and were used with other verbs as auxiliaries. The *indicative* past was lost, except in the single case of a statement like this: "He tried to prevent me, but *I would do it*"—where the past tense means past time, and the verb carries its original meaning. But the *subjunctive* past is the one we use so commonly and sometimes misuse so innocently. It occurs in conditional sentences, and the usage is different in the two clauses. For example, "If he should come, I should go". In the condition clause the usage requires "*should*" for all persons; in the conclusion clause it requires "*should*" for the first person, "*would*" for the second and third. That is to say, for any given person the same verb is used, in the present to express fact futurity ("*I shall go, you will go, he will go*"), and in the past to express doubtful futurity ("If it happened, *I should go, you would go, he would go*"). The same reasons of courtesy apply to the distinction of persons, as in the case of *shall* and *will*.

Here, also, there are two apparent exceptions. 1. We say, "I would if I were you", or "I wouldn't do that", using "*would*" instead of "*should*", because a flavor of its original meaning is what we require here, namely, wish or preference. And we say, "I would like to help you", using "*would*" instead of "*should*" for the same reason; for we mean, "I should wish (to like) to help you (if there were any use of wishing)". Just so we say, "I would he were here", which differs from "I wish he were here" only as being subjunctive (shown by the fact that the past tense does not mean past time), and so expressing only a mere idea of wishing, like "I could wish he were here (if there were any use in it)". 2. We say, "You (or he) *should* do it", meaning "You ought to". Here, also, the original meaning of the word is introduced. Only, one would expect the present tense, "*shall*"; but this had already been

appropriated for the future. Besides, there seems to be an instinct to throw this idea into the subjunctive *past* (or past of unreality and timelessness), as we see by the equivalent expression "he *ought*" (which is the past of "*owe*"); or, better still, by a colloquialism which pushes the idea still farther off, into the past-past, or pluperfect, notwithstanding that the thought is still, if of any time at all, of *future* time,—"*he'd* (he had) *ought 'o do it*."

But at this point you will doubtless throw down this unoffending screed, with the ejaculation that you knew *something* about it before, but now you are *all* at sea. Well, that is the danger of a little knowledge. But, my dear friend, if you will go carefully through Prof. March's Anglo-Saxon and Comparative Grammar, and Prof. Bain's Higher and his Composition Grammar, following them up with Prof. Lounsbury's History of the English Language, and will then confine your light reading for a year to the very best authors, rigorously eschewing all newspapers (except that exceedingly cultured and intellectual one whose editors may happen to be reading this remark), I promise you that you will then begin to be ready to enjoy entering on the study of these things.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, in a practical table (and, now I think of it, you might skip what you have read up to this point, and begin here).

For expressing mere futurity (the plural in all cases like the singular):—

I shall,  
You will,  
He will.

For interrogation as to mere futurity:—

[Am I going to?]  
Shall you?  
Will he?

For expressing determination:—

I will,  
You shall,  
He shall.

For expressing doubtful, or conditional ideas (future or timeless); in the condition:—

If I should,  
If you should,  
If he should.

In the conclusion:—

I should,  
You would,  
He would.

For expressing wish, or willingness, or preference, in this softened, semi-conditional form:—

I would (if I were you),  
I would (like to do it),  
I would (he were here),

For expressing duty, or obligation:—

I should (study, but don't want to),  
You should,  
He should.

Meantime, my dear young author, "*quid refert Caio utrum etc.*," that is to say, what difference does it make to Genius whether it speak precisely in the tongue of common mortals? I know that in point of fact you will always enjoy writing, and I shall always enjoy reading your stories: indeed, you *shall* go on writing them, and I *will* go on reading them, even though you should not use "would" as you should, or as you would if you should use "would" and "should" as Shakspeare or Mr. Matthew Arnold would. E. R. SILL.

## JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has recently published a review of Mr. Whittier's poetry. Coming from so critical a pen, the article should be seriously considered; but as it does not give such an estimate of the Quaker poet's abilities as his many admirers could wish, I have been surprised that no one of these has taken up the cudgels in his defense.

It cannot be any breach of confidence to quote certain words of Mr. Whittier, written to me upon date of "Sixth mo., 26th, 1879," but written, certainly, without any reference to the then forthcoming review of Mr. Stoddard. He says, "I think, with thee, that a born Friend can best understand and appreciate the words of a Quaker writer." He knew that I had this birthright qualification, at least, and that my ardent love of his writings was the plea for an attempt to take his measure as a poet. Fortunately for me, criticism upon poetry and the poets is never so much to be desired as a generous appreciation; because poetry has a sort of higher law, to which the terrible critics themselves must occasionally bow, and a law that common people may successfully appeal to. The critics destroyed Keats, physically, but the people kept his literature. Let me take heart to declare a growing conviction among all classes that John G. Whittier is, of right, our national poet; and this in all deference to the claims put forth by the most ardent admirers of Longfellow and Bryant. If there be any competition, it does not extend, by general consent, beyond the honored three. Although there are many who have stepped within the charmed circle, it seems that they could not maintain their footing; but Longfellow and Bryant and Whittier have flooded the land with song for

more than half a century, and the nation mourns when death breaks up such fellowship.

What constitutes a poet of the highest order? And what a national poet? And is the national poet of necessity the chief? These are topics for lengthy disquisition, accompanied it may be, nevertheless, by feeble argument; for did not Lamb and Hazlitt and Hunt give us essay after essay upon the English poets, only to confess themselves lost in the maze of beauty, and powerless to define? Criticism, even with these capable writers, was a generous and hearty discrimination, and not a cold-blooded dissection. Fortunately for the common people, again, it is posthumous fame that establishes the position of the poet. The people choose that generations shall read, and adopt, and reject, before the final verdict; the slighting of Milton and Shakspeare, in their own times and by their own fraternity, is not exceptional—it is merely extreme. We may not understand the motives of an age that is past, but we can plainly see that in our own age the living, breathing presence of undoubted genius will prevent a full analysis of that genius, and delay the popular dictum. Now that Homeric Bryant has passed away, do we not feel more at liberty to enter our humble judgment?—and will not this feeling grow with time?

Milton said of poetry, that it should be "simple, sensuous, passionate." Leigh Hunt explained that Milton meant by "simple," unperplexed and self-evident; by "sensuous," genial and full of imagery; by "passionate," excited and enthusiastic. How thoroughly has Whittier fulfilled these conditions—the self-evident, the genial, the enthusiastic!

In the career that began with "Thanatopsis" and ended with a translation of Homer, we are presented with what arouses the intellect, and exalts and refines the imagination; but where is the enthusiastic? Where, indeed, the genial? And when are the sensibilities touched to the quick? There are seldom any tears for Bryant's page. Nor can I think—and let me express it with becoming modesty—that much of this deep emotion is kindled by the polished lines of Longfellow; though one may take sweet counsel from the "Psalm of Life," and hear the "Footsteps of the Angels," and sigh with sad Evangeline. Perhaps we may compare the harmonies of Bryant to those of the cathedral organ; the classic airs of Longfellow to the softest pleatings of Apollo's lute; and the melodies of Whittier to the sweetest intonations of the human voice.

In our enjoyment of the acting of certain tragedians, we listen, and look, and approve—we can find no fault. But there is something wanting to complete our satisfaction, and that is a thrill of sympathy between actor and audience—the magnetic recognition of the right, the

"Touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

What we demand in the actor is still more imperative in the poet, whose works will exhibit him after he is dead. We insist upon his exciting our warmest sympathies at *unexpected moments*. The power to do this went far to make Burns the national poet, and it should not be wanting in ours. "The groves were God's first temples," and Bryant was a perpetual worshiper therein. Nature was his altar. But Whittier goes out from the Quaker meeting-house, with heart and soul on fire, to redress the wrong and advocate the right; to pour oil into the wounds of suffering men and women; to sing the songs that have moved, whether the singer would or not, the man of peace to fight and die; or, more glorious still, to suffer the tortures of adverse public opinion, and to live the martyr's life.

The very titles of the Quaker poet's songs are often suggestive of his oneness with the people—"Voices of Freedom," "The Prisoner for Debt," "The Reformer," "The Poor Voter on Election-day," "The Common Question," and, among the songs of labor, "The Drovers," "The Ship-builders," "The Shoemakers," "The Fishermen," "The Huskers," "The Lumbermen"—and however humble or rough the subject, it is clothed in a garment as of "white samite" by the tender hands of the poet. Neither race, nor color, nor condition, nor faith can blind his eyes to the fact of a universal broth-

erhood, nor keep his tongue from the incessant proclamation. There is the key-note to a popularity that will surely grow, for it is founded upon love and truth. Though by nature reserved, shrinking, sensitive as the mimosa, like the true reformer, Whittier knows no fear. He heeds nothing but the dictates of conscience. When he conceived that Webster had fallen from grace, he seized his pen indignantly and wrote:

"All else is gone; from those great eyes  
The soul is fled;  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead!  
Then pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!"

Our national poet must be one whose writings are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of reformation. Whittier's Quaker birth and education made him a reformer from the start. The pure and simple Quaker testimonies are the underlying principles of his works; and these are testimonies in favor of every great and wise reform. Let the reader recall the quotation from the poet's letter and he will pardon, what would otherwise be considered a digression, a few observations upon the sect that is small in numbers, but most influential in the shaping of our country's destiny. Laugh as we may at the Quaker eccentricities, the lives of these people are wonderfully consistent with their professions, and that when the finger of ridicule has been pointed at them from the foundation of the sect. These eccentricities, if that is the proper word, had often a sensible origin. The broad-brim was to be kept on the head, in season and out of season, as a perpetual protest against servility. Their use of "thee" and "thou" is grammatical; and the use of the plural form to an individual was an eccentricity of those who chose to flatter one man by addressing him as several. There is never a debt on Quaker church buildings, nor deserving poor among their congregations. They were the friends of the Indian; and, to this day, if the red man will not receive the messenger in drab, it is because he has forgotten the traditions of his forefathers. The Quakers were necessarily Abolitionists, and the friends of peace and of temperance. The Quaker system is as true a democracy as ever existed; for even their women preach and pray in public, and have a voice in the secular administration. In this school Whittier was born, and lives, and receives his inspirations.

Though he affiliated with ultra-Abolitionists, I cannot suppose that he was at entire accord



with them. It is no attack upon their sincerity to call in question their fidelity to the cause of the Union; but of Whittier's fidelity to that cause there can be no doubt, else Dame Barbara would never have "snatched the silken scarf," to fling it forth with a royal will.

During the civil strife there were many of this simple Quaker faith whose patriotism so warred with their religious convictions that they were obliged to shoulder the musket, with other volunteers, and fight for humanity and the national preservation. It is necessary to keep steadily in view this peculiar religious education to comprehend the motives and the spirit of the man and the poet—*out of the world, yet in the world*; by his sect living apart, yet, through its tenets, wielding a powerful influence.

In his private life he is held to be modest,\* retiring, conservative; with his pen he is bold, uncompromising, radical. The purity of his printed page is the reflex of his daily life, the moral teaching an expression of the pious man. No matter how abhorrent sin may be to such a nature, the Saviour's teachings are abundantly shown in the lines to Burns—as graceful an offering as ever one poet made to another:

\* "Sweet soul of song! I own my debt  
Uncanceled by his failings."

Criticism may find a line here and there which, by the rules of art, are faulty. There is not that invariable correctness of classic Longfellow; but is there not, generally, a true perception of English harmony? Well might he write in "The Poem:—"

"I love the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew."

We go to the poets Lowell and Holmes for a clear exposition of the peculiarities of the New England folk, and especially for the humorous side, but the power that is apt to centralize itself is not broad enough for the national poet. Whittier's "barefoot boy" is not a Yankee boy—he is the blessed little infantile tramp of the whole country. Maud Müller is as much an English girl as American; she is Anglo-Saxon. Yet Lowell, with all his descriptive power, could never have written "Snowbound." In this poem Whittier has chosen to be at home, in Yankee-land. And here Cowper could not be more graphic, nor Goldsmith more genial, nor Burns more domestic. The element of humor appears in it occasionally, which few poets of the first

rank indulge in—their mission being too serious. Somewhat of the spirit of humor appears, also, in the "Negro Boatman's Song," but it is lost in the pathetic. In the poems descriptive of aboriginal life—in "Mogg Megone," in the "Bridal of Pennacook," in the "Truce of Piscataqua"—we meet with possible Indians, and not with unrecognizable creatures of romance, and we have local description as probable as it is graphic.

There is a very marked choice of Saxon words in Whittier's poetry—the short, simple words, that strike home; surely a necessity for our national poet. There is never an approach to mysticism, nor to any philosophy that the common people cannot understand. He is the poet for the people, as Lincoln was their spokesman. His views of life are encouraging. He "paints a golden morrow," and whenever a thanatopsis is presented, as in the poems, "My Soul and I," and "My Dream," I cannot but think that it has a wider spiritual significance than the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant. Milton's "simple, sensuous, passionate," as he applied the terms, are certainly applicable to "Maud Müller." The finest spirit of patriotism is revealed in "Barbara Frietchie" and in the "Centennial Hymn;" and in all the child literature of Wordsworth is there anything more natural and refreshing than the "Barefoot Boy?"

More than twenty-five years ago (I cannot now verify the date), an article upon Whittier's poetry appeared in one of the British Reviews, wherein the "Red River Voyageur" was characterized as a poem complete and finished in every respect. At that time, praise from English critics was not over abundant for literary efforts on this side of the ocean, so that our closest scrutiny of the mechanism of the poem, as well as of its poetic spirit, can be safely invited.

Turning again to Mr. Stoddard's review, it seems as if the critic, whatever his knowledge of the art of poetry, was disabled from judgment in this instance, because he is plainly not in sympathy with the sect to which Mr. Whittier belongs, else why, in that inexplicable parenthesis, does he state that the "New England Quaker of forty years ago was rather a tolerated, than a respected, member of the community." He does not see, apparently, that without the spirit of the Quaker testimonies there would have been no brave old "Barclay of Ury," and no picture of "The Meeting," such as Bernard Barton would have loved to show to "gentle Charles." I am not able to gauge the artistic merits of the "Voices of Freedom" (and it is plain that they were written before the maturity of the poet's powers); but if it is true, as

Mr. Stoddard says, that "they made no mark in our literature," let us be thankful that they have helped to make our laws.

There seems to me a remarkable sweetness in our poet's versification—something which is not to be confounded with the smoothness that belongs to Pope. This quality, and a rarer one still, a spontaneity of pathos, such as is apparent in the poems, "The Robin," "My Playmate," "In School Days," "Marguerite," and "Mabel Martin," call for special admiration. We look to our critic for his opinion of "The Tent on the Beach," and we find: "He added nothing to the poetic value of the tales themselves by this framework," in which they are set. This is the same kind of framework that Tennyson uses for his "Morte d'Arthur," and it is to be supposed that such conversational episodes lighten our zest for the superior flights of the Muse. Again, Mr. Stoddard says, "His seriousness of soul, the intense morality of his genius, accounts, I think, for his defects as a poetic artist in such poems"—making a list, which ends with the "Pennsylvania Pilgrim." What new philosophy is this? Did Milton's seriousness of soul prove a stumbling-block? Nay, even Byron, it may be submitted, did his best when, shaking off the immorality of his genius, he wrote the sublime passages of "Childe Harold." Would that Bayard Taylor were living, "whose Arab face was tanned by tropic suns and boreal frost!" If we must yield to criticism, let it be fair and genial.

In closing this brief and inadequate paper, it is possible that the suggestions might be strengthened by calling attention to many other poems and ballads, the reading and re-reading of which would increase one's admiration for the poet's varied work. Certainly there should be mention of that musical and thrilling description of the Scottish maiden's hearing of the pipes of rescue, "The Pipes at Lucknow," but such enumeration, after a while, becomes wearisome, if not dictatorial, to the reader, who would prefer the selections that conform to his individual taste. It may be pertinent, however, and timely, to quote the "Centennial Hymn." Our poet, who in the prime of life went down into the very depths of sympathy for his country's humiliation, lives to see the triumph of the right, and, in his serene old age, to invoke that protection which alone can insure the perpetuity of the republic.

"Our Father's God! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee—  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust thee for the opening one.

"Here, where of old by Thy design  
The fathers spake that word of Thine,  
Whose echo is the glad refrain  
Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
To grace our festal time, from all  
The zones of earth our guests we call.

"Be with us while the New World greets  
The Old World thronging all its streets,  
Unveiling every triumph won  
By art or toil beneath the sun;  
And unto common good ordain  
This rivalry of heart and brain.

"Thou, who hast here in concert furled  
The war-flags of a gathered world,  
Beneath our Western skies fulfill  
The Orient's mission of good-will,  
And, freighted with Love's golden fleece,  
Send back its argonauts of peace.

"For art and labor met in truce,  
For beauty made the bride of use,  
We thank Thee; but withal we crave  
The austere virtues strong to save,  
The honor proof to place or gold,  
The manhood never bought or sold.

"Oh, make Thou us, through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safe-guards of Thy righteous law,  
And, cast in some diviner mold,  
Let the new cycle shame the old."

The fact that it is posthumous fame which establishes the position of any poet may be especially true of Whittier, because his vigorous defense of liberty, and reiterated abhorrence of slavery, both before and during the civil war, have prejudiced multitudes, and prevented their just appreciation. But when the mists of prejudice and the smoke of war have cleared away, posterity will see that his words are in unison with all that is noble in our Saxon being; that in his "Voices of Freedom" he has been true to the history of his times (uncompromising, he could pay a generous tribute to the memory of the slave-holder of Roanoke); and that these songs are merely variations of the same key of humanity that Milton sounded, and Cowper heard to sound again, and Brown-ing chanted with her glorious voice.

JOHN MURRAY.

# PENELOPE'S WEB.

"Mona, I leave camp to-morrow."

"Yes—?"

Reader, I leave it to you. Is there anything on earth more exasperating to a man than a woman's "yes," when punctuated by a simple dash? Followed by an exclamation, it conveys to the listener a faint conception of the speaker's frame of mind. It indicates surprise, and surprise too often betrays a carefully hidden secret. Interrogation implies a desire to learn more—invites confidence. The period carries with it at least this satisfaction: a definite understanding between the two parties has been attained, agreeable or otherwise, and there is nothing more to be said about it. But a dash may mean anything or nothing, as the case may be. Not exactly knowing what the case might be in the present instance, Henry Cameron mentally passed in review the possibilities and probabilities, and finally ventured a second remark:

"Is it your purpose that I shall go thence with my fate undecided? I have offered you my heart and hand, my home, my life—more than this is not in man's gift. Again I ask, Will you be my wife? Mona, I demand a definite reply. You *must* answer me, yes or no."

"*I must!* You rather anticipate your authority, Mr. Cameron."

A weak, pitiful subterfuge, and the girl felt it to be such the moment the words escaped her lips; but she would not gainsay them, even though she felt their import to be rightly conjectured. In these careless words Henry Cameron read his doom. The tender light died out of his eyes, leaving hard and cold the face a moment since glowing with passion. With a woman's unerring perception, Mona Calvert saw at a glance the construction which had been put upon her words. A brief silence ensued, broken only by the sighing of the pines in the forest, and the musical cadence of the ever restless waters, upon whose banks they were seated.

"Thank you for relieving my suspense." Bitter sarcasm lurked beneath the courteous words. The weapon did not fail to hit its mark. The girl quivered under the sting.

"I presume," the voice grew yet more bitter as he continued, "your decision is ratified by your conscience. One moment," he interrupted, as Mona's lips parted as if in protest. "There is an hour in woman's life when she resists

man's authority only for the pleasure of being reasoned into submission; she rebels against his wishes only for the satisfaction of being conquered by him she loves; but unless she, herself, invests him with the right to control her actions, to attempt it were presumption—to succeed, tyranny. That you resent my assumption of this right has been rendered clearly obvious to me in the tone of your voice. I can draw but one deduction. Well, that dream is ended." He could not suppress the sigh which trembled on his lips; then, laughing bitterly, he arose. "How I must have bored you this summer! It is too late to make amends for that, but I will spare your further infliction," and, touching his hat, he left the spot.

He had barely turned when his steps were arrested by hearing a merry peal of laughter—clear, ringing, effervescent laughter—such as, falling suddenly upon the ear, would leave one in doubt whether, after all, it were not the note of some woodland songster, or an echo from the mountain brook.

All this time Mona sat coldly passive. Her effort to explain matters having met with a rebuff, she wrapped herself in a mantle of injured innocence, and deigned no reply to this outburst, which frightened, but at the same time amused her. She had just about made up her mind to accept, in all the dignity of pride, the situation as he had presented it, when she became forcibly struck with the ridiculousness of the whole scene. "The idea of a man's staking his life's weal or woe upon anything so mercurial as the tone of a woman's voice! What idiots men are, anyhow!" In this train of mental observation she chanced to stumble upon some reflection which appealed irresistibly to her risibles, and she laughed. This laugh had upon Henry Cameron's nerves—and muscles—the effect of an electric shock. Instantly he returned to the spot from which he had just effected an exit which would have crowned with laurels a tragic muse.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked, savagely. Had she considered the tone of his voice, she would have fled for her life, but, as it was, she merely replied, with absurd frankness:

"I am laughing at you."

"I am glad you find the subject so amusing," Cameron answered, wrathfully. "Mona Calvert, are you utterly devoid of a heart?"

"I never considered myself in an anatomical light. When I am sufficiently at leisure, I will make a diagnosis of my case. Should I then discover that the organ referred to is wanting in my composition, I will inform you."

She looked so exasperatingly lovely as she uttered these words that she well nigh maddened the man to whom they were addressed. This girl was a perpetual enigma to him. Now thoughtful, serious, and gentle, she seemed to him the personification of perfect womanhood; the next moment, wayward as a spoiled child, full of whims and caprices, she mocked his sentiments, defied his lightest wish, and pulled down, with a ruthless hand, his most cherished ideals. Ordinarily he could not himself have told in which of these moods he found her the most bewitching, but to-day pride and anger waged bitter warfare against love. He would not yield to the fascination. With keen intuition, Mona saw the conflict raging within his breast, and coolly decided the victory hers. She looked up into the dark face which lowered above her, and assumed an air of mock humility; but mirth crept out of the corners of her beautiful eyes, showed itself in the curving lips, and finally nestled contentedly in the dimpled cheeks. She had not uttered a syllable, yet she had succeeded in reducing to most abject slavery this man, who, a moment since, had angrily burst asunder the silken bonds with which she had held him enthralled. The smile on her face, like a ray of sunshine, had stolen into his heart, and scattered the clouds which had gathered, dark and threatening, on his brow.

"Would you like to know what I think of you, Mr. Cameron?"

"Yes."

Small encouragement, this, to proceed, but Mona was not a whit dismayed.

"I think you are a goose."

"You are at least frank in giving utterance to your opinion."

"Shall I prove it?" Without waiting for permission, she continued, "You make me a magnanimous offer, and then fly off at a tangent, not knowing whether or no I intend to accept it. Evidently you are afraid that I may be tempted, so avail yourself of the first loophole to escape. How do you know that I do not wish to be reasoned into submission?"

Her love of teasing, her saucy daring, had carried her too far. In an instant she was clasped to his heart. His kisses rained on her lips, and brow, and hair.

Mona was a natural-born coquette, but her coquetry had never exceeded the bounds of perfect propriety. She was not in the habit of

having young gentlemen fly at her, and kiss her in this audacious manner. For a moment this proceeding startled her out of all self-possession; recovering it almost instantly, however, she freed herself from the clasp of Cameron's arms, and, drawing up to its utmost height her slight stature, she said, her voice trembling with indignation:

"You have taken an unwarrantable liberty!"

"Forgive me. I have no excuse to offer, but that the temptation was too great for weak human nature. Oh, my darling, why cannot my love find an echo in your heart?"

He did not say that she had tempted him, but her own heart condemned her. Yes, with her lay the blame rather than with him. This thought silenced the angry words on her lips—the lips which he had kissed.

"Mr. Cameron"—it was a serious voice which spoke to him now—"I forgive you, inasmuch as I feel that I am, in a measure, to blame. I did not suppose that you would take my lightly spoken words *au grand sérieux*. You demand my answer—you shall have it. Shall it be final?"

There was no trace of gayety in the sober face uplifted to his. In the solemn brown eyes Cameron read that which made him answer:

"No; if you do not love me, I would rather wait a life-time to win you," without appearing to notice the inconsistency of this remark. It was but a few moments since he had demanded "yes" or "no." Mona continued:

"When camp breaks up my aunt and I are going to old Michelet's cottage—you know he is the camp dairyman who lives on the mountain-side. There we propose to spend the remainder of the summer. There you can come to me for your answer. Should I give it to you now, you would not be satisfied, for I do not love you, as I must love the man I marry. It is now July; when the grapes are ripe"—with a fearful grimace she bit one of the wild fox-grapes which hung over her head—"you can come to me, not before. Should 'absence make the heart grow fonder'—the serious face relaxed into a smile—"then I will be your wife; but, understand me distinctly, I pledge myself to nothing. I shall answer as my heart dictates. Meanwhile, play that I am Undine, not yet possessed of a heart (though, I believe, a soul was the organ in which she found herself wanting), and who knows but that you may be the stranger knight to awaken it." Thus turning her serious words into merriment, the girl lightly sprang from the bank on to the little island in the stream.

A more exquisite personification of the fair being whose spirit she had evoked could scarce-



ly be conceived. Over her soft gray robe, with artistic grace, she had festooned mosses of a lighter shade, caught here and there with bunches of maiden-hair and ferns. At her throat and belt were fastened clusters of the creamy azalea. This artistic blending of color could not but enhance the loveliness of delicately cut features, set in a frame-work of auburn hair. To complete the picture, this same hair should fall in waving masses to her feet, like a halo of glory; but our heroine was of a practical turn of mind, not given to incongruities. She did not propose to make a Miss Absalom of herself; so, before starting out upon her daily rambles through the woods, she took care to put her crowning glory out of harm's way—in other words, she wore it in a low coil, which, we are fain to confess, was exceedingly becoming.

Reclining upon her mossy carpet, peeping saucily at her lover through her tent of verdure, wild grape-vine, and starry clematis, she seemed to him to have become etherealized, to have lost her own identity, in the lovely vision which she herself had so daringly conjured up. He trembled lest the silvery brook, which separated his loved one from him, would become metamorphosed, would assume the portentous shape of the malicious Kühleborn, and spirit her away from before his very eyes.

"Could anything be lovelier than this sunset, auntie? I should think the utter impossibility of doing justice to these mountain sunsets would convert aspiring artists and poets into lunatics. I am so glad that I can just simply enjoy it all, without feeling the necessity of conveying to the world the extent of my rapture. How delicious is this breeze, after such a scorching day! This is my conception of *dolce far niente*. I hate the thought of going back to the city—don't you, auntie?"

"Well, no, Mona," replied Mrs. Haviland to the last question. "I cannot say that my enthusiasm borders on asceticism—but who is that on the trail?"

Mona looked in the direction indicated by her aunt.

"Apparently," said she, after gazing intently for a moment, "it is 'James's solitary horseman winding his way down the mountain pass.'"

Was the rose tint on the girl's fair cheek the reflection of the sun's last warm rays?

"Time and place certainly give plausibility to your conjecture," was her aunt's reply. This laughing rejoinder was succeeded by an exclamation of delight:

"Why, Mona, it is Mr. Cameron!" This gentleman had always been a favorite with

Mrs. Haviland. She had long suspected his preference for her niece, but when camp life, with its manifold advantages, was productive of no visible result, she concluded he had received his dismissal. It was with real pleasure that she now saw him advance.

"I believe it is he," was Mona's comment.

Little hypocrite—as though she were not fully aware that it was he! Had she not been momentarily expecting him for a week past? The grapes were ripe.

Mr. Cameron, for he it was, now approached, with friendly greeting. A warm welcome was accorded him by both ladies. After seeing that his horse was properly attended to, and making arrangements with old Michelet for his own accommodation, he joined the ladies on the low balcony, his arms full of books and papers. From the depths of a capacious pocket he drew forth that luxury to country people, a box of French candy. They who have lived in the country, who have feasted for an indefinite period upon idealism and sentiment, alone can appreciate the exhilarating freshness which attends the influx of city life; they alone can know how replete with enjoyment is such an evening as our friends had in store for them. "How delicious this breath from the realistic world," as Mona laughingly expressed it—to her aunt's amusement, be it said. That lady could not but be struck by the girl's inconsistency, and sagely drew her own conclusions.

"Mona"—they are now in their old trysting place on the banks of Moore's Creek. They had sauntered forth after breakfast. Insensibly, almost unconsciously, their steps had led them hither, to "Undine's bower." In place of the mossy turf, which has disappeared with the fern and maiden-hair, is a carpet of pine-needles. The green canopy has been replaced by one of scarlet and gold, this the only perceptible change wrought by two months' time—"Mona, the grapes are ripe."

He whispered this, as though afraid of imparting the precious secret to the birds twittering in the boughs overhead.

It was after a brief hesitation that her reply was spoken:

"Mr. Cameron, I do not affect to misunderstand you. I will be your wife. One moment"—as he was about to give expression to the raptures which her words called forth. "Listen to me. I will be your wife; but I tell you frankly that the love I feel for you is not what I had hoped it would be. It is not that self-absorbing passion which I had imagined was the only form of true love. In my heart I believe that I love you, else I would never have given utterance to these words;

but"—her voice trembled perceptibly—"I am by no means sure. I have missed you; have longed for your presence. These signs might be rightly construed into evidences of love were it not that I have been strongly under the influence of association. How it would have been with me under different circumstances I cannot say. If you are satisfied—"

He did not allow her to say more. Folding his arms about her, he bent over the lovely face, and pressed upon her lips a solemn kiss. She did not resist his kisses now. It was his right; but there was a troubled look in the soft brown eyes, as he whispered:

"We will trust to time, my beloved, to intensify this love."

This their betrothal.

Days glided into weeks, weeks into months, and still Mona stayed on in the little cottage. Her lover chafed against the separation which this entailed. He was with her as often as practicable, but this did not satisfy his ardor. Finally, his patience was exhausted. One day he said to her:

"What in the wide world are we waiting for? Why should our engagement be a protracted one? Thank heaven, there is no obstacle to our immediate union."

"Yes, there is; a serious one."

Seeing in Cameron's face a look of absolute terror, she added:

"I will tell you a secret;" and, sinking her voice to an impressive whisper, she said, "I am writing a novel."

"Writing a novel," he echoed; "well, what has that do with the matter in hand?"

"Everything."

"I must confess that I am at a loss to see how. I did not know that the honor of marrying an authoress was in store for me; but since that is to be added to my other blessings, I will pay due deference to your literary proclivities; you shall immure yourself in books all through my business hours. I solemnly promise never to interfere, excepting when I am at home, and want you for myself." And he fondly caressed the beautiful head which he had drawn to his bosom.

"That just proves how much a man knows about housekeeping. I suppose, sir, in placing me at the head of your establishment, you expect me to be an automaton, whose sole duty in life is to entertain your lordship out of business hours, when you are at leisure to be entertained." He laughed at her indignation, vehemently disclaiming all intention of converting his wife into a butterfly.

"But," with mock seriousness, "you have not told me the name of your novel."

"I think," she answered, demurely, "I shall call it 'Penelope's Web.'"

"In the name of wonder, why?"

"Because I have attempted such a herculean task in trying to manufacture a hero. It is a kind of patch-work piece of business. I take a scrap of this man and a scrap of that, and weave them together, in the vain hope of making a perfect man; but, invariably, I have to ravel him out. Spite of everything I can do, he will have a made-over look. Anybody would know at a glance that he was made up of odds and ends. I am afraid the material with which I have had to work is at fault. Somehow, none of the pieces match, however perfect they may be in themselves. Now, can't you see how utterly impracticable would be my marriage at present?"

"I can not say that the obstacle appears to me overwhelming."

"Men are so obtuse!"—this with an indescribable air of resignation. "Listen to me. By chance I have stumbled across a hero in a degree *comme il faut*. So far, I have not had to insert a single patch, and my work is getting on famously; but the moment my Cæsar steps off his pedestal, and goes to fishing round in unheard of corners for the boots which he knows he put in their proper places, then I will be obliged to begin the raveling out process, and all my summer's work will have been completely thrown away."

"Mona, you are incorrigible. Wait until I get you back to the city; then I will marry you, in spite of yourself. Thank goodness, the rains will set in soon, and force you to leave this out-of-the-way place. Pope Valley is indisputably lovely, but it is too outrageously inaccessible."

After this every allusion to the subject of their marriage provoked from Mona some such ridiculous pretext for delay. Finally, Cameron concluded it was wiser to let the matter rest in abeyance until her return to the city. This event, joyously anticipated by the impatient lover, was now near at hand. The date of their departure was fixed for the first of November—it was now the last of October.

"Where is Miss Mona, Mrs. Haviland?"

"She is not feeling very well to-day, but I will tell her that you are here."

Mrs. Haviland was about to go in quest of her niece, when that young lady entered the room. Cameron advanced to meet her, with a melodramatic air.

"If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now. I have come to lead you out of your 'Happy Valley.' The tender associations

connected with this spot could not reconcile Cameron to the distance. It was with unfeigned joy he had approached the cottage, as he felt, for the last time.

Receiving no response to his laughing salutation, he looked up in surprise. An exclamation of dismay burst from his lips as his eye rested on Mona's countenance. He had not seen her distinctly until now. The usually radiant face was colorless. The dark circles about the eyes, the tightly compressed lips, betrayed intense suffering.

To her lover's anxious inquiry, she replied: "I have a terrible headache. I came in only to beg that you will excuse me to-night." Then, turning to her aunt, "It is nothing serious. I will be all right in the morning. All I want is sleep. Good night." As Cameron opened the door for her, she added, "I will see you in the morning."

At breakfast she joined them, asserting that she felt much better; but her looks belied her words. If possible, she was more ghastly white than when she parted from them the previous evening.

Turning to Cameron, as they left the breakfast-room, she murmured:

"Come."

Alone among the pines, he held out his arms to her.

"What is it, my darling?"

She shrunk visibly from the caress. With a feeble attempt at the old manner, she replied: "Oh, I am overworked. For two days past I've been busy raveling you out."

But the laugh accompanying these words died away in a sob. Then, without further attempt at restraint, she gave way to an *abandon* of grief. So alarmed was Cameron at this new phase in her character—he had never, until now, had a glimpse of the emotional side of her nature—that he scarce heard, much less understood, the import of her words.

"Why, Mona, what in the world has happened?"

"Henry Cameron, I have wronged you—not willfully, not deliberately; nevertheless I have done you an irreparable injury. I cannot be your wife."

"Explain yourself."

Stern, terrible words, striking terror into the girl's heart. She had expected a passionate outburst, not this instant condemnation. As though warding off a blow, Mona extended her hand in mute gesture.

"One moment," she murmured. "Do not condemn me unheard."

"Proceed." An instant had sufficed to convert into a merciless judge the tender lover.

"I do not ask for mercy; I do not expect forgiveness. Only let me prove to you that I was weak, not wicked."

"The usual plea. Well? I have already requested an explanation."

From his exceeding coldness she gathered strength. Passion would have unnerved her. She owed him a confession—a humiliating one. It was easier to confess to a judge than to a lover. Her voice trembled as she began:

"My novel was but a pretext to postpone the fulfillment of a promise which I should never have made. I thought the title would have suggested to you a hidden meaning. Like Penelope of old, I had recourse to this artifice to protract my decision, because"—her voice faltered—"because I dared not become the wife of another until positively assured that Ulysses could never return."

"Great God, Mona Calvert, are you a wife?"

The hard, set face was now livid with passion. He had sprung to his feet, as though stung by an adder.

As the force of these words dawned upon her comprehension (she did not consider how natural was the inference), the hot blood surged into the face which a moment since rivaled marble in its whiteness. She trembled in every limb, not from fear, but passion. Anger overmastered every other emotion. With flashing eyes, she exclaimed:

"How dare you insult me by such a question?"

The proud resentment in voice and attitude carried conviction even to this jealous man. It conveyed "proof as strong as holy writ."

"Thank God, in this I have done you injustice. Had you betrayed me to this extent—" He checked himself. "Please go on. I will not interrupt you again."

He resumed his seat, and bowed his face in his hands.

"To explain matters clearly"—her voice was less tremulous now—"I shall be obliged to enter somewhat into detail. Certain reminiscences are absolutely necessary for the elucidation of my story. My mother died when I was but an infant, leaving me to the care of my father and his faithful old housekeeper. Our home was in Chiles Valley. My father had purchased a ranch in this locality, a few months previous to my mother's death, intending, at the mature age of thirty, to turn, Cincinnatus like, to the plow. The truth is, he was a man of literary tastes—a man of profound learning—and, being blessed with an independent income, he sought retirement—leisure to pursue his studies. The ranch was but an ostensible excuse for inactivity. After his wife's death he hired an overseer, and

shut himself up in his library. You can imagine, being an only child, how lonely my life was, or would have been, but for reasons which I will now explain." Her voice trembled slightly as she reached this point in her narrative, and a slight flush suffused the cheek, from which the unwonted color had faded out almost instantly. She paused an instant, then continued: "Adjoining our ranch was one owned by Colonel Leston. His son, Paul, notwithstanding that he was my senior by five years, was my constant companion. He was a thoughtful, gentlemanly boy, and my father gladly consigned me to such safe keeping.

"We were inseparable. When I could hardly walk, he, himself almost a baby, would put me on his pony and lead me all over the ranch. By him, who could scarce read monosyllables, I was taught to lisp the alphabet. Until Paul had attained his sixteenth year we studied together, my father our instructor, though, of course, he was far in advance of me. At this period Paul was sent to college. This my first grief; his rapture, of course, was unbounded; but I was heart-broken. In a perfect agony of tears, I clung to him. My tears and sobs were contagious. Holding me in his arms, he whispered: 'Don't cry, little sister, I'm coming back soon, and then what glorious times we will have.' Then stealthily brushing away a tear, he kissed me, and sprang into the buggy which was to convey him to the depot. I watched until a bend in the road hid him from my sight; then my tears broke out afresh. This our first parting. Before we met again a year had elapsed. Meantime, thrown entirely upon my own resources, I had unconsciously developed into a very dignified little woman. When we met, after our long separation, we were both strangely shy and awkward. I fairly quivered with excitement when I heard Paul's voice, but no woman of the world could have received him more demurely. I merely offered him my hand. He looked a little surprised, but made no comment. We had exchanged our last kiss. To dwell upon the incidents which transpired during this vacation, or in those succeeding it, would only weary you with unnecessary detail. Suffice it to state, that they were the 'golden milestones' in my lonely life. Paul still lacked a few months of being twenty-one when he finished his course at the University. His father was not wealthy. He had his own way to carve in the world. To do this he must leave home for an indefinite number of years. This he confided to me, his old play-fellow, the day of his graduation—the day which I had for years looked forward to as the acme of my felicity. In my childish ignorance I had fondly

dreamed he would quietly settle down on the ranch. What profession he finally determined upon is of no import; enough, that after having been at home for a month or so, the day for his departure was fixed. It dawned. We were no longer children, and knew it. He never called me 'Little Sister' now. A year ago I resented this. His reply was: 'Once I regretted, Mona, that you were not my sister; now I rejoice that the same blood does not flow in our veins.' I looked at him wonderingly. I could not understand his meaning. Later the words recurred to me, and I, too, was glad. Through all of our separation we had never corresponded; both felt now that it was too late to begin.

"To conceal the emotion occasioned by the mere thought of his immediate departure, I assumed on this last day an unwonted gayety. I had become quiet only through force of circumstances. My real nature was not so. Paul, on the contrary, was extremely serious. Turning to me, suddenly, he said, 'Mona, would you be content with "love in a cottage?"' I knew perfectly well what he meant, but, with the perverseness of human nature, or woman nature, I answered:

"No; I would not. I never could appreciate the sublimity of "Bread and Cheese and Kisses," and then I added, heaven only knows why, 'I do not think any man has a right to ask a woman to marry him until he can support her—not luxuriously, but comfortably.' This checked the words to which he was about to give utterance. I had deliberately sealed my fate. I knew it then; I know it now. Abruptly changing the subject, Paul said to me:

"Why do you so often wear forget-me-nots?"

"I had a bunch of them in my belt.

"Because they happen to be becoming to my style of beauty."

"A most potent reason. Did you ever hear the legend of this flower?"

"No."

"Once upon a time," he began, 'a pair of lovers stood upon a river's brink, even as we stand now on the banks of this stream; like this, it was overhung by a precipitous cliff. In a crevice of this smooth jutting rock the maiden spied a cluster of these same blue flowers, touching lightly those I wore. 'She expressed a desire for them. Her lover forded the stream, scaled the precipice, and obtained the coveted blossoms. He had nearly made the descent when his foot slipped; he saw his imminent peril, and, throwing the flowers to his lady-love (we presume the current obligingly bore them to her), he called out: "Forget me not, dear-



est," and disappeared forever beneath the waters.'

"I made some laughing comment, to which he smilingly acquiesced; then, taking my hand in his, he seriously, almost solemnly, said:

"Mona, I start to-day into the world in search of "forget-me-nots." Those I chance to find along life's highway I will send you from time to time; but if, more fortunate than the hero of our legend, I be spared to return, I will bring you some truly worthy of your acceptance; "forget-me-nots" that will fade only with life.'

"I understood him, and he knew that I did. This was all. This our last parting. A couple of months after Paul left home my father died suddenly, leaving me alone in the world. The rest of my story you know; how I went to my aunt, whose home is in San Francisco, with whom I have been ever since. Five years have elapsed since Paul Leston parted from me. I am now twenty-one; he left a child of sixteen. For three successive years I received from him an envelope, directed in his own handwriting, enclosing a spray of forget-me-nots; the post-mark, invariably, bearing the date of the anniversary of our last meeting." From these same post-marks I was kept informed as to his whereabouts. Other communication between us than this there was none.

"Upon the fourth anniversary this failed. The fifth brought me nothing. To say that I was faithful to him all this time were to say what is not true. Could I have learned anything of him through his father, I would gladly have sought the information, but, after my father's death, Colonel Leston had sold his ranch and moved I know not where. At first I was terrified by Paul's silence. I say silence, because this yearly token had spoken volumes to me. This feeling of fear was succeeded by one of doubt and distrust, and then came a sense of utter desolation and loneliness. Meantime, you came, and poured at my feet all your wealth of love. I schooled myself to believe that my childhood's dream was but an ideal. He was not bound to me by a single tie. Even had he married another I had no right to utter a word. Why should I waste my life in pursuing a phantom, when I might be cherished and beloved by a man who, for aught I know, is more worthy of my affection? Thus I unfortunately argued, you know with what result."

She paused, not knowing how to tell the rest, feeling that she was aiming a death-blow at the heart of the man who sat by her side so rigidly still.

"Yesterday I received this."

With trembling fingers she took from her pocket an envelope dated San Francisco. It contained a spray of forget-me-nots. They were scarcely faded; without the post-mark they would have carried their message: "Ulysses has returned—is already in port."

"This is my confession, Mr. Cameron." Her voice had sunk to a plaintive whisper. "I do not extenuate my fault—guilt I can not call it. I do not ask you to forgive me—only forget me."

It was a sad, wan smile which met her eye.

"Ulysses did not claim his rights, Penelope, until he had first matched his skill with that of the other competitors. Let us each have a fair chance. You cannot know what changes time has wrought in the character of this man, who was, when he won your heart, but a beardless boy; how can you tell whether you have interpreted aright this symbol?" pointing to the flower in her hand.

"Because the sight of this little blossom set every nerve to quivering, every pulse to throbbing. No, I will not add injustice to injury; even though this man should prove faithless, his image is so indelibly impressed upon my heart that it were sacrilege for me to accept the hand of another." The girl's face flushed as she uttered these words. She was conscious that it was a humiliating confession for a girl to make concerning a man who had never in words confessed his love. Cameron was quick to divine this thought, and he was struck by the brave humility which dared have faith in an unspoken pledge. Rising abruptly, he said:

"I will see you later."

She was alone with her thoughts; they shaped themselves somewhat in this wise: A woman's heart is an anomaly, even to herself. In listening to its dictates, she too often consciously, voluntarily, puts from her life's roses and embraces its thorns. Had she done this? Mayhap; she could not tell.

Hours afterward, when Henry Cameron returned to this spot, he found her lying within her bower. Like a child, she had cried herself to sleep. Trembling yet upon her lashes were the unshed tears. He bent over her and murmured low:

"Thou art now possessed of a heart, Undine, and it was I who taught it to vibrate to the touch of the 'stranger knight.'" A sad renunciation, this, of his own claim.

When she awoke he was speeding homeward. In her half open palm he had left these words:

"I cannot blame you. Farewell. H. C."

"Have you no word of welcome for me, Mona?—nothing to offer but this little, cold,

passive hand?" He had come upon her suddenly, unannounced. Before she could realize his presence he had clasped her hand within both his own. There it lay imprisoned, like a snowflake—as white, as still, as cold. Recalled to consciousness by his words, she tried to withdraw it, but he held it faster yet.

"No, Mona; I have need of this hand. I have not finished with it yet," and he led her to the sofa. "Have you received my messages?"

"Yes."

She glanced furtively into the face of the tall, bearded stranger by her side. She did not venture a second glance. In the dark eye which met hers she saw that which made her heart beat as never it had beat before—that which made the color come and go in her face, like waves of rosy light.

"I have scaled the precipice; the prize—far too precious to intrust to winds and tides—I have brought with me. Will you wear it, Mona—a lasting symbol of the silent covenant between us?" And Paul Leston took from his pocket a tiny gold circlet; on the plain surface, in delicate tracery, was a wreath of pale blue forget-me-nots.

"Wait, Paul," as, reading his answer in her soft, luminous eyes, Leston was about to slip the ring upon her finger.

"No fear of 'bread and cheese' with our kisses, sweetheart; I left those adjuncts where I gathered this." The smile accompanying these words was reflected on Mona's face, but it faded away as she repeated:

"Wait, Paul."

Then, in the dimly lighted library, she told him all—the heart-ache, the doubt, the broken faith. She told him of the novel; she hated the thought of it now. She felt as though the web she had woven were a funeral pall for the noble man who had loved her; bravely she confessed all. When she had finished, Leston put his arms around her, as though to shield her from further temptation, and whispered:

"I was mad to have imperiled my chances thus. Forgive me, love, for exposing you to such an ordeal. I had no right to subject your constancy to this test. But I will insure myself against further risk." With a tender smile, he placed upon her finger a talisman.

Meeting Mona one evening, by chance Henry Cameron's eye fell upon this betrothal ring. Too readily he understood its significance. He checked the sigh on his lips and passed on. It would be strange indeed were there never a broken heart in this wide world—since it must be so, 'twere better a man's than a woman's—stranger yet to find perfect every web wrought of life's tangled yarn. SALLIE R. HEATH.

## HENRY HUNTLEY HAIGHT.

In his "Data of Sociology," Spencer states that "ancestor worship is the root of every religion." To establish this theory he produces overwhelming evidence that primitive men of many races worshiped their defunct ancestors. This worship extended to strangers, and even to foreigners of marked ability; thus, "A temple was erected in China to the American filibuster, Ward; and in Benares, another to the English filibuster, Warren Hastings."

We have passed the stage of development where we deified the departed, but have not reached that where tombstones and funeral sermons tell the whole truth. The tendency to eulogize is not restricted to marble-cutter and parson. It has seized historian and biographer, also. Macaulay, in speaking of Middleton's "Life of Cicero," says:

"The fanaticism of the devout worshiper of genius is proof against all evidence and all argument. The character of his idol is matter of faith, and the prov-

ince of faith is not to be invaded by reason. He maintains his superstition with a credulity as boundless and a zeal as unscrupulous as can be found in the most ardent partisans of religious or political factions. The most overwhelming proofs are rejected, plainest rules of morality are explained away, extensive and important portions of history are completely distorted; the enthusiast misrepresents facts with all the effrontery of an advocate, and confounds right and wrong with all the dexterity of a Jesuit; and all this, only that one man, who has been in his grave for ages, may have a fairer character than he deserves."

This tendency to hero-worship impairs, also, the judgment of contemporaries. Friendship, and even acquaintance, may unfairly affect the estimate of character. Propinquity alone is often a potent factor of error. Reputations, colossal to contemporaries, have shrunk perceptibly in the succeeding generation, and disappeared in the third.

Mindful of these sources of error, and believing that no investigation is worth pursuing

except its object be to ascertain the truth, we give a brief outline of Governor Haight's life, and an analysis of his character. The paternal ancestors of Henry H. Haight, coming from England, settled in Salem, Massachusetts, more than two hundred and fifty years ago. Thence, leading westward the tide of New England emigration, some of the family reached Monroe County, New York, then on the frontier. There, in the city of Rochester, on the 25th of May, 1825, Henry Huntley Haight was born. His father, Fletcher M. Haight, had long been a leading lawyer of the county. His mother was a descendant of the Camerons of Lochiel.

At the age of thirteen young Haight was preparing for college at the Rochester Collegiate Institute. At fifteen, he entered Yale College as a freshman; at nineteen, and in 1844, he graduated with high honors. Throughout his collegiate career he held a high place for scholarship; and the contest between himself and his competitors for the highest honor, the college valedictory, was extremely close. His reputation as a scholar of great attainments was handed down to succeeding classes in college tradition long after he had graduated.

While in college his father had removed to St. Louis, where Henry was admitted to the bar in 1847. In 1849 he left for California, and in January, 1850, at the age of twenty-five, he commenced the practice of law in San Francisco. Associated with his father till the latter became United States District Judge for the Southern District of California, and afterward alone, and with different partners, Mr. Haight obtained and held a fair practice. While engaged in this pursuit he was nominated for Governor by the Democratic Convention, in 1867, and, in a spirited canvass, defeated the Republican candidate by a majority of over nine thousand. Prior to this time he had never held any political office, nor been considered an active politician, although he had always taken great interest in every important political question which arose.

During his term of office he showed himself honest, able, fearless, and independent—so independent that he alienated many political friends who had pushed his fortunes, and deemed themselves entitled to more consideration (some, perhaps, to more compensation) than they received.

His administration was pure and successful, but at its close he engaged in no further contest for office. He resumed the duties of his profession, without money, and hampered by a large debt, contracted while engaged in politics. Some little time elapsed before he regained his former practice, but eventually he

obtained more, even, than before his accession to office. He labored at it unceasingly and with patient assiduity, down to the time of his death, and, during the later years of his life, with very gratifying financial results.

A few weeks prior to his death, he mentioned to the writer that he had labored so long and so assiduously that he felt the absolute need of rest, and was looking forward with great pleasure to a speedy release from the dry routine of business, and hoped for at least a year of relaxation and foreign travel. Obligated to forego this, he contented himself with a visit to the Eastern States, and, soon after his return, died quite suddenly at the residence of his physician, on the second of September, 1878.

Governor Haight possessed an equally developed and well balanced brain and a sound judgment, but he preferred to deal with principles, rather than facts. He took broad and comprehensive views of a subject, looking at it in all its relations. His mind was synthetic, rather than analytical. His mental perspective was perfect. The propinquity of an object did not deceive him as to its magnitude. When called to act in any matter where he was in possession of facts sufficient to guide his judgment, he decided promptly, and usually decided right. His temperament was so cool that he never lost his head, therefore he had always full command of his brain power; however novel, unexpected, and perplexing the circumstances which suddenly arose, he generally knew better, and sooner, than any one else, what should be done.

In unexpected political complications his advice was sought and relied on. In the trial of a case he showed no especial brilliancy. He was not a man to pluck victory from defeat, or to wring verdicts from an unwilling jury by the magnetism of his presence or the eloquence of his words. As a speaker, he was slow, and hesitated in selecting the word to express the shade of thought; but when an avalanche of unexpected evidence threatened to annihilate his case, no one could receive it with greater calmness, or plan more wisely to avoid its effect. When sudden election was to be made between irreconcilable theories of attack or defense, no one was more sagacious in counsel or prompt in decision. It has been said that he was irresolute and vacillating, and, therefore, unfitted for the executive chair. This is a mistake. It is inconsistent with his other traits of character. Nor was he a man to be cajoled or shaken from an opinion once formed. The true theory of his irresolution was this: He had no liking for matters of detail, and when called to examine them he invariably procrastinated.

minated. He delayed the investigation necessary to guide his judgment, and while he delayed he temporized with those awaiting his decision. He did not hesitate to decide on the facts when known. He never abandoned an opinion once formed. This neglect of matters of detail and fact sometimes entrapped him into difficulties in practice which many men of inferior ability would have avoided. The best proof of his brain-power is the ease and rapidity with which he could dispatch the matter in hand. Whether it was a brief, a lecture, or political platform, he would dash it off with no apparent mental labor. Once done, it required but little alteration or revision.

The greatest defects in his character, probably, were a want of system in the management of petty affairs—a thorough aversion to all matters of detail; hence, sometimes, procrastination in affairs most urgent.

His conscientiousness was one of his dominant characteristics. Whatever he believed his duty he would do despite all obstacles. This trait alienated from him those political friends who felt aggrieved that they could not control his actions. In religion an ordained Presbyterian

elder, he was scrupulous in the discharge of the obligations of his creed, but most tolerant of the opinions of others. His private life was so spotless that in a campaign of great heat and bitterness no attack was made upon his character. He was wise, without guile; ready, but not impetuous; self-reliant, self-poised; in sudden adversities, undismayed; in counsel, sagacious; in the dispatch of business, rapid. Cultured, but not pedantic; moral, but not austere; religious, but not intolerant; amiable in disposition, genial in temperament, faithful to every trust, punctually discharging every obligation—he has left a record without a blemish. Whether he was a great man, as the world reckons greatness, it is too soon to determine. Altitude is best measured from a distance. To the State his life has been valuable, not only in the direct teaching of his example, but in demonstrating that the possession of integrity, purity, and honor do not decrease the availability of political candidates. This lesson of his life is especially commended to the attention of nominating conventions. It is on a point where doubts appear to have frequently arisen.

PHILIP G. GALPIN.

## SOME INCIDENTS OF THE SEVEN DAYS.

We had been lying in the intrenchments thrown up after Fair Oaks for nearly a month, the monotony of our life being varied by an almost nightly alarm. There was nothing in front of our guns but a picket line, and it was a very uneasy picket, some three-quarters of a mile in advance. Let us take one night as a sample. We had sought our blankets soon after tattoo, with a fervent wish that those restless fellows would keep quiet for at least one night. It was a warm atmosphere, heavy with the rank exhalations of the Chickahominy swamps, and still, except for a low mutter of pent thunder. Toward midnight the report of a musket rang loud upon the heavy air, followed by another; and in less than a minute the rapid crack, crack, crack, and the fitful flashes piercing the dark horizon, where the tangled underbrush met the heavy belt of woods, showed that the picket line was thoroughly alarmed. Soon the flashes began to dart from the woods into the open, while from the brush came answering flashes, showing that our line was coming in. The first two or three shots awakened us. After waiting a moment to see that it was

not an accidental shot, we seized our boots, and emerged growling at the "restless beggars that couldn't keep quiet at night." Having brass twelve-pound smooth-bore guns, not effective beyond one thousand five hundred yards at the best, we got out rather listlessly, as there was little probability that we would be wanted until the flashes began to appear in the open ground. Then we rushed, each officer to his section, and found the men who slept among the guns already at their posts. The "crack" had now become a crash, showing the reserves were in, when, from a neighboring embrasure, shot a stream of vivid light far into the night, and the sharp treble of the musketry was smothered by the roar of a heavy field-gun. Sparks of light darted with inconceivable swiftness across the open space, suggesting lightning-bugs, with super-insect velocity, and, just grazing the nearer flashes, drop among the flashes in the dark line of timber; and, as they seem to near the ground, the sparks explode with an intense flame, lighting up the dark trees for yards around. Pettit, the best gunner in the Army of the Potomac, is shelling the en-



emy's pickets over the heads of our retiring men, and so superb was his gunnery that I never heard of his killing a man of ours. Our troops would advance with perfect composure, with Pettit's shells just clearing their heads, and falling in death-dealing showers one hundred yards in front of them. The firing continued for some minutes. Then the crash subsided into cracks, with longer and longer intervals. The darting sparks became rarer, ceased entirely, and in fifteen minutes from the first gun silence and night had resumed their reign. This is, perhaps, repeated before morning. Multiply this by thirty, and you have an idea of life in the intrenchments. Then came Gaines's Mill, and through the numerous rumors and reports that fly around the neighborhood of a battle, we gathered enough to know that Porter had met with a heavy reverse. We were not surprised when one Friday night, about nine o'clock, we got orders to withdraw. Part of our battery accompanied the rear guard, and we spent Saturday in skirmishing and retreating. Evening found us at Savage Station, where a sharp affair took place. Nothing could have been finer than the charge of Sedgwick's Division of the Second Corps. Our guns were in battery in a plain, entirely open for nearly a mile, and the enemy in a heavy piece of woods at the extremity of the plain. It was after sunset, and rapidly growing dark. We heard a cheer behind us, and over our guns came a long line, its front waving and undulating as each regiment pressed forward. Maintaining a general alignment, on they went, at a double-quick, arms sloped diagonally across their breasts at what is tactically known as "arms, port," officers in front of the line pressing the eager men back with their swords. No need of file-closers to keep those men up. The hoarse cheer running along the line marked their advance, as they were lost in the creeping dusk, until, from the edge of the woods, came a sheet of flame. Without a pause the division threw itself into the fire. A few stragglers from one regiment appeared, but the line of fire went deeper and deeper into the forest, until the distant cheers and the sudden darkness that closed the scene told us that the enemy had abandoned the contest. Two guns were the trophies.

We slept soundly that night in spite of a heavy shower that came soon after the action ceased. I was aroused by an angry voice in the tone of energetic protest. Sitting up, and rubbing my eyes, I found that Captain H— had just applied the toe of his boot rather sharply to a portion of Lieutenant K—'s anatomy, who, until that moment, had been peace-

fully sleeping by my side. Hence the protest; for although our worthy Captain was something of a martinet, and considered the instruction of four rather raw Lieutenants his most obvious duty next to looking after the welfare of his battery, he was not in the habit of kicking us. Said Captain H—:

"Gentlemen, excuse my abruptness; but I think if you will get up and take a look you will agree with me that this is no time for ceremony."

We got up and took a look. On either side of the battery, which was unlimbered and in position, was a long line which, at the first glance, seemed a line of battle lying down. A second look showed overcoats, blankets, knapsacks, haversacks, all the articles which strew the path of a retreating army just as their owners had left them, when they lay down upon the line which they had been holding the evening before. Not a living soul in sight, except our tired men stretched around the guns, and the jaded horses standing in the harness, which had not been taken off since they left the intrenchments. In the woods in front of us the rebel bugles were sounding reveille, and we could catch a gleam here and there where the level rays of the just rising sun struck the barrel of a musket, as a thin skirmish line moved cautiously from the woods. We spoke together.

"What does this mean, Captain?"

"It means, gentlemen, that the last of our army has been gone some hours."

It was true. The last brigade of our infantry had left about eleven o'clock, and the cavalry rear guard had followed soon after. We were alone in the presence of at least a corps of Lee's army.

"Mr. K—," said Captain H—, in the same calm and rather quizzical tone in which he had announced the situation, "hitch up your section as rapidly as possible and move by the flank, slowly, as if you were changing position, until you get on the road"—referring to the road to White Oak Swamp, known, I believe, as the Williamsburg Pike. "When you get on the road, take a gallop, and keep it as long as your horses can stand. Gentlemen, you will follow Lieutenant K—, a section at a time, and slowly, remember, until you get on the road. All depends upon the enemy thinking we are all here. That line of knapsacks may fool them."

We lost no time in hitching in and moving to the road. Lieutenant K— had mounted his cannoners on the ammunition chests. Captain H— rode to the head of the column.

"Get off, every man," he ordered. "The horses will have enough to do with the guns."

"But, Captain," replied Lieutenant K—, "the men can't keep up."

"Mr. K—," said the Captain, "the men must take their chances. I must save the guns if possible."

We started at a fast gallop, the men running alongside as well as they could—and you never know how long a man can run until he is running for his life. Still, they soon fell behind in the two leading sections. Captain H— remained with my section, which closed the rear, and we moved more slowly, allowing the rest of the column to get a long lead. Fortunately, the road was hard, sandy, and down hill, pretty much all the way. After going some distance, we heard an ominous sound, like the far-off tramp of horses. Captain H— uttered one word—"Cavalry!"

It was that we feared. We could laugh at their infantry on that road. We concluded they had discovered the dummy line of battle, and started their cavalry in pursuit. Captain H— halted my last piece, and fixed the prolonge. I mention this because it was the only time during the war that I knew of this being done. The prolonge was a stout rope, with a ring at one end and a toggle at the other. When not in use, it was coiled upon two hooks on the stock of the gun-carriage. When it was necessary to fire retiring, and the time could not be spared to limber and unlimber, the ring was put over the pintle-hook upon the axle of the limber and the toggle through the lunette, which is a hole in the iron plate that terminates the stock. Thus the gun was drawn with the trail on the ground, and could be loaded while moving, and fired without detaching the horses, the rope allowing it to recoil without injuring them. In this manner we went, with the trail bouncing over the ground, but still keeping a good trot.

The men of this section had kept up with the guns, while a majority of the men of the other sections had fallen behind, blown and exhausted by their efforts to keep up with the gallop. A turn in the road brought the welcome sight of White Oak Swamp, where our men were just throwing the last planks off the bridge. General Richardson had given us up, and was in a towering rage, for Captain H— was his Chief of Artillery, and an intimate personal friend. Captain H— always maintained that he was not notified of the movement; but an aid-de-camp of General Richardson said he awoke him at half past ten, and gave him his orders. As the officer was a man of undoubted veracity, it was evident that Captain H— had awakened sufficiently to answer and then fallen asleep again—nothing strange, either, after a

night and day of marching and fighting. It was a narrow escape.

Ten minutes after we reached the bridge, a considerable force of cavalry was reported on the brow of the hill above the swamp. Many of our men were missing, and we concluded captured; but they all came in—some by wading through the swamp. The cavalry had passed some. Too eager for the guns to stop and pick them up, the cavalymen told them to go back and give themselves up, but they plunged into the woods as soon as the cavalry had passed, and finally straggled in.

We thought our labors for that day were over. We knew the removal of the bridge would block the pursuit for some hours, and we went into park on the side of the hill, above the bridge. The men threw themselves under the carriages to escape the fierce July sun, and in a minute were sound asleep. How long we slept, I cannot say. We were rudely awakened. Under cover of a piece of woods on the other side of the swamp, the enemy established four batteries, and opened one of the most rapid and accurate fires I have ever been under. Our position on the side-hill was untenable, and we lost no time in getting out of it. When I say no time, I mean as rapidly as could be done with men awakened from the heavy sleep of exhaustion, amid the shriek of solid shot, the smoke and noise of bursting shells, and the deafening report made by the blowing up of two limbers in a neighboring battery. We were soon ordered into a new position by General Richardson. The other battery had run away from their guns, which stood abandoned until near night. We had to bear the brunt alone. For nearly four hours we maintained this unequal combat—one battery against four. It seems to me there was not a minute during these four hours when you could not see in the air the little cloud of white smoke which marks the explosion of a case-shot, and, after the second of suspense, hear the whir of the leaden rain, or the harsher whiz of the jagged pieces of shell; while now and then, above all other sounds, would come the angry scream of the solid shot, as it flew over our heads, or sometimes struck, with that horrifying sound in which you hear splintered bones and mangled flesh. I could not but feel pity for the horses. The men were grand in their splendid energy. The figure of a No. 1—William Fleming, a hard-drinking, quarrelsome Irishman—is photographed on my memory. Stripped to his undershirt, black with the grim of powder and sweat, never in the fierce excitement of battle losing the mechanical accuracy of position which had made him the admiration of the recruit and the pet of the Chief of

Piece, sending his sponge to the bottom of the bore with his shoulders as square, and leaping out with as jaunty a step, and as knowing a toss of the staff, as if he were simply astonishing the last appointed second lieutenant. I ordered him relieved, and No. 2 stepped up to take the staff from him.

"To the devil with you!" shouted Fleming. "Bring me another bucket of water." For by that time the gun was so foul and hot that even his arm could hardly withdraw the sponge. Then, turning to me, he said:

"Excuse me, Lieutenant, but I'm good for an hour more, if you'll only make them loafers keep the bucket full."

But the poor horses stood with their heads hanging down, or lazily nipping the scanty grass; for they were thoroughly seasoned to fire, and hardly noticed it until one of those dull thuds would be heard, and you would see one horse of a team plunging madly or staggering wildly, or sometimes crashing down, an inert mass, as a solid shot tore through his entrails, while his mate would look at him wistfully, I even fancied sadly, as if he were saying, "What's the matter, old fellow?"

I was in the act of reporting to Captain H—that one gun was so hot I was afraid to fire it, when a large piece of shell whizzed by me, and struck him in the thigh, breaking the bone. Lieutenant K—assumed command. Twice did we fill our chests from caissons sent back for ammunition under this fire, until near dark we were relieved by Kinzie's battery of the Fifth Artillery. That night I was left with two guns to cover the retreat. Never mind the why and wherefore, it is not a pleasant thing to see the troops moving off and yourself left behind. It was rendered more unpleasant by the noise of axes and the glimmer of moving lanterns in the swamp, showing that they were repairing the bridge, and by the nervousness of the brigade commander who had the rear guard. About ten o'clock he could not stand it any longer, and we moved off. We came to where two roads branched, and he took the right hand one. One of my sergeants, who had been over the road with ammunition, said to me, "That's the Charles City Crossroad, and it goes right to Richmond." I rode to the head of the column, and told the Brigadier we were going right into the enemy's lines. He had asked my advice about the propriety of moving more than once, but I found that absence from the sights and sounds of the swamp had made him bold. He said:

"When I want your advice, sir, I'll ask for it."

"All right," said I; "you're going to Richmond."

I went back. In a few minutes the galloping of horses was heard in front, and several shots were fired. The brigade, which was composed chiefly of raw troops newly arrived, scattered, at the first shout of the enemy, into the woods on either side of the road. I was left alone on a narrow road, heavily wooded on either side, with a few rounds of canister, hardly a shell or case-shot in the boxes, and scarcely room enough in the road to unlimber. I didn't make any attempt. I was disgusted, and made up my mind to go to Libby, and get philosophical over it. While I sat there, along a road which intersected the road we were on, but which we had not seen in the darkness, came a battery, full jump, the carriages rattling and creaking. A cheery voice hailed me:

"What's that?"

"A section of A and C, Fourth Artillery," I replied.

"What in Hades are you doing there?" said the voice.

"Waiting to go to Libby."

"Fall in behind me," said he. "I've been in the same scrape in the enemys' lines. I guess we'll be all right now."

I fell in with alacrity. It was Battery G, Second Artillery, Captain James Thompson, a soldier and a gentleman. We went at a gallop for a mile or two, until the country lane became again a broad road, and we found ourselves in a hurrying stream of humanity. For several hours three columns, if you can dignify such confusion by any tactical term, poured alongside of us, now in the road, now in the fields, yet no panic, no rout, simply confusion incident to darkness, and the simultaneous actions that had been going on all day along the line of retreat.

A battery of the First Artillery halted that night in a little clearing. The men lay down, unhitching their horses, but leaving them in harness. The first sergeant, now an honored officer of the Third Artillery, told me he got up and walked toward one side of the clearing. He was halted, and turned back by a sentinel. Going toward the other side, he was again challenged.

"Who comes thar?"

The voice struck him. He replied, "Friend;" and said, "What regiment is that?"

The answer came, "Seventh Alabama."

"What regiment is that on the other side?"

"Fifth Georgia," replied the sentinel. "What battery is that?"

Here was a situation. The sergeant naturally didn't know the name of a battery in the rebel army. Hesitation would have been fatal. By a lucky inspiration he replied, "One of

Stuart's batteries," knowing that Jeb Stuart commanded their cavalry.

"Oh," said the other, "then you's a hoss battery?"

"Yes," said C—. "Good night."

He immediately awoke the Captain, who rather angrily said, "What the deuce is the matter now?"

"Excuse me, Captain," said the sergeant, "but we're camped between a Georgia and an Alabama regiment."

It is needless to say the Captain got up. Horses were hitched in quietly, and the battery withdrew from between the sleeping regiments, who never knew of the prize that was within their grasp.

Next morning brought us to Malvern Hill, and daylight brought order out of the confused mass. My friend, the Brigadier, had arrived,

and sent an aid to order me to report. But as I had been ordered to report to him for a specific purpose, and that purpose had been completed, I refused to comply, and spent the greater part of the day looking for my battery. I heard it had been captured, and I asked Captain De Russey (Battery K, Fourth Artillery) to let me join his battery, as we had no food, forage, or ammunition. This was Monday morning, and I had not eaten a mouthful since Saturday afternoon. Late in the day, I found the battery down under Malvern Hill, on a little meadow. The first sight that greeted my eyes was half a dozen drovers, armed with sabres, pursuing a squealing porker; for, while the battle was raging on the hill, they were killing pigs and sheep that had been unanimously declared contraband of war.

EDWARD FIELD.

## WHICH IS BEST?

Up to the stars yon mountain seems to rise,  
And two are hastening toward its distant blue;  
One ever keeps the far-off peak in view,  
With silent resolution in his eyes.  
The other longs to reach the mountain, too,  
But oh, the sunshine is so warm and sweet,  
The birds sing o'er his head, and at his feet  
The blossoms smile through tender tears of dew.  
At last they part, and when the day is done,  
Upon the barren mountain, rough and steep,  
One rests; and in the sun-warmed valley one;  
And both lie down that night in peaceful sleep.  
Choose, heart! Two paths there are—one toil, one rest,  
And they are Love and Fame—but which is best?

SEDDIE E. ANDERSON.

## "LIZ."

It was midsummer time in the heart of the Sierra. All the air was full of quivering heat, which fell upon the mountain side, withering the petals of the wild flowers, and forcing the ferns to bend their heads and drink from the clear streams that trickled down the slopes. The birds, overcome with the heat, were too indolent to sing; and only occasionally could one see the bright wing of the blue-bird or the red breast of the robin as it darted through the air, half eagerly, to snap at a fly

asleep in the purple-and-white ceanothus thick-et. The miners put down their picks and shovels to wipe the perspiration from their brows, then lay down to doze underneath the pine shade, for it was too hot for work. They looked longingly up at Sugar-loaf, whose summit, almost touching the clouds, seemed so inviting and cool. It stood, like a rock, boldly out in relief from the undulating sea of foothills covered with dry grass, and the sight was as tantalizing as the mirage of the desert to a



worn traveler. The dust in the roads was yellow and thick; and when the stage made its daily entrances and exits into and from Nevada City, their leaders were obscured in a fine, penetrating mist of dust. It covered their flanks, until they looked as if they were emulating the poetical bee, who "powders his wings with gold." It settled over the passengers, until the most renowned physiognomist could not well have discerned a line of distinctive character in their dirt-grimed faces. Nevada lies in a gorge in the mountain, a town born of the mines, and of mushroom growth. All the heat was concentrated in that spot, and poured down in full vigor upon the rude cabins, scorching the leaves of a few preciously guarded rose-bushes in the gardens, even exhausting the energy of the hardy pioneers, who were content to sit indoors idly, while the chickens drooped about the yard and the ducks reveled in the waters of the ravine, which were very low and muddy, for the sun had drained it almost dry, and only a shallow stream flowed over the yellow clay.

While the men dozed, a young girl worked steadily, panning out dirt in the upper part of the stream, with her head bare, in the scorching sunlight. She was tall, and as brown as a berry. Her eyes were dark and expressive, and her rich auburn hair fell down her shoulders in unkempt profusion. Her shoulders were broad, but her face was young—the face of a child who had lived more in the years of her existence than was well for her. She looked as Joan d'Arc might have looked when she knitted in the cottage at Lorraine, while France lay bleeding, and the nameless ambition was stirring in her breast. Her feet were encased in an old pair of men's shoes. There was something pitiful about the expression of those shoes, supporting her slender, bare, brown ankles, which looked too slight to bear such a weight. They were aristocratic appearing shoes, but their original color was lost, for they were torn, patched, run down at the heel, the soles ragged; still, they possessed an air of gentility, as if they had seen better days. They turned up at the toes, as if they shrunk in disdain from their surroundings. They rolled over at the ankle, as if they shuddered at contact with bare flesh, and had been accustomed to silken hose. The tracery of arabesque patterns on their instep stood out clearly, and reminded one of Mrs. Skewton's flipper and artificial roses, after the decay of youth.

Liz did not mind the shoes, as she worked, only they were so large they impeded her progress, and gave her a sort of shuffling gait. She loosened the handkerchief around her throat, twisted her mass of hair carelessly on top of

her head, tucked her ragged calico dress further up from the water, and shook her rusty pan to and fro, her eyes bent eagerly in their search for particles of gold, only occasionally glancing from her work at a figure sleeping under a tree near by and filling the air with a chorus of snores that reverberated through the mountains like distant growlings of thunder. His face, which was redder than the sun-burn, was shaded by an old crownless hat; his eyes were weak and sunken, his hair wiry and red, his clothes ragged and dirty; but he was a man of fine physique, marred only by a slight stoop of the shoulders.

"Well, Liz, what luck to-day? I see the old dad is quietly snoozing. It is a burning shame you are working out in this sun. It is hotter than Hades."

She blushed, as the speaker came in view from behind a clump of manzanita bushes, but answered:

"I'm sort of used to it. I can't get much blacker—and poor Dad's head ain't just right, you know, Dick."

Dick whistled significantly, but his countenance did not express much sympathy for the aforesaid head, for he thought, rightly, whisky and laziness were the things that were not "just right."

Dick Beech was one of the numerous crowd of young men who had drifted along with the tide in the early days, landed in California, and patiently sat down, waiting for Fortune to come to him, instead of troubling himself to search for her. He counted on stumbling on a big thing some day, so despised the humble panning for gold-dust, but somehow or other he always managed to obtain a share of the world's goods. He was looked up to as an oracle of learning by the simple miners; had befriended "Drunken Harry," as Liz's father was dubbed by his associates, and so had earned her eternal gratitude. She was not accustomed to being noticed, and did not court it, for the few women in town held up their skirts in pharisaical dismay when she passed near them. The daughter of a drunkard, a girl who could shoot a deer, ride a bronco like a man, and work in the diggings, was "a thing never dreamed of in their philosophy."

Liz was a waif. Motherless and alone, she had flourished like a weed in rich soil, and had grown into a tall, handsome maiden, defiant of the laws of society, "free as the mountain winds," a true child of the Sierra. The mountains were her idol, her sole companions, and she worshipped her dissolute father. His faults were only forces of circumstance to her, and she lived looking forward to a future when everything

would be right. She had been taught a little by an old man named Hugo, who lived a hermit's life in a lone cabin, so she was not entirely ignorant; but Dick Beech was a revelation in her life. He belonged to a class she saw only in her dreams, and while she often treated him scornfully, as she did the rest, she reserved a higher place in her heart for him, because he had helped her father.

"I'm used to the heat," she said. "I like work, only there's nothing to pay for it to-day."

"Come, Liz. Your dad's asleep. Come sit in the shade. I want to talk to you."

She shook her head determinedly.

"I shall stay here all night, until I get something. When I make up my mind to do a thing I intend to do it, if it kills me."

"Dear, me! Heroism in calico. A new Judith—a coming Portia of the Sierra!"

"I am just Liz Byrnes. No fooling, Dick Beech," she said, stopping her work, her dark eyes sparkling, as if he had intended an insult.

"Well," he laughed, "don't show fight. It's honorable company I placed you in."

Then he stretched himself out full length on the dry grass, idly stirring the water with a stick, and regarding Liz curiously.

The sunshine brought out every tint clearly on the hillside—the blue-green of the pines, the purple-brown trunks, the gloss of the madroño leaves mingled with the emerald of the live-oak, and the mountains relieved dark against a sky of intense cloudless blue. The granite boulders sparkled like monster diamonds in the strong sunlight, which beat down upon Liz's head, causing each hair to shine like a thread of gold. She would have well served for a model of the vestal Luccia as she raised the pan over her head to relieve her arms from their cramped, constant motion. Dick Beech lay there, listlessly watching, anathematizing her drowsy father, but never imagining that he might relieve her for a while.

"You will have a sunstroke," he said. "I insist upon you covering your head, or I shall borrow that inverted basket yonder Chinaman has on. Liz, do you know that you are very pretty?"

She opened her eyes wonderingly.

"You are as bad as the boys who call me names. I have never looked at myself."

"I wish I could paint you just as you are. Unfortunately, I have never learned how."

"These duds would be pretty things in a picture," she replied, touching them. "Why don't you go 'long and talk to Nancy Brown. I'm busy."

"Because you interest me, and she don't. I like you, Liz, just as I prefer a wild flower to a

cultivated one. It's a matter of taste. I think we were intended for each other, and I love you, Liz."

She laughed, though her heart beat fast in happiness.

"I could work, and you be a gentleman. No, sir. I would like a man like old Hugo used to read of—a knight who would fight for me, go through everything for my sake, die, if need be—and kill bears," she said, merrily. "Dick, I heard about your hunt the other day. If I had had your chance, I would have shot him, instead of climbing a tree. I will love you on one condition: that you bring me a young grizzly for a pet."

"I don't care about sharing affections, and I am afraid the bear would be the strongest party. Liz," he said, suddenly, "one of Ham Jones's girls is going to be married to-night. Will you be there?"

It was intended as a Roland for her Oliver. She looked at him fiercely, her eyes snapping in anger.

"How dare you ask me? I am not good enough for them. Anyway, weddings are curious things. I see them dancing, kissing; in a year they fight like wildcats; then, two to one, they leave one another. It's like the game Dad plays, 'Heads or Tails.' I don't believe in weddings."

"But, Liz, suppose two people love one another?"

"Well, Dick, what is love?"

"That's a stunner. I don't know exactly. It's a kind of feeling when two people care for each other, and one can't live without the other. There was Abélard and Héloïse, Romeo and Juliet."

Liz tossed her head scornfully.

"I can tell you it is always sorrow and trouble for one of them. I've seen too much of it. There was the baker's Lize. She was in love, and stepped around as if she was walking on eggs; but Tim married another woman, and, instead of eggs, the dust seems heavy mire, and now she is a poor, half-witted creature. That is what love does. Don't talk to me of that nonsense. Weddings and funerals are mighty like. Sometimes the first is a living death, the other a restful one."

A slight wind blew down from the summit of Sugarloaf, stirring the pines into motion, fanning the air, and creating a purer atmosphere. The evening shades were gathering, the color of the mountains changing to a golden purple in the setting sun.

Liz pulled down her sleeves, called to the figure underneath the tree, which grunted in reply, and, grasping a black bottle, started to its feet.

The rags, unfolded, developed themselves into a resemblance to clothes, and a man rose, blinking in the light, with bloodshot eyes, and waited until Liz shouldered the pick, shovel, and pan; then lazily joined her. She whispered to Dick:

"Go. Dad can't 'bide you. He gets in such tempers sometimes he might hurt you."

So Dick obediently slipped back through the thicket from which he had come.

"Got anything to-day, Lazybones?" he growlingly asked.

"Not much, Dad," Liz answered, gently; for her voice always changed when she spoke to him, because she thought he was infirm, and she willfully closed her eyes on his imperfections. They walked together up the lonely path to their board shanty, which stood across the ravine opposite the town, in a grove of madroño trees; and no miner ever possessed such a rickety, desolate old cabin as "Drunken Harry," and, like its owner, it looked as if it was intoxicated and on its last legs. The planks were nailed on the frame unevenly, at a tipsy looking angle; the nails were half out, as if bound for a spree, and the shingle roof was patched in uneven heaps with cloth, boughs of trees, odd bits of lumber, and pieces of tin, until it appeared as if it were suffering from a mild form of delirium tremens. Handsome Liz looked as much out of her sphere in this hovel as a queen in a stable-yard, or a yellow primrose growing out of the barren rock-cliffs by the sea.

"Dad," she said, leading him in, "don't take any more of your *medicine* to-night—it makes you so cross."

"Shut up, girl; 'tend to your pertatoes. This is the stuff puts life into a fellow. When I feels sick or down sperited I jest takes a sip from this bottle," patting it affectionately; "then I feels straight, and says to myself, 'Harry, you're a gentleman.'"

Liz went into the house while he continued talking to himself in a maudlin way. She suspected the quality of the medicine, but would not say anything, because he was her father, and was the only person in the world near to her, the only one who had ever spoken kindly to her during the lonesome eighteen years she had lived in the world. The women in the town were unkind to her, and avoided her as they would a crotalus on the mountain rocks, so she lived a strange life, alone with nature and a drunken father. She had learned the lesson of silence, and however hard she worked, how heavy soever her burdens, she never complained.

"Dad, supper is ready," she called.

"Ugh," he growled; "a few ashy pertatoes."

"There's a bit of meat for you."

"That's well. Your pore dad's sick, Liz; you wouldn't take it from him, would you?"

"No," she replied, pushing the morsel toward him.

"I'm going down town; mind you keep close to the shanty. Got any dust 'bout you?"

She took the little she had found from her pocket, and looked at him beseechingly, laying her hand on his arm.

"Do you think, Dad," she said, looking up into his face, "that you need more *medicine*," slightly emphasizing the word. "This is all I have for bread, and we have no more in the house."

He pushed her roughly from him, and whined:

"You'd let your pore old dad die, and you'd never keer."

She handed him the pieces silently, and went out of the room, while he slunk down the trail quickly, toward the town, for his throat was dry and parched, burning for liquor to moisten and relieve it.

Tears gathered in her eyes as she watched his shambling figure disappear down the slope, but she brushed them away impatiently, and returned to the house to straighten up a bit, which did not take her long, for Liz had not been taught that great principle "which is akin to godliness."

She went out and sat down on a stump of a pine tree which stood near the door. The air was sweet and balmy, redolent with pine fragrance and odor of plummy buckeye blossoms. The feverish heat was gone. Nature's pulse beat faster, and a pleasing cool reigned over valley and mountain. Venus peeped over the tops of the pines, and peered down upon the girl sitting all alone in the forest. The new moon, bent like Diana's bow, shone in the skies, while all around clustered myriads of bright stars, like golden-winged bees round a wondrous tropical bloom. The lights twinkled down in the town like glow-worms' lanterns, and the breeze wafted up to the heights faint echoes of laughter and merry life. Liz gazed at the stars, and wondered "if beings who lived up there ever were poor and lonely as she was." Hugo had told her "they were other worlds," and she conjured up many fantastic fancies in her mind in regard to their inhabitants. "They were so bright, people must be happy there," she sighed. "There is so much misery here, I know the world can not shine like that."

Poor child, she had not learned that the deepest sorrow is oft concealed 'neath the most dazzling light.

She looked down at the town, and rebellious thoughts stirred in her breast as she thought of Dick Beech and his pretty speeches. Putting a shawl over her head, she concluded that she would go down and see the wedding, where she could see him also. She walked down the hill, crossed the narrow flume that spanned the ravine, and went to the house where the merry-making was. It was a regular miner's wedding. The fiddler was sitting on a chair, placed on an old dry-goods box, busily spinning off reels, Tom Tuckers, various medleys, and calling out, "Alaman right, alaman left." Some miners, who had slept in the day-time, were dancing in their very best style, cutting innumerable pigeon-wings, as they swung their partners. The windows were open, and Liz crowded close to the wall, watching Dick Beech eagerly, as he danced gracefully with the rural belles. Her eyes burned with jealousy as she watched him look at Nancy Brown with the same tenderness he had bestowed on her in the afternoon, and she felt as if she could gladly plunge a knife into Nancy's heart. "Indian blood flowed in Liz's veins," they said, and surely she possessed a haughty, deep, passionate nature that might well have descended to her from an Indian princess. She watched them as they played games and drank wine. The noise grew louder, the men more hilarious, and when the fiddler called out, "Salute your partners," they availed themselves of a liberal interpretation, and imprinted a rousing kiss on each buxom maid's lips. She did not know how long she watched, but the company showed signs of dispersing; so she stole away home. When she reached the bottom of the hill she noticed a light burning in the cabin, and her heart almost stood still, for she knew her father's moods were not pleasant after he had been indulging too freely in "medicine." As she came near she saw him walking back and forth, looking very savage, but Liz did not know what terror was; so she went boldly in.

"Where hev you bin this time o' night?" he growled, showing his teeth like a wild animal. "A pretty time fur an honest gal to be prowlin' round the country."

He came near to her, raising his arm as if he would strike her, but she looked him steadily and defiantly in the eyes. "It's no matter; I am used to looking out for myself."

"A fine care you'd take. They are talkin' 'bout you an' that curly-headed, smooth-tongued chap down town; and I tell you, Liz Byrnes, ef I ketch him round here, I'll crack his head quicker than you ken say 'Jack Robinson.'"

She did not answer, only bit her lips to keep down the angry words.

"You defy me, do you. I'll show you."

Then, in a sudden fit of rage, he picked up a gnarled manzanita stick and struck her. Its aim was sure. It hit her on the shoulder, and the blood oozed through her thin calico gown. He looked at her as if half afraid. She started to speak. Her face turned deadly pale, while the red blood, slowly dropping, stained her dress. A look of hatred flashed in her eyes; then she turned away silently, wiped off the blood, while he went into the next room, as if afraid to meet her gaze. It was the first time he had struck her. He had cursed her, but the sound was familiar to her ears. And that one cut entered into her soul, and she felt she could never forgive him.

The next morning she went to her work as usual, but he sneaked off down town before she was up. The July sun had gathered a renewed force, but she worked sullenly on, only stopping once in a while to pour some water on her throbbing head. The heat was so intense a steam arose from her damp hair. She worked savagely, trying to stifle the bitter feelings in her heart, which hurt far more than the burning pain in her shoulder.

"Harry's Liz has struck a good streak to-day," the miners said, as she found an unusual quantity of dust, but she never heeded nor answered them.

Dick Beech sauntered down about the usual time in the afternoon.

"How does it go, Liz?"

She vouchsafed him no answer.

"Liz, what's the matter? Sulks to-day?"

Still no answer. She kept on steadily working.

"Don't be so hard on a fellow. It's so confoundingly hot, I wanted sight of you to refresh me."

She lifted her eyes for the first time, and looked at him with a peculiar searching expression, and answered:

"I should think you could find refreshment nearer home. Nancy Brown is good enough for some folks to look at."

"O jealousy, thy name is woman!" he laughed. "Why, Liz, your little finger is worth her whole body. But you know," he continued, stroking his mustache, "a fellow has got to have some fun. He can't sit in a corner. Some day, when I get rich, it will be different. What makes you look so fierce. I believe you would be equal to the Moor of Venice, if I loved any one else, and smother me like he did poor Desdemona."

"I could smother you, or kill you, Dick Beech, if you were false to me. I suppose I'm not good enough for the likes of you, but none



of them will love you any better, Dick," and her expression grew tenderer as she said the words.

"I wish you didn't have such an awful temper."

And, privately, Mr. Richard Beech did think he was too good for poor Liz Byrnes.

They were attracted toward each other by the law of opposition. She was handsome and strong. He was polished and weak, and an ardent admirer of the beautiful, and kind to her; so she placed him in a niche of her heart, with her father, like the priests do the images of the saints in the cathedral, giving them each a shrine above the world below.

"What is that stain on your dress? It looks like blood. Has anybody hurt you?"

"No," she answered, looking away from him. "I only fell down on a stone and cut myself."

She despised a falsehood, but was too loyal to expose her old father, even to the man she loved.

"Liz, if it were not for your father, we would be married."

"Yes?" she said, drearly.

"But I could never stand him."

"The knights Hugo read of stood everything for the lady they loved. They killed giants, overcame dragons. They were strong to stand everything, and, Dick, they would have waited patiently, with brave hearts. Poor old Dad would not trouble you. I am proud of him. You don't know him as I do."

"In this nineteenth century, Liz, knights are not as plenty as blackberries. The Round Table is a romance, after all. Their wonderful Sir Launcelot and Galahad were not so fine, for they were human."

"But," she said, earnestly, the color creeping into her cheeks like the rosy alpen glow over summits of the mountains in the eventide, "people don't need to fight battles with their hands, old Hugo says. The beasts are in the heart we must conquer. Sometimes I feel as if a lion were caged in mine, and it's hard work to keep him quiet."

Then, as if half confused at her confession, she worked on.

"Life is long enough without so much trouble. I will see you again. I must go, for I have an engagement."

Liz nodded "Good bye" cheerfully, and her heart felt lighter as she went home in the evening. The cabin was deserted, no signs of her father anywhere, but she lighted a fire, and tried to cook an inviting meal. She waited for an hour; still he did not come, and, being tired from her work, she laid down on her cot, and fell fast asleep.

When she awoke it was dark, and the moon was shining in her face. She looked out of the door, down the long aisles of pines, but he was not there. The night was misty, so she thought she would walk down to the flume, where he usually crossed, and wait for him there. She sat there for hours, it seemed, until at last she saw his familiar form approaching. He was staggering more than usual. His gait was very unsteady. Liz rose, and called to him:

"Don't cross. Go up to the bridge."

But he answered her with an oath, and stepped on to the narrow inclosed flume, which was just the width of a plank. Liz started to go to him, but he waved his hands wildly, commanding her to "Go back."

Through fear for his safety, she obeyed. Her heart beat fast as she watched, with strained eyes, through the darkness, and saw his form swaying from one side to the other. The moon had gone down, and it was quite dark. She saw him stumble, and regain his balance. He reached the middle. She breathed more freely. He stopped, and commenced gesticulating. Throwing his arms up, he missed his balance, and fell; and Liz heard a sickening sound as he struck the rocks below. He groaned once, and all was perfect silence—a terrible quiet. She stood on the bank alone, as one petrified. She tried to move. Her limbs seemed bound with icy chains. At last she screamed, and scrambled down the steep declivity as rapidly as possible. Her cries reached the ears of a passing miner, and he hastened to the spot, and peered down into the darkness with his lantern. Liz was sitting there, helplessly holding her father's head on her lap, and beseeching him to speak. The man went to her, and felt old Harry's pulse.

"It's all up with him. Wait till I git some help. How did you find him?"

"Lying with his face in the water. But he is not dead. It was so shallow, and he has only one cut on his head. He is not dead, not dead," she cried, wildly.

The miner shook his head, and said, roughly, but kindly:

"I've seen 'em drown in an inch, when the jim-jams was on 'em, and it's as good to die by water as whisky."

Liz wrung her hands, but she could not cry, and her eyes burned like fire. The miner obtained assistance, and they bore the lifeless body to the cabin, and proffered their rude help, but she preferred to be left alone. There was no woman's hand to soothe or comfort; not one came near to whisper words of consolation to relieve her aching heart. She hoped Dick

would come to her, but she was left entirely alone with her dead, and when the men came to bury him, they said:

"She was so white, it was hard to tell which was the corpse."

She grieved for him passionately, mourned because she could not tell him she forgave. Her pan lay idle in the corner; money was so little to her that she had no incentive to work; still, unless she roused herself she must starve. So she started out one afternoon more with the secret hope of seeing Dick than with any other object. She looked white and worn, a mere shadow of herself, walking in the sunlight, like some poor, lost soul, out of place in the world. She sat down on the bank, but a familiar whistle startled her, which brought the color into her cheeks.

"Hallo, Liz," he exclaimed; "so you have crawled out of your shell at last." His face had an uneasy expression. "I thought I wouldn't disturb you," he said, half apologetically. "I could not do any good, and I hate funerals, and such reminders. Now, Liz, what are you going to do?"

She looked at him earnestly, but he turned away, on pretense of plucking a cluster of manzanita berries that hung above his head.

"I—well—" he said, stammering; "the fact is, I'm too poor, Liz. We must wait for a while still."

A disappointed expression stole across her face for a moment; then she replied simply:

"I can wait, Dick."

O woman! thy faith is infinite, thy heart long enduring, long suffering; when love enters it is blind, and sees not fault or defect in the loved one—only content to be happy, even in waiting. Liz took up her work, and said to herself:

"I shall work for Dick; now I will have another object."

August, with its heat, passed by, and the few orchards were laden with ripe, red-cheeked peaches and golden pears, a fortune to their possessors in the early days of California, when peaches and pears sold for a dollar apiece. Gold was more plentiful than fruit. September breezes were cooler, and the young quail filled the *cañons* with the whir of their wings, and the dog-wood fruit clustered ripe and red as berries of coral, and the dry grass waved long and yellow in the sunlight.

One morning Liz went down town to obtain some supplies, for Dick had sent her some money as a present by a boy that day. She saw knots of men gathered in the street, discussing something very excitedly. She went into a store and asked:

"What is the matter?"

"They jest took Dick Beech up to the calaboose for stealin' Long Tom's pile last night, who lives above you, and they are going to try him right off. Better go down to the court-house. He is a triflin' sort of chap anyhow."

Liz put down her purchase, took up the money, and walked out. She saw a miner she knew.

"Is this true I have heard?" she asked.

"Bet yer, it is. There's bin lots of thievin' done here lately. I hope they'll string him up."

She turned away and followed the stream of men, women, and children who were running toward the large, wooden court-house. A crowd was already gathered there, the Judge seated on a platform, the prisoner on one side, the two attorneys on the other—miners who possessed a smattering of law, law suited to their prejudices, who were acting for the prosecution and defense. The Court preserved a semblance of order. The jury was impaneled, the men constituting it of course were miners, and their threatening looks toward the prisoner at the bar did not tend to reassure him. Liz stood in the back of the room, white as marble, listening breathlessly. Dick sat with his head bowed, trembling like a man with the ague. The prosecuting witness was called.

Long Tom shuffled up, attired in his Sunday best, a suit of butternut, which his hair and eyes matched exactly, proclaiming his descent, unmistakably, "from Pike County, Missouri." He appeared as uneasy as a young barrister wrestling with his maiden speech.

"Waäl," he began, "I jest handed over the dishes and truck, fur Topsy, my dawg, to lick, when I thought uf somethin' I wanted down town, so I left my pile in an ole sack under the bed, some lumps and pieces of silver, 'bout a handful, I reckon. I was gone jest 'bout an hour. When I come in the bag was in the middle of the floor. I tuk it up and shook it. It was empty as Job's turkey, and I'd seen Dick Beech skulkin' 'round thar a while before, and no one else was near. I'd know that silver this side uf Halifax, cause I cut an X, my mark, on the four-bit piece."

Liz started, and looked at the money in her hand. There was the mark, ill cut and jagged, but plain as day. She closed her fingers tightly over the pieces, and a faintness came over her. She staggered, caught hold of a bench near, for now she knew Dick Beech was a guilty man, a criminal, and—she loved him.

Long Tom descended from the stand with a well satisfied air. The attorney for the defense spoke a few moments, evidently as a mat-

ter of form, for his arguments were weak and lame, showing his spirit was not in his work. The jury returned, and rendered their verdict of guilty. The Judge said:

"Prisoner at the bar, the court has found, when a man is guilty of the crime of theft, he should be hanged by the neck until he is dead."

Being prompted by a man standing near, he hurriedly added, "May God have mercy on your soul." This was a first case, and the honorable Judge was not quite posted.

"Do you know any reason why the law should not take its course?"

A hush fell upon the crowded room, and they looked intently at the prisoner, who never lifted his head. The flies buzzing in the sunshine on the window-pane were the only sounds that broke the intense silence. The expression on the faces of the people was as eager as that of the spectators in old gladiatorial conflicts, for the animal was rising in their natures, and they thirsted for blood. The Judge repeated his question. Dick lifted his head, looking haggard and appealingly toward the crowd, as if seeking sympathy, but there was none for the guilty in all those upturned faces. Before he could reply, Liz pushed her way through the crowd, and stood before the Judge, who regarded her sternly. Two bright spots burned on her cheeks. She looked straight at Dick when she spoke, and the people listened breathlessly.

"If it please your honor, I am guilty," she said, proudly, looking steadfastly at Dick. A gleam of joy and relief passed over his countenance. The color died from her face; a weary look came into her eyes.

"Does the man recognize this?" she said, holding out a few dollars in her hand.

Tom came forth. "Yes," he said, joyfully; "that's my mark. I could swear to it."

Dick covered his face with his hand, and would not look at her, but her eyes never left him, looking at him as if she could read right through his cowardly soul.

"I am willing to die, Judge; only let it be soon. You shall have the rest. Only let me speak once to this innocent gentleman."

Groans of derision burst from the crowd. A boy threw a stone, which struck her, but she stood there as if she had been a carved statue, and did not utter a word.

"Bad blood," "Bad stock coming out," she heard them say, and there was not one voice in all the town lifted in pity or sympathy for her.

"What you've got to say, say quickly," commanded the Judge.

She went to Dick, and whispered to him. He tried to kiss her hand, but she snatched it

quickly away, rubbing it as if his touch contaminated it.

"You will find everything in my cabin to-night," she said, quietly, to the Judge. "I have nothing more to say. I am guilty."

Dick Beech walked out of the room a free man. He was pitied and praised, while she was reviled by every tongue, and he did not even say a word in defense of her. As the officer was escorting her to jail, they passed by a door of a saloon where he was in the act of drinking. The glass was raised to his lips. She merely glanced at him, but there was a world of love, misery, disappointment, and reproach in that single look. He let the glass fall. It shivered in a thousand atoms, the brandy stained the floor, and he went home to his room. Far sweeter and calmer was her rest, on the straw in a prison-cell that night, than his.

They mitigated the sentence, because she was a woman, but many long years Liz Byrnes expiated Dick's crime in the Nevada jail. He left the town. They said he prospered well in "Frisco," while she worked hard, endured patiently, for his sake. Surely, no human love could be greater than this, for she bore disgrace, was willing to suffer death, while he lived honored in the world. She was so young, it was pitiful. After her term was served, she went back again to the old cabin on the hill, an outcast, an object of scorn, to all the people; a martyr, a saint, in the eyes of the angels above.

She waited for him, hoping that he would come back to her some day, and she would forgive.

It was winter time, and the rain descended from the heavens in solid sheets. The winds swept around the mountain peaks like mighty monsters, seeking to wrest them from their foundations. The pines mingled their voices, and chanted a solemn requiem, while a torrent roared down the ravine in mad frenzy, dashing over rocks and leaping over boulders.

Liz sat, with hands folded, watching the storm; but she was not afraid, though the wind threatened to blow down the crazy old shanty at every gust. Through the storm some one was beating his way to her door, and, as a fiercer blast blew it open, it drove a man, with dripping clothing, into the light.

"Tom," she asked, gently, "what do you want here?"

"Liz," he said, hesitatingly, "won't you shake hands with me? I knows all. Dick Beech is dyin' down at the tavern. He's told us," he said, wiping a suspicious moisture from his eyes. "You're an angel, Liz, which wimmen

folks ain't often; but if ever there was one on a'ir, you're thet one, Liz Byrnes. He wants to see you 'fore he pegs out, the scoundrel."

"Is Dick Beech there?" she asked, excitedly.

"Yes. He came back a day or two ago. I never seed sich a change, and he deserves it."

"You shall not say anything about him," Liz retorted, angrily.

"They said he was doin' well," Tom said, "but it seems now he wasn't. It was well in drink, I 'spect. He got shot in a row at Black's saloon to-night, and he keeps callin' fur you."

She hastily threw an old shawl around her shoulders, and followed Tom. The rain and wind beat in their faces, but they kept steadily on, Tom holding a lantern before them, which illuminated the wet and slippery trail. At last they reached the saloon. It had seemed hours to Liz, who threw off her dripping wrappings, and went into the room where he lay dying slowly. Men were laughing, betting, drinking in the next room, for a human life was of little consequence to them.

"Liz," he said, feebly, raising up as she entered, "I knew you would come to me. Don't look at me so. It was that look that maddened me. It has haunted me so," he moaned, falling back on his pillow. "Only say you will forgive me. I have told them all. I would scarcely have known you, you are so changed. May I

kiss you once, Liz, for I love you?" he said, looking at her wistfully.

She clasped his hands in hers, while a light, bright as a halo round the head of a saint, shone in her face.

"Yes, Dick, I forgive freely, freely, if you will only live! I don't care for those years, for my life was not meant to be like other women's."

The wind swept around the house like the wail of a lost spirit, and Dick held her hand in his, and smiled peacefully, for he was too feeble to talk any more. As morning neared, the storm died slowly away, the embers faded into ashes in the fire-place, and Dick's life ebbed quietly away. His soul was summoned before a Higher Tribunal. Liz sat there, motionless, by his side, through the long day, praying in her heart for death to be merciful unto her.

The Judge shook hands with her; the people crowded around, bringing offerings. They tried to make amends for their wrong to her, but she only said, wearily:

"It is too late now. It is all the same to me. When you could have been merciful you turned away. Now it is all over. Justice can never make amends for my suffering."

And then she said, softly, to herself:

"It was for his sake."

MARY W. GLASCOCK.

## A SCRAP OF FRONTIER HISTORY.

It is probable that there is not on this continent a country possessing greater natural resources than the State of Sonora, Mexico. It has been celebrated for its wonderful mineral wealth from time immemorial, and the highest authorities are united in crediting it with agricultural and pastoral capabilities surpassing, perhaps, even those of California. Its native inhabitants are universally admitted to be brave, hospitable, and light hearted; overflowing with natural talent, fond of music, dancing, and the gentle and refining pleasures of social intercourse. But what a sad fate has fallen upon a country and people originally destined, apparently, to inherit a more than ordinary share of worldly prosperity; for it must not be forgotten that, in addition to the curse of revolution, which has blighted to such a terrible extent the whole of Mexico, and which even now threatens its utter disintegration and ruin, Sonora has suffered from an infinity of local dis-

orders and accidents, from the many perils incident to a border State, from the raids of filibusters, the bitter quarrels and feuds of her own principal citizens, the antagonism of races, the insubordination of her industrious, but capricious, Indian population; and last, but by no means least, from the terrible, bloodthirsty, warlike, insatiable Apaches. Terrible, indeed, has been the desolation wrought by these inhuman fiends, the implacable foes of all peaceful industry, and the arts of civilization; and almost equally cruel and inhuman, it is sad to say, have been the reprisals which at occasional intervals have been meted out to them by an outraged and exasperated community. Before reading the terrible story which follows, it is necessary to picture to oneself the depopulated villages, the ruined *haciendas*, the deserted mines, the desolation and misery created by this dreaded tribe, and to remember that the war of civilized races against the Indians is a



war of industry and intelligence against a nomadic people who have proved themselves, with a few rare exceptions, incapable of being elevated above a condition of barbarism; who require and demand not acres, or hundreds of acres, but countless thousands, to sustain each tribe; that the most enlightened and humane policy has hitherto wholly failed to convert them to the arts of peace; that the civilization of the entire continent is as desirable as it is inevitable; and that the passions of the savage nature which run riot in the contest awake, inevitably, the almost equally savage passions of the pioneers and frontiersmen, whose destiny it is to conquer or be conquered by them.

The town of Oposura is one of the oldest and most interesting in the State of Sonora. It is situated about forty-five miles to the west of Babiadora. In 1827, Babiadora was a town containing some three thousand inhabitants, three-fourths of the population consisting of Indians of the Opatá tribe. It is situated on a table-land, about one mile from the river Sonora, which runs through the vale of Sonora, at that time one of the most fertile and beautiful districts of the State. Oposura, the ancient capital of the Opatá Indians, contained, in 1827, upward of four thousand inhabitants, and was considered the prettiest and gayest town in that portion of the country. The river Oposura falls into the Yaqui River above Onabas. At that time the lands for a considerable distance below the town were divided among the inhabitants; the water from the river was carried through each lot by canals, so that vegetables, fruits, etc., were produced throughout the entire year. Each family grew corn, wheat, *frijoles*, sugar, and tropical fruits. Most of them had horses, mules, and an abundance of cattle feeding in the adjacent plains and mountains. Sixteen leagues to the north of Oposura is situated the mining district of Nacosari, to the east of which is Arispe, which, at the period of Colonel Bourne's visit, was a town of three thousand inhabitants. Adjacent to Nacosari there was at that time a beautiful vale, abounding with fig trees, pomegranates, peaches, and other fruits, together with a vast variety of ornamental plants and shrubs. Throughout this region, also, ran numerous canals, conveying water to every portion of the valley. This delightful spot was once the residence of a community of Jesuits. Ward, in his "History of Mexico," speaks of the ruins of a church and dwellings then existing at the upper end of the valley, and also the ruins of reduction works, even then so dilapidated that it was impossible to judge of their former extent, as "they had been abandoned upward of sixty years,

and were entirely destroyed by the Apaches." And throughout the entire region of Oposura, Babiadora, and Arispe, as also far and wide in every direction, are still to be found the remains of once prosperous and productive mines, *haciendas*, and industries destroyed by the same ruthless hands. Many of these places, once so prosperous, are now mere deserts; and the entire country has been so repeatedly stripped and desolated that it is difficult to credit that it was once a garden spot of almost unequalled beauty.

In the year 1835, John Johnson, a native of Kentucky, resident in Missouri, then a very young man, resolved to move into Mexico. He finally settled in Oposura, and married there, shortly after his arrival, Delfina Gutierrez, a Mexican lady, born in San Miguel, north-eastern Sonora, but educated in Oposura. At this time the Apaches were ravaging constantly the north-eastern part of the State, the western portion being protected by Papagos, a tribe of friendly Indians, much feared by the Apaches. The head chief of the Apaches at that time was Juan José. He had been "raised" by the Elias family in Arispe, while it was still the capital of Sonora, and had received a fair education. It was one of his favorite practices to capture the mail-bags, more particularly, it is supposed, with a view to placing himself in possession of the information which they contained, of which he was not slow to avail himself. The next most influential chiefs were Marcelo and "Apache Guero." *Guero* signifies red, and is commonly applied to those persons in Mexico possessing fair complexions. Strange to say, such are by no means rare, for there is a *guero* in nearly every village or settlement throughout Mexico.

Juan José was a very sagacious, cunning warrior, as, indeed, many of the Apache warriors proved to be, to the sorrow of their enemies; but none among them had ever been so dreaded, so unscrupulous, so ruthless and terrible, as Juan José and his following.

It was at this time that the Apaches began to obtain their first fire-arms from the American hunters and trappers in exchange for horses and mules driven across the border from Sonora. Great was the indignation, and many were the protests of the settlers, but still the iniquitous trade continued until it became apparent that the Indians, who made war a profession, and who had vowed the extermination of their enemies, would soon be better armed than the *rancheros* and miners, or the residents of the towns and villages, who trusted principally to the military for protection against their savage foes. It is easy to imagine the uneasi-

ness with which Johnson viewed this trade in fire-arms. It was his custom to make the journey to New Mexico and back once a year, engaged in the legitimate pursuit of a trader, taking out stock, and returning with assorted merchandise, such as found a ready sale in Oposura and the vicinity. A well armed party of the savages might, at any moment, ambush and cut him off during one of these expeditions, although this danger was little considered in comparison with the dread of Apache raids during his absence; for it was nothing uncommon for the savages, emboldened by the possession of fire-arms, to attack even the larger towns during the absence of the troops. Indeed, it was a favorite plan of theirs to entice them into the fastnesses of the mountains, and then to sweep down upon the undefended settlements, during which raids no mercy was ever shown to age, sex, or condition.

Johnson conceived and matured a plan for breaking up this dangerous trade, and at the same time striking a deadly blow against the Apaches. With characteristic reserve, decision, and originality, he determined to make use of the very hunters and trappers, known to have been engaged in the trade, against them, and he did not have to wait very long before finding an opportunity to carry his plans into execution. The Apaches had ravaged Noria, about thirty miles north of Oposura, killing and scalping men, women, and children, and applying the torch to everything destructible by fire. Johnson, whose place was headquarters for many of the frontiersmen, had at the time on his premises, or in the immediate vicinity, seventeen American hunters and trappers; and availing himself of the indignation created by this raid, so near home, he immediately made preparations for his long contemplated expedition, concealing his plans, however, and all but the immediate particulars necessary to its success. After examining with care the arms and ammunition of the Americans, he prepared a small pack-train, loaded with supplies, a selection of suitable merchandise, and a small howitzer, which he carefully concealed amid one of the packs, and taking with him five of his bravest and most reliable *arrieros*, he placed himself at the head of the party, and started on his perilous expedition. He struck the trail of the retreating Indians about a week after their devastating raid upon La Noria, and followed them fearlessly toward the very heart of the Sierra Blanca of Arizona, the headquarters of that portion of the Apaches. At the Presidio Frontera, he called on Colonel Narbona, a well known Mexican officer in command, a renowned Indian fighter, who urgently

advised Johnson to return and abandon his expedition, as the Indians were known to be in the Sierra, well armed and in great force. They had between fifteen hundred and two thousand warriors, he told Johnson, available within a day's notice, and they would infallibly destroy him and his little command. Finding Johnson resolute, the Colonel said that he would have accompanied him with a hundred men—there being about a hundred and fifty at the fort—but that he considered the expedition entirely too rash.

The distance from the Presidio Frontera to the Sierra Blanca is some forty leagues. The Johnson party approached the foot of the Sierra the third day after leaving the fort. It was in the afternoon, drawing toward evening. They had traveled purposely without concealment. They could see the Indians telegraphing by fires from point to point, and knew they were concentrating to meet them. Juan José himself, at the head of a large force of warriors, shortly surrounded the little party, and haughtily demanded their business in the Apache country, to which Johnson artfully replied that he had been constrained to leave Sonora with his Americans on account of the approaching difficulties between the United States and Mexico. The quarrel with Texas was at that time at its height, and war was actually impending. The raids of Juan José upon the mail-bags had prepared him to receive and believe this information, and he readily fell into the trap so carefully prepared for him.

Johnson announced it as the intention of his party to proceed to the copper mines of New Mexico, distant about a week's journey from the Sierra Blanca, and, asking for guides, proposed to give a portion of his pack, consisting of *pinole*, *panocha*, trinkets, and such provisions as the Apaches most coveted, in return for a guide to the copper mines, and the friendly services of the tribe. To this tempting proposition, Juan José consented, and the following day was appointed for the distribution of the supplies, and a suitable place was selected where Juan José proposed to assemble his followers, together with all the principal chiefs in the vicinity. The dreaded Apache Guero was appointed to superintend the division of the effects.

The same evening Juan José partook of some supper with the friendly trappers, and forgetting, in an exceptionally social mood, the Indian's habitual caution, he expatiated upon the cunning and valor of his principal chiefs, and pointed out with great pride to Johnson and his companions the Apache Guero, the Apache Negro, Marcelo, and others, relating at the same

time their principal deeds of strategy and prowess. Strangely enough, but very opportunely as it happened, Johnson found among the Apaches, as prisoner, a young Mexican girl, made captive during one of the Apache raids. She was about twelve years of age, bright and intelligent, and remembered well the catastrophe which had left her the sole surviving member of her family. Johnson took compassion on her, and at once purchased her from Juan José. Scarcely had she joined the camp of the brave frontiersmen when she repaid her deliverers by informing them of the plans laid by the Apaches for the destruction of the Johnson party, which she overheard. The Americans were to be permitted to make the distribution of their effects the following morning, as agreed upon, after which the promised guide would be furnished to lead them—not to the copper mines, but to ambush and destruction—on the following day. A party of three or four hundred Apaches, then hunting in a suitable locality, had already been advised by swift runners dispatched for that purpose.

The place selected for the distribution of the goods and trinkets was a pretty little valley in the foothills adjacent to the Sierra. Here there was an opening, surrounded by a grove of oak timber and clusters of underbrush. Some large flat stones formed natural tables upon which the trinkets, etc., were artfully displayed by the hunters. In one of the clumps of underbrush, concealed by the pack-saddles, blankets, etc., lay the howitzer, loaded with double charges of grape and canister, and carefully trained so as to sweep with deadly effect the little opening within which it was foreseen the Indians would be crowded during the distribution of the pack.

Totally unconscious and unsuspecting, or perhaps thinking of the ambush prepared for the little party of hunters on the morrow, and of the second and final distribution of their goods which would then take place, came the Apaches, prominent among them, Juan José himself, Apache Guero, Apache Negro, Marcelo, Tutige, and other noted warriors. The Kentuckians, disposed apparently accidentally, had in reality each selected his position with the utmost care, every trusty rifle loaded with the greatest precision, the powder-horn, extra bullets, and ready greased patches at hand; for the odds against them were fearful, and the slightest miscarriage would inevitably cost every man his life. No accident, however, intervened to prevent the complete success of the scheme. The Indians soon became completely absorbed in the distribution of the effects. The artilleryman in his ambush silently uncovered the howitzer, and

watched the movements of the Apaches until an accidental grouping offered him the opportunity of firing among them with the most deadly effect. How many fell at the first discharge is not known, but this, terrible as it must have been at such short range, was only the signal for the still deadlier fire of the Kentucky rifles. Each hunter had selected his Indian, every one a chief or noted warrior, in accordance with a plan previously agreed upon. Thus fell at the first fire Juan José himself, Apache Guero, Marcelo, Apache Negro, and every brave of note of the band. The surprise was too complete for them to think even of rallying. Not one of authority sufficient to command them during such an extremity remained. Their arms had been left aside, with a few exceptions, the small number of Americans having completely deceived them, so that they had forgotten temporarily their habitual distrust and jealous precautions. Thus it happened that, despite their numbers, the panic was so great that flight alone was thought of. Immediately after the first fire, but before they could get out of range, another deadly volley followed them. Fifty-four were thus slain in a few minutes, and many more must have been wounded by the grape and canister from the concealed howitzer.

It was several years before the Apaches rallied from this terrible blow. Had it been followed up with vigor by the Mexican Government, the Indians might have been reduced to the last extremity, and the country spared many of the terrible outrages which subsequently ensued. But no steps were taken on the part of the Government. The Mexican officers and soldiers were jealous that a mere handful of men should have put the utmost efforts of their command to shame. But Johnson's principal object, the prevention of the sale of fire-arms to the Indians by the hunters and trappers, was most effectually accomplished, for the time, at least, as the Apaches were very careful thereafter not to allow any of them to approach sufficiently near for the transaction of business of any kind; and for several years the north-eastern portion of Sonora enjoyed comparative immunity from the dreaded foe.

Autora, the young captive girl, returned with the Johnson party to Oposura, where she married into the Ramirez family. She died at Opata in 1879.

The people of Sonora were grateful enough to Johnson and his party, whatever may have been the sentiments of the military or the Government. They celebrated the expedition in a sort of ballad, probably of Indian origin, which, though destitute of poetic merit, may, perhaps, prove of interest to the curious or the antiquary.

It may still occasionally be heard, chanted in a peculiar monotone, on that distant frontier:

*Versos Compuestos en la Campaña que Hizo Don Juan Johnson a la Sierra de Las Animas.*

En esa sierra mentada  
De las Animas, pasó,  
Donde se llegó ese día  
Que Juan José Falleció,  
Y otros en su compañía.

Fué infiel en su nacimiento,  
Tuvó la fé de cristiano  
Ese Judío falso y Tirano:  
Su muerte fué su un momento,  
Se le dió un Americano  
¿Donde se le iría el talento?

Don Juan Johnson apareció  
Sin saber de donde venía,  
Cuando él menos acordó  
Ya estaba en la Ranchería.

Y Juan José, incomodado  
Le habla con este destino,  
¿Que andas haciendo tu aquí,  
Si, por aquí no es camino?

Don Juan Johnson le responde,  
De esto no tengas cuidado,  
Yo voy para nuestra tierra,  
Ya, no nos quiere este estado.

Juan José ha trato convida  
Con un debido placer—  
¿Americanos, amigos,  
Traen polvora que vender?

Don Juan Johnson le responde,  
Yo voy para mi destino:

Es muy poco la que traigo,  
Y es largo nuestro camino.

Juan José como-traicion  
Trata de buscarle abrigo—  
Donde quieress ir tan lejos  
Quedate a vivir conmigo.

Don Juan Johnson le responde,  
Si la polvera te apura  
Me daras una cautiva  
Que trajiste de Oposura.

A Juan José gusto el trato,  
Y luego se dejó caer  
Pues, como no sea mas de eso  
Pronto la mandó traer.

Don Juan Johnson por cabal  
Dice á Juan José valiente—  
Determine del costal  
Manda socorrer tu gente.

Juan Diego, ese tatolero,  
Nunca ignoraba la espera  
Pero le trozo el murillo  
Aquella fuerte cadena.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Johnsons are still living and flourishing in Sonora, and the descendants have proved themselves not unworthy of their sire. Don Manuel Johnson was killed March, 1872, at Culiacan, in fighting against General Marquez, who has been heard of recently in Lower California and Sonora. Johnson was Pesqueira's Chief of Cavalry, and displayed the most reckless and desperate bravery throughout the campaign. Don Ricardo Johnson, with whom many Californians are well acquainted, is the present head of the family. HENRY S. BROOKS.

## EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

It is somewhat discouraging to find that our children in the schools are acquiring misinformation regarding a country so interesting and so important as Japan. All our geographies and maps must be changed. They have all fallen into the error, as have all our writers, without exception, of calling the main island Nippon or Nippon. There is no island having such name. *Dai Nippon*, or *Dai Nihon* (Great Japan), is the name of the empire—the entire Japanese Archipelago. The official name of the largest island, which we have been taught to call Nippon, or Nippon, is *Hondo*. The islands *Liu Kiu*, belonging to Japan, are marked Loo Choo on our maps. Yeddo, the capital city, should be written *Yedo*. It means "door

of the bay," from *ye*, bay, and *do*, door. Still, this name has not been used either officially or popularly in Japan since 1868. It is called *To-ki-o* (*to*, east; *ki-o*, capital). *Tokei* is the spelling and pronunciation of those who affect Chinese learning. The name of the second city is *Ozaka* (accent on the first syllable). The name of the old capital is *Kioto*, not *Miako*, *miako* being a common noun. *Hokodadi* should be written *Hokodatté*, and *Yesso*, or *Jesso*, should be written *Yezo*. The sound or force of all the vowels and consonants in the Japanese names, as now written, is the Italian or European, the same as in the modern or Continental method of pronouncing Latin. These corrections are given by Mr. William G. Griffis, late of the Im-



perial Japanese College at Tokio (Yedo), and published some time ago in Circular No. 2 of our Bureau of Education, a very valuable document upon the present condition of education in Japan.

Mr. Watson, Secretary of the British Legation at Yedo, in his report presented to Parliament in June, 1874, gives a very interesting account of the working of the new system of European education inaugurated in Japan. This report is also published in the circular just mentioned.

It is doubtless quite generally known that Japan has "gone crazy" over Western science, Western education—Western civilization, in short—and has made the most unprecedented, most heroic efforts to Europeanize, or Westernize, the country. Emissaries have been sent to several European countries, and to the United States, to study Western institutions and report upon them. The result is most apparent in the school system, which has been entirely revolutionized in the greater part of the empire. The old system was that of ancient Greece: education was conveyed by men of learning to their individual followers. The Chinese classics dominated. The teacher, squatted on mats in the midst of his class, rarely numbering more than five or six, commenced with the first, and taught each in succession to pronounce the names of the Chinese ideographs—characters which stand not for letters, but words. Some ten thousand hieroglyphics had first to be learned by sound. Then they were shown to the pupils, and they learned them by sight. It was wholly a pouring-in system, tending "to magnify the memory of things imparted through the senses, and minify the reasoning power." This kind of school is still patronized by the ultra-conservatives, who affect Chinese learning, and believe it embraces everything necessary, especially the canons of the loftiest politeness, which is of primal importance in the eyes of most Orientals. Little was taught beyond reading and writing, and the committing to memory of volumes of the Chinese classics and ponderous treatises upon etiquette. "Mathematics was considered as fit only for merchants and shop-keepers." Yet nine-tenths of the Japanese could read and write, books were numerous and cheap, and circulating libraries were found in every city and town. "Literary clubs, and associations for mutual improvement, were common, even in country villages. Nevertheless, in comparison with the ideal systems and practice of the progressive men of new Japan, the old style was as different from the present as the training of an English youth in mediæval times is from that of a London or Oxford stu-

dent of the present time." Thus writes Mr. Griffis.

In the reorganization of Japanese education a prominent part was played by the Rev. G. F. Verbeck, an American missionary. He won the confidence of the Government, and was appointed principal of a language school in Yedo. He had mastered the Japanese language, and became a general adviser and organizer in the new department of education, organized in 1871. The following year a scheme of national education was published. This divides the empire into eight educational divisions. In each of these there is to be a university, a normal school (for the training of teachers), schools of foreign languages, high schools, and primary schools. It is expected that the whole number of schools will be over 55,000; and the plan of education, together with the text-books and school furniture, will be that prevailing in Europe and America. Mr. Griffis says that during his five years of educational work in Japan he noticed everywhere, in traveling through the country, blackboards, chalk, slates, pencils, steel pens, iron ink, chairs, tables, charts, European or American text-books (translated), and "a host of new improvements, some diverging considerably from our models, according to native taste, fancy, knowledge, or means; but all tending to improvement, and of unquestionable advantage over those of old systems."

The Mikado, or Emperor, takes a deep interest in the new system of education, and the Empress is not behind him in enthusiasm. She lately visited a girls' school at Yezo (Yesso), and on that occasion had her photograph taken in a group, with the two Dutch ladies who have charge of the school. To those who know anything of the ideas of royal exclusiveness formerly held in Japan, this will appear very significant. The pupils of this school, numbering fifty-one in 1873, are being educated at the expense of the State. Four hours a day they study the branches of elementary European education under the Dutch ladies, and some hours more they pursue other studies under a master and two Japanese ladies. Their teachers pronounce them "intelligent, industrious, and promising." They wear our styles of shoes and stockings, but in other respects adhere to the native costume.

Since the promulgation of the new scheme of education in 1872, by the Imperial Government, there have been established in all, 5,429 schools; 3,630 public, and 1,799 private. The number of pupils receiving instruction in these is 338,463 males, and 109,637 females. Total, 448,100. This number does not include those attending the higher schools. Mr. Tanaka

Vice-Minister of Education in Japan, considers that 30,000 should be added to this number, making in all nearly 480,000, or about one in sixty-eight of the entire population.

The following is a translation of a certain portion of the scheme mentioned :

"The education department will have sole control of the appropriation for the schools. It must be understood, however, that as education is for the benefit of the individual, the cost ought not to be paid out of the Imperial taxes, but should be paid by the people. At the same time, it is at present too early to throw the whole burden on them, and the Government will therefore assist.

"The Government will, in no case, provide food and clothing for students. The only expenses which will be paid by Government, in whole or in part, are :

"Salaries and expenses of foreign teachers.

"The cost of building high schools, and that of providing books and instruments. The same rule will be observed for the middle schools.

"Allowances to students in foreign countries.

"Expenses in aid of the school district ; to wit, 90 yen (dollars) per 1,000 of the population ; or, for all Japan, the sum of 295,527 yen, 61.1 cents."

According to the new law, every child, male and female, must attend school long enough at least to complete the course in the elementary schools. This course embraces :

"Spelling, writing, conversation, vocabularies, reading, morality, letter-writing, grammar, arithmetic, as far as division, instruction by lectures upon health, outline of geography, outline of natural philosophy, gymnastic exercises, singing (the last mentioned, not for the present)."

Among the schools for higher training at Yedo are the *Dai Gakko* or university, embracing several separate colleges for the study of medicine, jurisprudence, philosophy, and mining ; also, a polytechnic college. Others, for veterinary science, commerce, and agriculture, also a college of arts, are to be added ; the *Go Gakko*, a school of foreign languages ; the *Shi Han Gakko*, or normal school, for the training of teachers ; the high school for girls ; several preparatory schools, and "certain establishments in connection with some of the public departments," which are designed for training in special sciences.

In the medical school or college of the university (*Dai Gakko*) the teaching is wholly conducted by German professors, without any interference of the Japanese authorities. In the preliminary department the readings take place in German by means of interpreters ; in the college proper, among the more advanced students, without interpreters.

The *Shi Han Gakko*, or training school for teachers, was established to meet the demand

anticipated for the fifty thousand schools which the Government counts upon establishing, as well as for the five thousand four hundred and twenty already existing in 1873. In this training-school the students are required, at a certain stage of the course, to take classes, teach and manage them, under the eye of their professors, "according to the discipline of American schools." As the students of this school come from all parts of the empire, most of them use provincialisms in speaking and styles of pronunciation differing more or less from the standard language of the capital ; they are therefore thoroughly drilled in speaking, so that a uniform pronunciation may be secured all over the empire. The very best Japanese teachers are set over these young men, the foreign superintendent visiting the various class-rooms to see that the foreign methods and discipline are maintained. "No unnecessary talking, no awkward positions, no smoking, nothing that would be out of place in American schools, is allowed." The English language is not taught in this school, but several of our text-books are used, translated into Japanese, printed and bound in the Japanese style. Among these text-books are Willson's series of reading books, four in number ; McNally's and Monteith's geographies ; Robinson's series of mathematics, comprising arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and mensuration ; Cutter's physiology ; Willson's "Outlines of Universal History." More are to be translated, and the series, when completed, will comprise those in the average American high school.

The *Shi Han Gakko* has two departments, which may be called the theoretical and the practical. In the former, the young man is taught how to use slate, pencil, globe, map, phonetic and pictorial charts, blackboards, etc., just as a child would use them ; in the latter he is taught, practically, how to teach and manage classes according to the methods of the best foreign schools. These classes are made up of boys and girls brought together for the purpose. Each student takes his turn in teaching these classes, a week at a time. "It is proposed," says Mr. Watson, "to increase, in a few weeks, the number of pupils, and to put fifty in a class, as in the primary schools of the United States. A new brick building, in foreign style, is also to be built. There will then be ten classes of fifty each, making five hundred in all." The young men acquit themselves with honor as teachers, and the progress already made is not only encouraging, but astonishing. The charts and translated books above mentioned are now manufactured by hundreds, and sent out to supply the new schools throughout the country.

The Government of Japan is organized on the departmental system, having a minister for each department. These departments are, foreign affairs, treasury, justice, education and religion, public works, imperial household, army, navy, and colonization. All these various departments employ a certain number of foreigners for educational purposes.

The Empire of Japan, in fact, is making gigantic strides toward the highest civilization. A spirit of progress informs and inspires the national heart; and the spectacle of a whole nation, characterized on our maps as "half civilized," casting aside time-honored traditions of exclusiveness and national superiority, and eagerly pressing forward into the grand army of reform, is one to gladden every heart possessing the least spark of natural nobility or fraternal love. How proud we ought to be, as a people, in being able to aid them in their grand work. How careful should we be to confess the errors into which we, a progressive people, have fallen, that they may avoid, as far as possible, the loss of time, money, and courage in learning merely to unlearn. The attitude of Japan to-day is wholly unprecedented in the history of the world. Never was the desire for learning, for high excellence in the mechanical arts, for the adoption of grand inventions, so general and intense in any country on the globe. So eager have the Japanese become for the acquirement of Western science and civilization, so impatient over the tedious waiting for the translation of scientific works, added to the fact that their own language contains no terms for expressing modern scientific ideas, that they have even proposed to adopt the English language as their own. This is probably wholly impracticable. In a country like Japan, women come to the front very slowly, and unless a majority of these should master the English, and make it the mother-tongue of their children, it is not likely that such an anomaly should happen as a national adoption of a new language.

Meanwhile, the work of education proceeds against many discouraging obstacles. Chief among these is the lack of adequate knowledge of the Japanese tongue on the part of the foreign professors. Lieutenant Brinkley, teacher of the artillery cadets in the naval college at Yedo, and "who takes rank among the very foremost foreign Japanese scholars," is of the opinion that there are not more than three or four among all the best English scholars in Japan "whose linguistic attainments could carry them over the language necessary to explain, say, the theory of variation." He is also of the opinion that it is impossible to impart extensive knowledge to Japanese students through interpret-

ers employed by the Government. These are generally so deficient in moral courage that they will, in nine cases out of ten, "convey their own fortuitous ideas to the pupil," rather than confess their ignorance of what the professor is saying. Under such circumstances the teacher inevitably "lapses into practical demonstration and gesticulation;" and as these limits are soon reached, the "maxima of impartable theory lie within a very narrow compass." Mr. Brinkley attributes to this fact the opinion among Europeans that the Japanese mind is incapable of high mathematic attainments. He gives this an unqualified denial, "for, although he found it quite impossible, with all pains and patience, to impart mathematical knowledge through interpreters, yet he observed that that impossibility disappeared as soon as he was able to dispense with interpreters."

It does seem indeed lamentable that the Japanese, with their intense desire to acquire European science, should not be able to secure teachers who have mastered the language; but this is well nigh impossible. Mr. Watson speaks of the report that "a good Japanese grammar, by a native scholar," is in preparation. It is presumable, therefore, that none such exist, and, possibly, dictionaries of the language are also wanting. A good Japanese and English, and English and Japanese dictionary, with the English scientific terms explained, which have no corresponding terms in Japanese, is, evidently, greatly needed.

The Japanese Government appears to be generous in the matter of salaries to foreign teachers. The Circular of our Bureau of Education, from which most of the facts of this paper are taken, does not give the salaries of the foreign teachers at Yedo. As it is the capital, no doubt they are higher than at Yokohama, where they are from \$600 to \$4,200 a year.

Another serious obstacle to the progress of education in Japan upon modern methods, is the interference of the native officers (*yakunins*) of the Board of Education. It is in the schools of the capital that *yakuninerie* has "received its highest development and brought forth its choicest fruits." These native directors are accused of wishing to direct everything, even the choice of studies, when they are ignorant of what ought to be studied, of what the studies proposed are, and of the language in which those studies are taught. Mr. Watson, in his report, incloses a bitter article from the *Japan Mail*, criticising the conduct of native school officers. It is probable, at least, that there are two sides to this, as to all other questions.

The testimony regarding the mental and moral qualities of Japanese students is almost

uniformly favorable. The Count de Beauvoir, a French traveler, and Mr. Pumpelly, of New York, who were employed a few years ago by the Japanese Government to improve the working of certain mines, both mention Takeda, a Japanese officer who had studied the Dutch language, and, from a description in a Dutch book, had constructed a very creditable blast-furnace, and made guns and rifled cannon. He had studied Bowditch's *Navigator* until he knew it by heart, and could calculate longitude from an eclipse; and yet he had accomplished this by the aid, solely, of a Dutch-Japanese and an English-Dutch dictionary! Mr. Pumpelly tell this story, and adds: "But this knowledge was purely mechanical. He knew nothing of mathematics from a philosophical point of view, though when he took up the study in this spirit he exhibited for the science a mental power which I almost envied him."

Another testimony is that the Japanese student is "bright, quick, eager, earnest, and faithful. He delights his teacher's heart by his docility, his industry, his obedience. In the course of five years the writer can remember no instance of rudeness, no case of slander, no uncanny trick, no impudent reply from any of his many pupils."....."Indeed, in all the gentler virtues, in abstinence from what is rude, coarse, and obscene, the average Japanese school-boy is rather the superior of his *confrère* in the west."....."In intellectual power and general ability we are very much inclined to believe that the average Japanese student is the equal of the average Western student. Even in the perception and conception of abstract ideas we are inclined to think him not inferior—provided his knowledge of the vehicle employed—*i. e.*, the language—is equal to that of his rival."

The same authority, a writer in the *Japan Mail*, says that to leave the boys of his native land who nourish their bodies upon beef, "and their brains with the ideas that have made England and the United States what they are," and to go among the quiet, docile students of these islands, is a rest to the worn teacher. The professional teacher goes to Japan with great expectations, and he is not disappointed. He finds there "as noble young men as ever thirsted for knowledge. He finds that he has only to point the way and his pupils follow. Their perfect trust and confidence in him are as beautiful as their diligence is commendable."....."Most of them, ever eager and insatiable after knowledge, remit no diligence, and yield to no despair."

Surely it must be a relief to the teacher, worn out with the rebellious physical energies of An-

glo-Saxon students, to go among such as these. If they are half as bright and docile as they are represented to be, he will hardly complain that they lack independence and manly spirit. The Japanese boy's ideal of what is manly differs widely, no doubt, from that of "Young America;" but that of the latter cannot be the superior in all respects.

From every point of view the new spirit of reform born in Japan is as gratifying as it is wonderful. Not only in education, but in every thing else, it is manifest—in nothing more significantly than in the increased respect for the rights of women. Recent legislative enactments have annulled every kind of immoral contract, such as those by which, in thousands of instances, young girls were bound by parents or guardians to serve in brothels for a certain number of years. The severity of penal laws has been mitigated in a marked degree. The old laws forbidding the profession of Christianity are abrogated, or are practically a dead letter. Even the Japanese in the great cities and elsewhere are permitted to attend Christian churches without molestation. The banished Christians, thousands in number, have been sent back to their homes. Still the Government is determined that Christian doctrines shall not be taught by the foreign teachers in the schools. Mr. Watson learned, from a "reliable source," that the Government has resolved, while it will not interfere with private missionary enterprise in the empire, to refuse to employ any foreign clergyman as teacher in the schools. It appears, he says, "that some reverend teachers have been imperceptibly inculcating the doctrines of Christianity into the minds of their pupil."

Hence the binding resolution, in furtherance of which the Rev. Dr. Brown, of this country, and the Rev. Dr. Verbeck, who has done so much for the cause of education in Japan, have been removed from the post of teacher, and all the clerical teachers remaining in the schools have received notice of the termination of their engagements.

This seems a very severe act on the part of the Japanese Government, and it is at least possible that their suspicions in regard to the gentlemen already discharged are unfounded. The doctrines of Christianity might certainly be "imperceptibly inculcated," merely through daily reading in the schools that series of Willson's readers and the study of Willson's "Outlines of Universal History." Moreover, what is more natural than that any Christian teacher, in answering some of the many queries certain to arise in any intelligent class about the meaning of what they are reading, might be obliged



either to maintain a cowardly silence, or reply in a way easily construed as tending to "imperceptibly inculcate" his religious faith? Evidently, the foreign teachers in Japan are placed in a very delicate position, even where they honestly intend that their instruction shall be wholly secular.

Mr. Watson was informed by the native Vice-Minister of Education, Mr. Tanaka, that his Government intends to make education in the schools under its control entirely secular, "as far as is consistent with the fundamental tenets of the Shinto faith." This is the faith of the princes and higher classes. Its priests abstain wholly from animal food. It recognizes one supreme deity, inferior deities, and genii; and holds that the souls of the virtuous inhabit regions of light after death, while those of the wicked wander eternally through space, repelled by the heavens and the earth. No idols are used. This faith in Japan is often confounded with Buddhism, but they are distinct religions. Buddhism is the more democratic faith; and, doubtless, Japan will yet have as grave troubles about religious teaching in the public schools as have those countries they admire and emulate. But it is better to have faith that the good we see accomplished will increase and bear fruit after its kind. Certainly, if popular enlightenment can save a country from fatal errors in government, Japan is comparatively safe. There are other active educational influences at work in Japan besides the modern schools. Prominent among these are the press, the postal system, the railroad, and the electric telegraph.

In 1873, there were in Yedo eighteen newspapers; some published daily, others every fifth day. Of the daily papers, the average sale of

copies of one was fifteen hundred, and of the two others eight hundred and sixty each; of the other fifteen, about two hundred copies. There is also a provincial press, whose power must be quite an important factor in the new civilization.

It has been said that the marvelous progress in civilization in a country like Japan is abnormal—a mushroom growth, likely to be soon followed by reaction, stagnation, and decay. But why should it be abnormal? Is it not rather an example of one of those *essors*, or leaps, which we are told occur in the growth of nations, as well as in plants and animals? In plants, this *essor* is exemplified in the germination and in the flowering; in the animal, in the birth and in the period of puberty. By these *essors* the most magical changes are effected; new functions are developed, and both plant and animal are born into a new life. In the life of nations, forces generate and combine slowly for years, until ripe for some grand *essor*. The invention of movable types, and of the steam engine, are illustrations of these grand leaps in the growth of civilization.

We have not heretofore known much of life in Japan—scarcely anything of great importance before our treaty with that country in 1859; but doubtless forces that we know nothing about were preparing the people for this great tidal-wave of reform which sweeps over and obliterates institutions and customs centuries old. Before the magical transformations now taking place in that country, more wonderful, a thousand fold, than anything that sage or poet has ever dreamed, the entire civilized world stands to-day in admiration and awe.

MARIE HOWLAND.

## A TRIP TO THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

The existence of the Great Shoshone Falls of Snake River is known to but few people of the Pacific Coast, and a far less number have any definite idea of their exact locality. That a place abounding with so much grand and magnificent scenery, with so much picturesque loveliness, and so much wild beauty should rest in such obscurity is a mystery as unaccountable as it is strange. Were some artist to convey to his canvass one-tenth the beauty which Nature so lavishly bestowed, or some writer to devote the columns of a magazine to describing and extolling its splendor and grandeur, it would

then become fashionable to visit the place, and no sight-seeing tourist would be satisfied until he or she had stood upon the brink of that deep, dark cañon, and beheld the sublime poetry of Nature which is everywhere there presented to view.

The falls—for there are a number of them—are located on Snake River, at a point ten miles north of Rock Creek Station, on the freight and stage road leading from Kelton, on the Central Pacific Railroad, to Boise City, Idaho, ninety miles north-west of the former place, and in about latitude 43°, longitude 115° west.

Snake River, for miles above and below the falls, flows through a deep, narrow *cañon*, from one-fourth to one-half mile wide; and its walls of dark basaltic rock rise vertically to a height between two thousand and three thousand feet. From the brink of this *cañon*, the land runs back, level and smooth, for several miles, so that, standing a few hundred yards from the edge of the precipice and looking across the river, the range of vision passes entirely over the deep *cañon* and strikes the level land on the opposite side, and no trace or indication of the river is discernible. Go further back, however, and ascend the foot-hills to an elevation of one hundred or more feet above the level of the plain, and the dark outline of the river is plainly seen, winding its tortuous way through the arid plain like some monstrous serpent.

A party of three, on our return to Nevada from the Yankee Fork mining regions, allured by the glowing descriptions we had heard of the falls, determined to visit the place and satisfy our curiosity, although it involved several days' travel out of our direct course. We approached the river from the south, and, traveling along a sharply rounded point of table-land, drove our team to the very brink of the *cañon*. From this point, looking up the stream, we obtained the first view of the falls. For a mile or more above the falls, the channel of the river is plainly seen. It is not a wild, rushing torrent, beating and breaking and dashing against rocks and boulders and the sharp angles of the bank, and foaming and frothing and fretting, as if anxious to escape to the level plain below, but a majestic body of water, one-fourth of a mile wide, with an average depth of fifteen feet, flowing, with not a ripple upon its surface, smoothly and tranquilly "on its slow, winding way to the sea."

The first obstructions which we see to this even flow are two immense boulders, or columns of rock, which, standing abreast of each other across the stream, five hundred feet apart, divide the river into three channels. Swiftly flowing along the base of these barriers, the water, with a gentle bound, drops down a vertical fall of forty feet, when it again unites and becomes as smooth and tranquil as above. Thus flowing onward for five hundred feet, the waters are again divided into six channels by a row of boulders of irregular shape, standing in a semi-circle about equidistant from each other.

Sweeping past these rocks, which seemingly attempt to stay its further progress, the water takes another bound, and leaps down a fall of sixty-eight feet, where, at the base, all the channels commingle together; but it is not so quiet

and smooth and undisturbed this time. There is some fretting and foaming, some dashing and breaking of waves, for a short space, and then the current swiftly curves to the south wall, and gradually becomes more quiet. There can be no division of waters here; all must be united for the last grand leap. Seven hundred feet further on, and ere the foaming and fretting caused by the last fall has entirely disappeared from the surface, this mighty volume of water pours over a perpendicular precipice and falls vertically a distance of two hundred and sixty feet.

Our first object is to reach the base of the main fall, which does not appear to be more than a stone's-throw distant, but so winding and tortuous is the trail by which we descend that we traverse more than a mile before reaching the desired point. Securing our animals, and placing before them a good bait of hay, we commence the perilous descent; the Major leading the van, myself next, and the Doctor, with shotgun swung loosely over his shoulder, bringing up the rear. Down, down, we descend, following the zigzag trail over the great drifts of detached pieces of black lava rocks, which rattle and ring beneath the tread of our heavy-nailed boots like broken pieces of furnace slag; then passing down the craggy comb of a long narrow ridge, with yawning chasms on either side, our course turns abruptly to the right, around the sharp corner of a high projecting point of rock, and the pathway gradually becomes so narrow that there is barely room for a single person to pass. High above, to the right, towers lofty columns of rock, which threaten to topple over, and bury us beneath their massive weight; while to the left there opens a deep abyss, down which we dare not look from our dizzy height. Emerging from this dangerous pathway, we come out on to a comparatively level and open piece of ground, whereon are growing a few tall and graceful cedars, whence we obtain another splendid view of the river bed, and the rushing, pouring torrents of water. Here, as the Doctor expresses it, we take a breathing spell. I have my fishing tackle with me in anticipation of good fishing at the base of the falls, but, unfortunately, have no bait. This want I make known to the Doctor, and soon his quick eye detects a carrion crow flying overhead, and within gun-shot range. (We had been told the fish would bite at any kind of fresh meat.) In an instant his gun is in position, and the report therefrom echoes and reverberates from wall to wall of the deep *cañon*, and, mingling with the roar of the waterfall, produces a strange, weird sound. Simultaneously with the report of the gun, the

flight of the crow ceases, for the Doctor's aim is unerring, but, unfortunately, the bird falls into the river, just below the falls, and by the eddying current is carried to the opposite side. Scarcely has the echoing sound of the first shot died away when the second charge is fired; this time the crow falls into the stream, a few feet above the falls. We watch the dark object as it slowly floats down with the current. For a moment it seems to pause upon the very brink of the precipice, and then, with a sudden dart, it swiftly descends along the face of the flashing sheet of water, its dark color in strong contrast with the bright silvery whiteness of the pouring stream. Again we watch, and see the same dark object come to the surface of the boiling, seething whirlpool, hundreds of feet below, and float off down the river. A short distance along this strip of bench-land, and our trail leads down into a narrow, V-shaped gorge, with smooth, hard bottom, with nothing to afford a foothold, and becomes each step more steep and more difficult to tread. My fishing-rod of stout willow serves as an alpenstock with which I steady myself, and the Doctor, having discreetly left his shotgun in a friendly cluster of bushes, is now unincumbered, and with hands clutched against the smooth wall of the hopper-shaped crevice, is descending with a side motion; while the Major, who ever prides himself upon his military step and erect, martial bearing, with much humiliation is compelled to assume the same ungraceful attitude. A misstep here, and we would be precipitated headlong down the smooth wall for hundreds of feet, and, perhaps, landed in the foaming river below.

Suddenly the Major, who still leads the van, calls out, in tones of disappointment, that we can proceed no further, for our trail takes a sheer break off, and drops down vertically for twenty-five feet or more, and we cannot pass it without the use of ropes, and we have none. Still he is loth to acknowledge defeat, and, bending further over the precipice, again calls out, this time with exultation, "Yes, we can, for a tree has been dragged down, and placed over the break, and if we can only reach that we can easily get to smoother ground below;" and, with nerve and daring, he throws himself flat upon his stomach, and with arms and legs spread wide, imitates the motion of the crawfish down the steep, smooth rock, until his feet catch against the first limb of the tree. With words of encouragement he calls to the Doctor and myself to follow in the same manner. Our timidity almost forbids the hazardous venture, and but for his coaxing words and directions as to where to place our feet we would not

have undertaken it. At the foot of the tree which, with its limbs running out at right angles with the trunk, serves the good purpose of a ladder, we find the gorge wider and less steep than above, and filled to a considerable depth with loose sand, which affords a firm footing, and in a few minutes we stand on the beach at the very base of the falls, with the cool spray dashing against our heated brows. In mute silence, and filled with awe, we stand and gaze upon the mighty volume of flashing, foaming, falling waters. It is near meridian, and the high south wall casts its dark shadows far out over the river; immense waves from the the whirlpool, caused by the pouring stream, beat and break around our feet, while the flying spray and mist completely drench our bodies.

No sound is audible above the thunder and roar and din of the waterfall, and the Doctor, realizing from his professional experience that it is no place for rheumatic persons to linger, gently pulls my arm, and we move off in silence farther down the stream, and out of reach of the flying spray. Soon the Major follows, and here, on a flat, shelving rock, which receives the warm rays of the sun through a rift in the high wall above, we find a comfortable resting place, from which a fine opportunity is afforded to study the physical details of the falls and their surroundings. The break in the bed of the river over which the water falls, is a complete semi-circle in form, with the arc curving up the stream, and, following the curve of the circle, is at least half a mile wide. From side to side the flow of water is of uniform depth and force, and as it pours in wavy, shimmering fleeces down the smooth, hard rock, it presents the appearance of great folds of snow-white, gauzy lace, gently swinging and vibrating in the soft autumnal breeze. From all along the base rise immense clouds of trembling, glittering spray, which gleam and flash through the rays of the sun, forming bright rainbow colors, that constantly shift and change. The basin at the foot of the falls stretches out in irregular shape, much wider than the bed of the stream above or below, and upon its surface great foaming waves roll and chase each other, and dash against the shore. So rough are the waters of this basin, which is a mile wide and two miles in length, that the Major, who has had some nautical as well as military experience, gave it as his opinion that no open boat could successfully ride its waves. The south wall of the *cañon*, under which we stood, is cut and grooved with deep indentations, at almost equal distances apart. These indentations commence at the apex of the wall, with light shallow furrows,

that are hardly perceptible, and gradually deepen and widen, until near the base they become deep, broad gorges. Into these gorges the sand and *débris* have drifted from above, forming a good, strong soil, which, being protected from the hot, scorching sun, and moistened by the flying spray, produces a thrifty growth of cedars, around which twine, in graceful form, great, lusty vines of the wild grape, now hanging full of long, slender bunches of unripe fruit. Interwoven with these cedars and vines is a dense growth of the hazel, alder, and maple, whose variegated foliage, with the gothic spires of rock towering high above for a background, forms a picture of exquisite beauty, in pleasing contrast with the awful grandeur of the river scene. The north wall, on the opposite side, frowns black and forbidding—no groove or indentation there. Its dark, columnar structure rises up thousands of feet, and against its base the waves of the basin lash with fury, and neither man nor beast dare attempt to approach the river from that side.

Between the base of the south wall and the edge of the water there intervenes a smooth, sandy, pebbly beach, from one hundred to two hundred feet wide. Upon this beach has been thrown, by the action of the waves, immense piles of driftwood, swept down the river from far above during high freshets. These piles of driftwood within themselves form a pleasing and instructive study. Here is the dwarfed and stunted cedar, which has come from a short distance above. By its side, and lying partly across it, is the slender trunk of the cottonwood, from some of the smaller tributaries, the gnawed ends of which clearly indicate the work of the industrious beaver. A few feet away is the gnarled and stubby nut-pine, from the foothills, with its spreading and crooked branches torn from the trunk. Reaching far along the beach is the gigantic form of the stately fir, that has been swept from some *cañon* high up in the Wind River range; and piled all around, in confused masses, are heaps of logs and chunks and limbs of every species of tree and shrub and bush that grows along the course of the stream, broken and abraded into all kinds of shape.

Nowhere in all this romantic spot has man marred the beauties of nature by his despoiling touch; no sickly sentimentalist has attempted to carve the name of any poet, author, hero, or divine upon any of these grand old walls, pillars, or columns; to none of these waterfalls, either great or small, has there been given a name, except the one general term, Shoshone—and he who stands here amid this awful grandeur, within this sublime temple of God, and does not feel his soul thrill, and his heart

beat with a stronger emotion of love and reverence for the Great Jehovah, must be devoid of all the nobler impulses of humanity.

While the Doctor and Major are hunting along the beach for rare pebbles or curiously shaped pieces of driftwood, as *souvenirs*, I find a few grubs and millers under a decayed log, with which I bait my hook, and in a short time pull from the stream a dozen or more silvery speckled trout. In the capacious pockets of the Doctor's hunting-jacket is found a small particle of salt and a few broken crackers, and it is but the work of a moment to dress the fish, and broil them upon a bed of burning coals; and upon our shelving rock, in the depths of the deep *cañon*, and within sight and sound of the mighty, roaring, thundering waterfall, we partake of our simple lunch with as much zest and relish as though we were feasting upon the rarest viands, served in the most approved style of the culinary art.

Fain would we linger amid these enchanting scenes, but the rays of the sun, now slanting from the west, warn us that time is passing, and we have much to see and many miles to travel before we find rest for the night. Ascending the narrow gorge, and climbing up the improvised ladder, which we find much less difficult to pass than in descending, we come again upon the strip of bench-land. Following this to the left for a few hundred feet, we turn down a smoothly rounded ridge of bare rock, which, in a short distance, abruptly terminates in a sharp, projecting promontory immediately over the falls. The scene from this point is not so terribly grand nor so awe inspiring as from below, but, mellowed as it is by touches of soft poetical beauty, it is more lovely to gaze upon. The sun now strikes directly against the broad sheet of water, forming a bright-hued rainbow, which hovers over the vortex below, and, in a graceful curve, spans the river from side to side. The lesser falls above, divided, as they are, into numerous channels, appear, in comparison to the great fall below, like miniature cascades, bounding and leaping over the rocks as though in mere playful wantonness.

After listening to some practical remarks of the Major, as to how this mighty power might be utilized and made subservient to the will of man, we again commence the ascent of the rugged side of the *cañon*, which we found not as dangerous as the descent, but far more toilsome. The Major, who is muscular and strong, relieves the doctor of his shotgun, and slowly we trudged on up the difficult trail. Will we never reach the top! A few more rests, a few more breathing spells, and we stand upon the edge of the broad plain, and within a few rods



of our wagon and team. "Old John," who is ever on the lookout, catches sight of us as we approach, and utters a loud bray, as if to chide us, in his mule fashion, for leaving him to stand so long in the hot sun, and wage with his stub-tail an unequal warfare with the voracious flies. A drive of three miles up the river, along a smooth, sandy road, brings us to a point opposite the Little (or Twin) Falls. The river is here approached through what is called the Devil's Corral—and surely the whole English nomenclature could not afford a more appropriate name. Back, a little over a mile from the edge of the *cañon*, an immense chasm, or pit, has been cleft, or carved, in the solid rock, ob-long in shape, two thousand feet deep and three thousand feet wide. The bed of this chasm is several hundred feet lower than the present bed of the river, which cuts across the lower end; and at one time it undoubtedly received the water of the stream, forming a deep lake, but now an immense bar, or levee, caused by the sands drifting from the plain above, has formed across the lower end, effectually barring the further flow of water; and what was inclosed at the time the bar was formed has long since been exhausted by evaporation.

The walls on each side, and at the outer end, are of the same black basaltic formation that characterizes the whole country hereabouts, and laid in layers, one above the other, their smooth, even surfaces standing perfectly vertical, and checkered and tessellated with almost regular seams, present the appearance of having been cut, and chiseled, and laid by human hands. Along the west side there runs a narrow ledge, which projects just far enough from the smooth wall to form a convenient roadway, and which has a very steep, but gradual, inclination from the crest of the wall at the outer end, until it strikes half way up the side of the sand-bar. This roadway is steep and narrow, but loose animals can with caution pass along it, and it is the only point for miles that cattle can approach the river for water. By an unlucky accident, the water in our canteen has leaked out, and our lunch of dry bread and fish produces an unusual thirst. Our animals are equally thirsty, for they have had no water since early morning; so, in a short time we have them unharnessed, and are hurrying down the narrow grade to the river. "Old John," who has fallen some distance behind, as is his custom on such occasions, calls to his mate in a deep, loud bray, but such an unearthly sound as it produces startles, and almost paralyzes, both men and beasts. The echo of that mulish bray rolls from side to side of the rock-walled cavern, echo answering echo with the most dismal

and frightful sound. Is this a veritable pandemonium, in which are reveling all the fiends of the lower regions? Or are these dark, frowning walls pierced by a thousand unseen caves, in which are hidden wild beasts of prey, howling defiance at each other? The mules cower and tremble, and it is with difficulty that we lead them along the steep grade. All efforts at conversation are futile. The voice breaks into a guttural dissonance, no one sound being distinguishable from another, and all being finally lost in a hollow echo. Passing over the embankment of sand, and around a few jutting points of rock, we reach the river, and men and mules drink long draughts of the pure water.

Down the stream a few hundred yards we hear the roar of the cataract, and leaving the mules to graze upon the bunch-grass that grows along the river bank, we clamber down over immense rocks and boulders that have slipped down from above, and in a short time we stand up on a rounded point immediately overlooking the falls. The river here is narrowed and compressed by the walls on either side to one-sixth its usual width; and as if to further compress the water, and force it through a channel as narrow as possible, an island of bare rock rises up in the middle of the stream at the narrowest point to a height of thirty feet or more. The stream thus divided and narrowed, and the depth correspondingly increased, with a wild roar, plunges down a distance of eighty-two feet. The channel on the south side falls vertically, and the force of the current is so strong, that as the water rushes through the narrow chasm, it strikes the bed of the river several feet below the face of the precipice, thus forming a vast cavern behind the pouring sheet of water.

The north channel does not fall vertically, but rushes down the narrow gorge at an angle of near forty-five degrees in its furious course, throwing great clouds of spray high into the air. Jets of spray from each of these falls gleam and glisten in the bright beams of the evening sun, and sparkle like diamonds. A hundred feet or more below where the channels unite, and where the mist is in finer jets and less dense, the rainbow is formed in a beautiful curve, with each end resting against the black, smooth wall.

The Major expresses a strong desire to enter the cavern beneath the south fall, and behold the beauties there revealed, and commune with the river nymphs who make it their dwelling-place, and, with his usual daring and impetuosity, is soon sliding cautiously down the steep wall. The Doctor and myself watch his movements with bated breath, expecting to see him

every moment lose his footing, and go dashing into the river. He reaches the edge of the stream in safety, and passes from our view behind the flashing sheet of water. In a few moments he emerges from the dark watery cavern, and beckons us to follow, but we know the consequences of entering there, and do not feel inclined to expose ourselves, in wet clothes, to the chilly air of night, which is fast approaching. The Major, when he again joins us, deprecates our want of nerve, and, in glowing terms, depicts the varied splendors of the scene. The sun is near setting, and we hasten back

to our mules, and lead them up the steep roadway. "Old John" is nervous, and continually switches his stump tail, for there lingers in his mule mind a faint memory of the terrible yells and sounds that smote upon his ear in descending this same spot, and it is with difficulty the Major holds him in check. Just as the sun is sinking behind the low horizon that stretches far away down the river we reach our wagon, and a two-hours' drive brings us to Rock Creek Station, where we find good cheer for ourselves and comfortable quarters for our animals.

ROBERT BRIGGS.

## IN TWILIGHT WOODS.

Bird-songs grow faint with the sun;  
As the day fails in the west,  
Each little fluttering one  
Creeps into his quiet nest.  
Next, the pale dusk is a-quiver—  
Rose-songs forever are dear;  
After this trembles a river—  
Stream-songs are gentle and clear;  
Last, there is somewhat to shiver  
Down the swift pulse as a spear.  
Faintly and far in the hills  
There throbs a music of rills;  
Fragrant and cool from the bay  
The winds of the sea find way.  
How dear is thy kindly mood,  
Thou heart of the twilight wood,  
When, shyly, in the twinkling skies,  
The first star-blossom softly lies!

No more we hear faltering rills,  
No more the low winds—we lie  
As the pond-lilies afloat,  
Motionless, under the sky,  
On a blue lake of the hills.  
And we rest with our faces  
Deep-hid in the ferns and grass;  
There, watching, at last we note  
The dim world widen and shine,  
Till, through the desolate places,  
Dreams fair and immortal pass,  
And the twilight grows divine:  
The friends that we lost of yore,  
The loved from the farther shore,  
Smile down in a trustful way;  
They are not so very far,  
More near than each gentle star,  
And sweet are the words they say  
For us, whose rivers as yet run  
Through night and day, 'neath star and sun.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

## OUR ROAD-BUILDERS AND THE STATE.

It was a brilliant conception and a daring feat to fling a railroad entirely across the American continent. It ranks among the greatest of human achievements. Its equal exists not in all the world.

In any other country but ours the men who conceived and executed such a project would have been rewarded with both wealth and honors. England enriched and knighted Paxton for erecting the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park; France enriched and ennobled De Lesseps for reopening the old Egyptian canal across Suez; Russia granted almost imperial distinctions to the Demidoffs for renouncing to the Government some mines, out of which they had previously made their own fortunes.

Some of these marks of national gratitude are unknown to our laws, which assume that every service may be adequately compensated with a pecuniary remuneration. If all rewards are thus to be commuted into one kind of reward, justice demands that the latter should at least be secured with a good title and permanent possession. If all public achievements, however great, are to be rewarded with money, the beneficiaries should at least be permitted to enjoy their reward in peace.

Such has not been the principle that has governed our dealings, the dealings of our national and State governments, with the builders of the great highway that connects California and the Mississippi Valley.

Before it was built we approved and offered great inducements to any one who should build it. We well knew the difficulties of the undertaking, and, so far as promises went, were liberal to profuseness, for we aimed at political and commercial advantages which the completion of the railroad could alone secure. One has only to read the debates in Congress during the progress of the original Pacific Railroad bills to be convinced of the correctness of these statements. We knew that the road had to traverse two thousand miles of desert, a blasted, withered solitude, destitute of wood and water, and as yet wholly unfitted for the occupancy of man. We knew that across this waste, over which a few savages held undisputed sway, there would need to travel thousands of emigrants to the Pacific Coast—men, women, and children—all of whom would be exposed to great privation and danger. We knew that to

protect them and the vast possessions through which they would have to move, and the distant lands to which they were bound, we would be obliged to maintain forts and employ numerous bodies of troops. We foresaw that, with the railroad built, the many obstacles to this tremendous journey would disappear; that the emigrants would be conveyed safely and rapidly to their destination, and a portion of the troops dispensed with. Substantially, the only other route by which emigrants could reach the new Dorado was by the Isthmus of Panama, a route that involved two sea voyages in crowded steamers, and a land transit through fever-infected jungles. This route was dangerous, uncomfortable, and expensive; the time consumed was thirty to forty days; many vessels had suffered fire and wreck; hundreds of lives had been lost through accident, exposure, or disease; and the cost of passage varied from \$200 to \$500. By the railroad the trip from the Mississippi Valley could be made in five days at a cost varying from \$50 to \$100, the actual rates for many years past. We even calculated that in military and postal expenses alone the country would save many millions a year. Here was the calculation: Without the railroad, we shall need 75,000 troops to protect the emigrants, and to defend the trans-Mississippi, the Pacific Coast, and the frontiers. With the railroad, 25,000 troops would suffice. And in respect of the mails, a much greater weight of mail matter can be carried with greater safety and celerity, and at much lower rates. The economy in transporting the troops and mails, reckoned on the basis of 25,000 troops, and the small mails formerly carried by pony express, will amount to over \$5,000,000 a year (the annual average cost of these services for the five years previous to 1862 having been \$7,309,341; while it is now only \$2,000,000). And this calculation does not include the economy of 50,000 troops, nor the greatly increased weight of the mails, nor of thirty days saved in time, nor of the improved condition of the troops upon arriving at their posts, nor of many other advantages, both military and military-financial.

All these we foresaw, and many others, and it is creditable to the sagacity of our national legislators and the press that their expectations in these respects have been fully realized.

They foresaw that vast tracts of desert lands, which were impossible of sale at \$1.25 per acre, the Government minimum at that time, would readily sell at \$2.50 per acre, the minimum since the railroad was built; so that, in fact, the Government could afford to give away one-half of the lands along the route, in order that the other half, which it retained, might be sold at double the price. They foresaw that, with the railroad built, no further fears need be entertained of the spread of polygamy in Utah, or of secession in California; that the trade of the Indies, of China, of Japan, of Australia, of the Sandwich Islands, of the coasts of Alaska, British North America, Mexico, Guatemala, Costa Rica, New Granada, Peru, Chili, and the islands of the Pacific, would be attracted toward our shores.

Besides these advantages, many others have been derived from the building of the railroad which were not foreseen at the time it was projected. We have found that the laying of connected lines of iron rails and of telegraph wires, protected by the railroad, is bringing about an equalization of climates between east and west, favorably affecting the distribution of moisture, and rendering the deserts less arid than before. We have discovered small oases, before unknown, scattered at long intervals on the desert, and susceptible, through the proximity of the railroad, of being turned to productive uses. We have been enabled, through the general increase of moisture and the discovery of these oases, to maintain vast herds of cattle upon plains that were previously unfitted for such a purpose. We have floated timber hundreds of miles in flumes to the railroad, and conveyed the timber by means of the road to points where it has proved of great advantage in colonizing and civilizing the country. We have discovered and utilized valuable mines of coal, iron, salt, borax, gold, silver, mercury, copper, lead, and many other minerals, few of which could have been utilized without the agency of the railroad. These have been opened and made to yield an enormous product.

Along the line of the road hundreds of towns and settlements have sprung up, whose population derive their entire subsistence from or through the road. For example, as Colonel Zabriskie informs us, in his recent letters to the *Alta California*, there were directly employed by the Pacific Railroad, in Placer County, during the year 1878, no less than three hundred and seventy-three men, to whom it paid \$260,000 a year in wages, and in which it purchased \$232,000 worth of timber. To cut this timber employed one hundred and three other men; to say nothing of those engaged in hauling it to the

road, nor of those occupied in the general superintendence and service of the road, a portion of whom were obtained from the same county, nor of the share of construction and repair-money expended in this county, nor of many other means of support which the county derived from the railroad.

In short, this railroad has thrown open a great portion of this continent to settlement, and tended to render it fit for the abode of men; it has invited immigration from abroad, and conferred value to the extent of thousands of millions of dollars upon lands which before were inaccessible and valueless; it has brought all these lands under the operation of our Federal and State tax laws, so that now they yield to one or the other many millions of dollars a year in taxes; and it has paid for taxes upon itself up to December 31, 1879, over \$3,000,000.

The industrial development brought about by the construction of this road is, perhaps, indicated in no more striking manner than by the fact that at the present time several overland roads are reaching their arms across the continent to claim a share of the vast commerce which the first road has begun to organize upon the plains, and to attract from the opulent countries that bound the western shores of the Pacific Ocean.

To those who would venture to construct the highway, which we expected would confer upon us a portion of these national advantages, we held out these specific pecuniary inducements: Alternate sections of land, and a loan of the Government credit for an amount estimated to be sufficient to lay the road-bed, including such profits as might be realized from the sales of these lands or the construction of the road.

Whatever may be thought of these inducements now, there were few who deemed it worth while to entertain them then. A good many prominent men had "talked" Pacific Railroad before it was undertaken, but there was no eagerness to undertake it—there was no competition for the subsidies offered by Congress. The difficulties were too great; the obstacles to be overcome were too formidable; the project, from any reasonable, any business-like point of view, was impracticable.

Nevertheless, there were some men, more adventurous or sagacious than the rest, who were willing to make the attempt, to brave the dangers and obstacles from which others had flinched, and to construct the great highway which promised so many advantages to the country. And not only did they succeed in this effort; they completed the road eight years before the time to which they were limited by Congress, and thus advanced by eight years



time the development of the entire country west of the Missouri River.

The reward which the undertakers of this great work looked for, the reward that furnishes the natural and proper incentive to all undertakings of a commercial character, the only kind of reward which the country could offer, the reward which it did offer to them, and the one which they declared themselves willing to accept, was wealth; and, taking into consideration the grandeur of the work they accomplished, the formidable character of the obstacles they had to encounter, and the public benefits which have resulted from the construction of the road, no fair-minded man can doubt that they fully and fairly earned all that they were offered, or that they received.

So far as the Federal Government is concerned, the reward due to the constructors of the Pacific Railroad has been paid, not, indeed, fully or unreservedly, nor with the grace that should accompany the performance of such an action, nor with the commendation that should follow the accomplishment of such an enterprise, or the fulfillment of such a trust as the undertakers of this road had fulfilled, but, after a fashion, coldly, grudgingly, and with reserve. This unhandsome policy of the Government was due to the following cause:

No sooner did the rapid progress made from time to time by the undertakers render it apparent that the road would be successfully constructed, than envy and detraction began to assail them. It was asserted that they had secured an over-favorable contract; that the amount to be loaned by the Government to help build the road was sufficient to both build it and equip it; that the dangers and obstacles to the undertakers had been magnified; that there was no fear of molestation from the Indians; that the Rocky Mountains were plains, and the Sierra easy of ascent; that wood and water could be procured almost anywhere along the route; that the lands were fertile, and the land grant had bargained away a domain as great and valuable as New England. In short, the men who first spanned this continent with a railroad were aspersed precisely like the man who first discovered it. When Columbus was ennobled and enriched for having discovered America, the envious and malignant proved that the discovery was valueless to the Spanish nation, and without merit to the discoverer. It was not the rich Indies, but a naked land, that he had found, and as for proving the rotundity of the earth, why, Thales had proved it twenty centuries before. Therefore, why reward Columbus? and, in the present instance, why reward Stanford and Crocker and Huntington, and the rest

of the Pacific Railroad builders? This feeling and these arguments not only caused the Government to pay with reluctance the reward that it should have paid with alacrity—it led to other and much more important consequences. It created a prejudice against the railroad and all its operations. Although any man could have gone into the market, and can do so now, and buy its shares at or near par, it was characterized as an extortionate and odious monopoly, and treated as a public enemy.

Before proceeding any further in this recital, I desire to put an end to any false impressions that the ignorant or unworthy may put upon my motives. I am not interested in this road, nor in its promoters or stock-holders, past or present, nor do I know, nor have I ever known, any one of them. I have no business with the road. I have not been retained to make an argument in its behalf. I say these things voluntarily, because I believe them to be right, and because other public men have not had the courage to say them. I believe these road-builders to have been treated shabbily and unjustly, and I feel ashamed of my countrymen for having so treated them. Furthermore, I believe that in taking their cue from the cold attitude of the Federal Government in this matter, the people of this State—of my adopted State—have overreached the mark of prudence, and done themselves a great injury, which they cannot too soon hasten to repair.

Deriving strength from the influence which they had exercised with such success upon the Federal Government, and support from the popular passions which they perceived were being aroused on the subject, the enviers and detractors of the Pacific Railroad men now assailed them through the press and on the rostrum, and, carrying the unthinking multitude with them, gained the Legislature and the Constitutional Convention, and grasped the power and the opportunities for which they had sought. These were to coerce, to bully, to blackmail, to bleed the railroad, and, failing in these, to legislate it into ruin.

Let us here review our own action—that of the people—in this matter. A great national road was constructed, and paid for, and, although we were proud of this road, and were always glad to come upon it, for we knew that it meant relief from privation and danger, and never hesitated to prefer it above any other means of conveyance, we envied the glory of its constructors, and coveted the wealth they had gained.

This wealth they had invested in a new project—one that reflects almost as much credit upon them as the other. With an enterprise

that seems peculiar to them, they have quietly and rapidly constructed a railroad through the San Joaquin Valley, from Lathrop entirely through the State, to Arizona, and into the midst of that great mining region. Their design—their vast and bold design—is to connect together the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico years before De Lesseps shall have pierced the Isthmus at Panama, or Commodore Ammen at Nicaragua. The new road is already beyond the Dragoon Mountains, and making two miles a day toward the waters of the Rio Grande. In the midst of this glorious work, when we, as a people, should be engaged in cheering them on toward its accomplishment, we have looked coldly on while they were being obstructed by legislative enactments and plundered by legislative highwaymen. Is this fair? Is it generous?

Let us view the matter from still another point of view—the point of view of the State, regarded as a single body politic—the State which has neither passions, feelings, nor sentiments, the State which has only interests.

Certain men, with wealth for their incentive, undertake a vast public work, which promises great benefits to the country at large and to this State in particular. They successfully accomplish the work, which proves to be of even greater benefit than had been anticipated, and succeed, though not without much trouble, in obtaining the wealth for which they had bargained. This wealth, together with other capital attracted toward them by their success, they invest in another public work, equally vast and promising still greater advantages to the country at large, and particularly to California, than the other. This work is little more than half accomplished when the State of California, in effect, says to them, "Stop! Free-trade is ended. Coercion begins. Facilities are unnecessary. Obstruction is desirable. Skill is worthless. Inexperience should rule. You shall hereafter charge only such and such rates; all others are hereby made illegal. You may not do this, nor that, nor t'other. The arrangements necessary to carry these provisions into effect will be made by an official who knows nothing about the matter." Is this just? Is it politic? Is it wise?

Its injustice and impolicy are too obvious to need argument; its unwisdom is evident the moment we examine the circumstances of the country and the operation of the laws which the State has recently enacted.

Take, for example, the circumstances of the great valley of the San Joaquin. The new road passes through this region, touches the coast at Santa Monica near Los Angeles, and thence

plunges into the Mojave Desert, which it spans in order to reach the Colorado. There are six million acres of land within twenty miles of the railroad, as it traverses the San Joaquin Valley. Before the road was built, these lands could have been bought, for the most part, at one dollar an acre. To avoid dispute, let us say that they were all worth five dollars an acre, which is far above the mark. They are now worth from thirty to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre; let us say on the average forty dollars. Here, then, are over two hundred million dollars added to the wealth of the State and to its taxable resources.

These lands were practically unproductive before the railroad was built; they are now actually productive. This means that it pays a profit to cultivate them, and that this profit has been realized in spite of a railroad tariff which was declared by detractors and demagogues to be excessive and extortionate. Instead of regarding this increase of productiveness as the true criterion by which to estimate the influence of the road upon the prosperity of the country, the State listened to ignorant declamation, and passed a maximum law of freights and fares. This law provides that a road shall not charge a greater rate of fare for a shorter than for a longer distance in the same direction. For example, that if one dollar per ton freight is charged from Los Angeles, near which place there is schooner competition by sea, only one dollar can be charged from any intermediate station, although with the latter no such competition exists. The principle of this law is unjust, inequitable, and absurd. The railroad, in the pursuit of its welfare, will naturally limit itself to a rate of profits on the whole administration that will restrain competition from other roads; but in the subdivision of this general rate of profits it will and must charge more from one point than another, though the two may be equally distant. There are portions of a long line of railroad—many portions of this road—that will not pay any profit, indeed must be worked at a loss; for example, its long deserts and the mountain sections. The losses incurred on these portions must necessarily be made good from somewhat higher rates on others, and the latter will naturally be those points where ship or wagon competition is lacking. Again, a railroad can afford to carry cheaper for one man, who has large and regular quantities of freight to offer, than for another who has only small and irregular quantities.

This principle is ably sustained in Governor Stanford's letter to the Legislature of California, dated February 24, 1876. Says that experienced railroad authority, it has become a nec-

essary principle "that each district penetrated by a railway should, as near as may be, pay its own expenses of traffic, without drawing upon some other more favorably situated region, offering large business, to assume an improper share of these expenses," and he instances a vast number of circumstances that determine the advantages and disadvantages of one district over another in this respect. Among these circumstances are competition by other railroads, or by other means of transportation, population, quantity and kinds of freight, frequency of handling, grades, climate, cost of labor, etc.

On the same principle, a sailing ship will sometimes carry one portion of her cargo at one-tenth the rates charged upon another; a steamship will carry emigrants at a loss, and make this good by means of extra charges upon the cabin passengers, whose patronage is gained through the influence exerted by the emigrants, or the popularity which their safe conveyance shall have earned for the vessel; a telegraph company will charge more for a message from Nevada than for one from New York, to California; a merchant will sell goods cheaper to one man than to another; a professional man will charge a higher fee to A than to B.

Suppose the Government attempted to regulate these matters, would not such interference be justly regarded as mischievous and intolerable?—and why so more in the case of a steamship or a private merchant than in that of a railroad? The principle is precisely the same. The fact that the merchant is a single person and the railroad company a combination of many persons, has nothing to do with it, and does not affect its soundness or relevancy.

Observe the operation of the contrary principle, which is embodied in the existing law, upon the circumstances of Los Angeles and Kern River. If the road carries freights from the former place where there is water competition, it is required by the law to carry them at no greater rates from the latter place, which is located more than one hundred miles from the ocean, and where there is none. Now this it cannot afford to do, because it would have to be done at a loss. It is, therefore, compelled to choose between renouncing the trade of Los Angeles, or that of the whole San Joaquin Valley. The result is that Los Angeles, the people of which city exhibited a very singular zeal in supporting this absurd legislation, have necessarily lost many of the advantages they otherwise would have derived had it not been for their persistent and needless antagonism.

In promoting a great object, such as the opening and settlement of remote regions, the distribution of population, the establishment of

an important trade, or the publication of discoveries and inventions, it is sometimes necessary for the State to grant franchises, such as rights of incorporation, patents, copyrights, etc. It may not be good policy to grant such franchises if there is any other practical way of obtaining the object in view, nor is it good policy to grant them for too long a time; but once granted in good faith, justice demands that the State shall respect and sustain them, in order that the grantees may derive the benefits from them for which they risked their invention, enterprise, or capital. And I hold it to be quite as unjust—and, in the case of a State, unjust means unwise—to impair or invade the franchise of a railroad\* after the promoters have risked their capital in its construction, as to deprive an inventor of his patent, or an author of his copyright, after the one has made public the secret of his mechanical device, or the other has committed his thoughts to print. If franchises are hurtful the State should not grant them, but if it does grant them it should protect them; for it is to be presumed that it derived advantages from them which it could not have obtained without them. Our State is still young in respect of its experience with railroads, as nobody is compelled by our laws to employ a railroad against his inclination or interest. The vast trade they have built up furnishes an overwhelming evidence of their usefulness. The State is greatly indebted to them, and is bound to become still more indebted, for the services which they can yet perform for it are very considerable. It will, therefore, have frequent occasion to deal with them; and it will be well for it to do so upon the same footing as experience has taught it to deal with other industrial and commercial organizations. The basis of this policy, like the basis of all State policies, should be truth and justice; and with these principles should be combined as much firmness, prudence, and sagacity as our legislators can command. It will not do to make bargains and then to back out of them by misrepresentation, detraction, or violence. No State can long survive which employs or encourages these methods; for their employment involves the demoralization of society and the destruction of credit.

That such has been the recent attitude of California toward the Pacific Railroad no disinterested and fair-minded man can well doubt, and the sooner it changes this attitude the better will it be for its own honor, prosperity, and safety.

ALEXANDER DEL MAR.

\* A franchise, similar to that enjoyed by any railroad company under the laws of this State, may be obtained by any association of individuals upon payment of a nominal fee.

## THE BATTLE OF THE WABASH.

A LETTER FROM THE INVISIBLE POLICE.

[The following letter was found on the top of Mount Tamalpais by a gentleman of this city, on the afternoon of the 24th of August, 1880, under these circumstances: The gentleman in question was one of a hunting party, and, having strayed from his comrades, and becoming weary, seated himself on a table-rock overlooking the Bay, San Francisco, and the Golden Gate. While there he discovered this manuscript letter neatly tucked away in a crevice of the rock. He retained it, brought it to the city, and kindly placed it at our disposal. It is written in a queer, wiry hand, scarcely human, while frequent erasures show that the work was, in a sense, incomplete. The only rational conclusion as to its authorship attributes it to the mountain gnomes, those invisible police that are said, by Spanish tradition, to frequent that peak on moonlit nights, and to whom the future and past are alike accessible. To the fact that they have no sense of the propriety of confining themselves, as historians, to the present and past, according to human conception, we are indebted for this view of the distant, but destined, future.]

TAMALPAIS, July 18th, 2080.

*My Dear Sir:* As you are now approaching the close of your course of comparative history, I deem it proper to give you, as apropos of this course, an account of the second great human inundation—the Americo-Mongolian conflict. The first instance of this kind, of sufficient magnitude to rank in our classification, was the overrunning of Southern Europe by the armed nations of the Northern Hive, which resulted in the intermingling, between conqueror and conquered, of national traits, customs, language, laws, and modes of thought, and which for centuries furnished the scientific searcher of historic truth the most inviting and fertile field. This letter is devoted to the second incursion of the kind, and which, alike in result, differs in method as widely as the customs and genius of another and far more enlightened age. The only part of this problem not yet solved by man, and which, from necessity, reaches out still further into the future ages, is that of race assimilation; for while many instances may appear of crossing, still, in no proper sense, is the end foreshadowed by the accomplished facts. I could, of course, give you this result as well as not, but I prefer to ground you well in the facts of the epoch closing with to-day, and leave your prepared and strengthened prescience to peer unaided into that following. I write from this date because, as past, present

and future are to us the same—as we can, in fact, live in the future as well as the present—it is but a chapter of history written before, but as accurate as if written with all the events fully accomplished by men.

You remember that, while the Goths, Huns, and Vandals from the Northern Hive, and again, the Normans in England, at a later day, enforced their rule upon the countries they overran, the intellectual similitude of conqueror and conquered made possible a homogeneous amalgamation, which has not yet, and perhaps will never occur in America. The reasons for this may be apparent to you at the conclusion of this letter, after you have followed with me the successive steps by which the present result has been wrought out. Unlike, in this respect, all other events of similar character, we are to seek the cause of what we find, and what will probably be, in the peculiar character of the participants in this real drama. The Spanish conquests in America were unlike this, because accomplished by the old system of pure force, in which the modern and gigantic system of gradually undermining was entirely absent. Those were accomplished under the eyes of men who, impatient and fanatic, believed all things of like character should be done at once, and broken heads the only proper reply to protest, and who, short-sighted and unphilosophic, forgot that two or three centuries are but as so many days or years in the life of a nation. They obeyed the systems of their age, while it has been reserved for this more advanced epoch to accomplish more substantial results by those peaceful means, which, though they delay, gather a more abundant harvest. I tell you—which you should note and remember well—that only during the two centuries immediately preceding this date have any people completely thrown aside that low and petty exercise of impatient passion, and adopted that broader method by which whole races are now actuated, and the results of aggregated life accomplished on a grander scale. Up to this period, and still yet among the lower classes, the individual man has been a petty schemer, but only within this last epoch has the science of life and government been so well understood and carried out as to make of millions of men one great



machine, well ordered and effective, working upon a general plan, and to a given end. In this attainment we are forced to accord to China the lead, not only in point of time, but also in the efficacy of execution.

We will now enter upon the discussion of the transition era—that period of time that constitutes the link connecting the old, and, we confess, the more narrow, system with the new and more comprehensive one—an era the like of which no human has witnessed. Discarding as arbitrary the reasons of other and similar human phenomena, and, as philosophic students of history, rising to an acceptance of the grander and broader considerations of life, we find, in the period of American history elapsing between the years 1870 and 2080, the most fruitful field of all past ages, the magnitude of which bristles with issues secondary, in their universal effect upon men, only to those immutable and jealous laws ordained by God.

The Spaniards in America engrafted themselves upon the country, and were soon lost in the preponderance of aboriginal blood. To-day those people are more Indian than Spanish. But this Mongolian question presents no such conditions. Being superior in numbers, and prevented, by precautionary considerations, from a free amalgamation with the white race—the negro becoming, in the clash of these Titans, nearly extinct—they have presented to us rather a pure problem of race contests. That conflict is now settled as to the industrial and political features of the country, leaving open and to be deduced as a corollary only those of social significance, and those which invest a contest of races for existence with considerations of future importance to universal history—that history that cares for no people, clime, or issue, which is cold, bloodless, pulseless, in its chronicle of the wrecks of time.

No better method occurs to me than to give you an account of my investigation of this problem. By the chronological reckoning common to our people, I transferred myself to the year 2078, and visited the haunts of man. At first, when I moved among the changed scenes of two centuries, I could scarcely make out what was presented before me. Cities had grown till their broad and far-reaching streets stretched away for miles; villages had become cities; rivers had, in many places, assumed the straightness of canals; while the whole face of the country, from San Francisco to Boston, was threaded by a net-work of railroad lines. The people had become numerous as the leaves of the forest or the sands of the shores; the wastes of Utah, Nevada, Colorado, and Arizona were populous with cities, and blooming with fields that

smiled like gardens. The deserts of the alkali and sage-brush had disappeared, and in their stead broad fields of yellow grain waved in the sunlight to the rippling notes of the lark and the whistle of the quail. This way and that, toward every point of the compass, trains, laden with the treasures of commerce, thundered at the rate of one hundred miles per hour. The gas-light had disappeared from the streets, while the electric glow, soft as moonbeams, but brighter, flooded the nights; but upon the streets, as I gazed upon them, a million lights moved in a fire-fly dance, through the artificial gloaming, more numerous than the stars of the sky. Upon close inspection I found them to be bright little electric lights carried upon each hat—or whatever they used as a head-gear—that gave a far better light than the best street lamps of 1870, and which made an attractive scene when the thousands thronged the streets. Many changes had been produced since that year in the *personnel* of the citizens. The capital was at St. Louis, which city had no less than six millions of inhabitants. The population was still more motley than before, while the pig-tails were everywhere, and numbered about three of them to one white of all nationalities. The Pacific Coast had become one vast workshop of them, while a few negroes listlessly looked on at the thousands that held the cotton and rice fields of the South. Pig-tails were the style in San Francisco, while only an occasional white was met strolling along the long and busy streets. Most of the latest buildings were of Asiatic architecture, with the queer gables and pagoda-shaped tops, while blue and vermilion paints were over all. I was almost startled at the transformation. Crossing from Oakland by ferry to San Francisco, I observed that nine-tenths of the passengers and all the officers were Chinese, and that the only whites employed aboard were deck-hands. When I reached the wharf Chinese hackmen met me, chattering, and drove me away to a hotel. There the clerk was a Celestial, as were most of the guests. The dishes were of Chinese make, while their contents, at dinner, were equally Asiatic in quality, quantity, and service. Thousands of guests, in pig-tails, were in the corridors and halls. Going to the theater, at evening, I found the play in Pigeon English, to suit the cosmopolitan audience, but the boxes were all occupied by Celestials, glittering in silks and jewels. A Chinese mandarin occupied the bench in the City Hall, flanked by almond-eyed under-officials. I almost began to believe myself in China, till an American was brought in, and put on trial for shying a rock at the son of Honorable Ching Choo Fou

Lee, of Nob Hill, and I heard the venue of the complaint stated as San Francisco. The jury were Celestials, and the chicken's head was severed in the administration of the oath, as in the Flowery Kingdom. At the Exchange I found more of them; indeed, they had usurped every avenue held by the Americans two hundred years before, and had celestialized California.

That I might have an idea how these changes had been effected from a human standpoint, I concluded to refer to some noted historian, and get from him what were the views of men thereon. Upon inquiry of the clerk of the hotel, I was promptly referred to Professor Hap Lee, No. 1910 Canton Street. I set out, and soon found this was what had once been California Street, and that the professor's residence was an elegant stone mansion situated in the vicinity of where Mr. J. C. Flood, in 1880, contemplated erecting a residence—or, rather, as compared to this of the professor, a cottage. Fortunately, I found the professor at home, and was received in great state—not that he considered it was due me, but to himself, as the leader of social and literary *ton* in the city. Making known to him my wish that I desired a short *résumé* of the last two hundred years of American history, and that I had been referred to him as the most learned of living historians, he gave me, in substance, the following account, which, from its general accuracy, I incorporate in this letter:

"It has now been over two hundred years since our ancestors came across from the Flowery Kingdom on a whaling expedition, and arrived upon these shores to find this most beautiful land sparsely inhabited by aborigines of the race to which I presume you belong, I add with regret, to your shame. These people were very arrogant, and, for the times, wealthy; indeed, their wealth was barbaric, like themselves. They spoke a villainous jargon, that happily now is modified by contact with our superior tongue, and were egotistic to a painful degree. Our ancestors were poor, but noble, and finding here fair opportunities to better their fortunes, applied themselves to the task. Would you believe it, our ancient historian, Colonel Bee, who flourished about that period, writes that those benighted people looked upon rat fricassee, bird-nest soup, and domestic chowder as objectionable dishes, and preferred their own odors to those of the Celestials? They were at first indulgent, merely laughing at the sacred Cuem, and vowed that 'John,' as they facetiously spoke of our sainted ancestors, wore their shirts outside their pantaloons. It is, my

dear sir, difficult at this distance of time to perceive how such perversion of taste could ever have existed. These people, your ancestors, were sprung from a small tribe known originally as Diggers, as we learn from Colonel Bee, because they were all given to digging in the hills and mountains for precious metals. Our ancestors (may Buddha keep their eternal stomachs well regulated!) soon discovered that the aborigines, the ancestors of the present Melicans of this land, were loose and careless in their business, were scornful of small sums, and were never half satisfied with any enterprise that did not promise a million dollars in a few months; but they oftener lost than won. While all classes of Melicans were thus pursuing big sums, the despised 'John' set about procuring those occupations securing moderate but permanent incomes. Indeed, he not only made cigars, which were at first derisively called 'stinkers,' and did a great many other things, but even became servants in the houses of the wealthy. He was kicked, reviled, and metaphorically spit upon, but the sequel for the hundredth time proved to the world that persecutions of that character ultimately bless their objects as nothing else can. It is the healthy food of nature.

"It did not take 'John' long to get a footing, and no sooner was this realized than the barbarians became very jealous of him, and to such an extent was this jealousy developed into opposition that an agitator arose, one General Ker Nee, who incited a great deal of bitter feeling toward our slowly thriving ancestors. Indeed, he urged his followers on to kick the shins and pull the queues of our people, and even threatened to hang, burn, and torture them. Another of this city wrote many windy things against us, by which, it is said, his name was, about the time of his death, blown away in a fierce gale and lost. He even went so far as to advise the followers of General Ker Nee to burn a ship just arriving with more of the pilgrims from China; but as all those heroes knew this was intended only as wind, answered it in the same commodity, as it was cheap and plenty, but they did nothing beyond that he advised. General Ker Nee, however, raised a more serious gale at one time, and fiercely attacked some wash-houses, burned them, and kicked the inmates into the streets. He erected an altar to his barbarous principles at a place called 'Sand Lot,' which, according to the best authority extant, was situated across the bay, in the province of Marin, whence he made frequent incursions into the city. He and most of his followers, becoming enamored of that place, settled permanently over there some time afterward,

and founded the city of San Contun (or some such villainous name), where they were buried after death. Indeed, the grave of the General is often pointed out near the crumbling walls of the old fort in which they resided, and over this grave still may be seen a monument, striped somewhat, like the poles barbers used in those days for signs, from which several learned men have concluded that he was originally a barber, but others as stoutly assert that it was in imitation of the court dress the General and his followers assumed when they went to reside at the fort. Why they should have shut themselves up there in such profound seclusion is a question about which history is not clear.

"While these things were being done, many of our people came over, despite this opposition, for they saw that the native barbarians were divided among themselves, and did nothing but talk and pass resolutions. It was very windy weather for many years; but our people were united for defense, which often is most effectual in an aggressive shape, and were assisted by a large number of more sensible Melicans who lived beyond the mountains, and who held to the theory that we had as much right here as they or any other people—that we were entitled to the benefits of a certain principle, that declared all men brothers, and God the impartial father of all. These were very sensible and good people, and though the Melicans of this coast had many conferences with those of the East, and urged upon them that our people were barbarians and heathens (just think of it!), it effected nothing. My dear sir, how singular it seems to us that in these conferences they urged against our ancestors as reasons for banishment only those things which we have for ten centuries considered our greatest virtues. They actually attacked our sacred religion, to say nothing of our customs, dishes, and the beautiful rites of our burial. They were, as I have said before, divided in council on the questions involved, and there is a tradition extant that this division was fostered by the sage Wing Ling, who demonstrated to those Eastern Melicans how they could become rich by perfecting a treaty between the United States and the Empire of China, and so pleased were they with the plan that they sent one Bullgamus to China, who accomplished the purpose for which he was sent. The Eastern men continuously afterward refused to adopt the mischievous distinctions urged by the red-handed Western barbarian, and called our people the down-trodden brotherhood. Indeed, it was a fortunate time for sowing these dissensions, as the men of the East had lately championed with success the same theories with regard to the

negro, and were in that state of logic to readily accept and charge to the score of philanthropy the impression we wished to make. Our people still came in great numbers, and, when they arrived, paid no outward attention to the persecutions of the barbarians, yet they were prepared for any trouble that might arise. They had most of their trouble in this city, and were at one time prepared to cut the water-pipes and fire the town. It was then a small place of two hundred and fifty thousand people, a large number of whom were fancy but belligerent men, called Biddies, who came from some island in the Atlantic. Indeed, they went so far with their persecutions as to pass a law in their Congress prohibiting more than fifteen Chinese from landing on these shores from any one vessel; but our friends in the East, being powerful with the President, procured his veto of the bill, thanks to the money that section was making out of the Bullgamus treaty. At this General Ker Nee and others waxed wroth. They then sent delegates to the conventions of the two political parties that divided the sparse population of that day upon some question about the meaning of a certain paper, not now very clearly understood. The first one was held at the old town of Chicago, which is not far from the city of Kankakee, the delegation to which convention was headed by a fussy Israelite—some antiquaries suppose the same man whose name was blown away a few years afterward by a gale originating in his own windy writings. But be this as it may, he tried every way to get his anti-Chinese resolution in, but was squeezed out, and at last, to keep the Pacific delegation from going over to the other side, they put a cunningly contrived resolution in, that sounded like music, but had no tune. In fact, it meant nothing, and was so intended. Just here, permit me to add that a certain Ben Ah Butler, who was of some prominence in those days, wrote of these Eastern managers that they were the shrewdest men at doing things their own way, and pretending to do them the other, of all history, not excepting the family of Ah Gorham Lee, the founder of whose house was at that convention. He further tells a beautiful and moral story of one Konkerlin, a prominent member of that convention, who achieved notoriety by the wonderful and philanthropic feat of running five miles on a summer day to keep a man from shooting a poor German music teacher, and after he had appeased the irate gentleman, refused all refreshments, but consented to be ever afterward the friend of the family. I mention these things to show what powerful friends we had in the East at that period.

"Shortly afterward the other faction had a meeting at Cincinnati, which means *slaughter-pen* in the original Melican. Their resolution on the question was music with a tune; but we will pass this all, as one of the ephemeral evidences of the spirit of the age.

"Thus you will see, my dear sir, that events had considerably progressed in 1880; in the meantime, thirty-five thousand Chinese gathered in this city, and one hundred and fifty thousand were located west of the Rocky Mountains, though Consul Bee reported many less than that number. This gentleman was a man of far-seeing ponderosities, and saw clearly that, as an election for President was rapidly approaching, to report a falling away of Chinese residents and immigrants would practically take that question out of the contest, and relieve our Eastern friends of a great trouble that was gathering threateningly about them. You doubtless know how difficult it was for the profligate census-taking Melican to fail in making a full enumeration of our people, but it really turned out, the historian Ah Lee Kong gleefully reports, that not over half of the Chinese were enumerated. It has always been affirmed that there was what was called in the slang of that day a 'job' or a 'wash' (it has not been settled which) put up by one of the parties having the management of the census, and among whom most of our friends were to be found, and that they connived at this underestimate, because it relieved their party of the burdens of substantial pro-Chinese tendencies. There were also other memorable reasons entering into this result, as was forcibly set forth on a memorable occasion by an Indian named Logan, a chief of the Illinois tribe, when he exclaimed, 'I don't owe posterity a d—d cent!' This is a proof, or, as the writers of that day beautifully said, 'The floating straw upon the current politique, directing the eager gaze of the inquiring student of social cosmoics whither the festive stream of substantive events was meandering its murky tidal wave.' Those Eastern men cared nothing for our people, albeit they often spoke of the Rights of Man, Philanthropy, Man and Brother; and one, a poet-laureate by the name of Hayes, who in his time was much loved in several portions of the South, declared, in burning language, that this land was the asylum of the oppressed of all nations. Do I weary you, my dear sir, in dwelling on that ancient epoch?"

"No, your Excellency; I am deeply interested. But permit me to ask here what became of the descendants of the great General Ker Nee?"

"Well, sir, for the sins of the ancestor (which is authorized by the religion of the Melicans)

they were all beheaded, in imitation of the bloody direction given by the General to cut off the sacred queues of our ancestors. The race became extinct. Years rolled by, and our people kept coming until they filled up this coast and passed beyond the mountains, then barren wilds, and poured into the cotton and rice-fields of the South. Then followed a long struggle with the negroes of that section, and, though the blacks wished to fight, and, as they brutally declared, 'feed our people to de cat-fish,' still our friends at the East sustained our people until the question was finally settled, one hundred years ago, and they still have possession of that country. From the first the aborigines showed a want of knowledge of our people that surprised us no little, but they failed entirely to see what was going on before their faces. Such was the almost incredulous egotism of those people, who popularly believed that one Melican was a match for ten 'heathens' in any affair of personal daring. That they believed this is a matter for wonder, but such was the state of affairs, of which our people alone profited. They knew that China had a heavy population, but they mistook the situation by false estimates. True, some of their agitators, as early as 1879, pointed to the advantages we were obtaining over them in all the industries of the Pacific Coast, and, in a non-appreciative way, all the Melicans on this coast were unanimous in our denunciation, but they of the Eastern States did not feel, see, or, consequently, appreciate how unequally matched were their ill-fated brethren here. It was popular and customary to call 'John' a 'heathen,' and declare that a rat-eater was a fool; that one of their warriors was equal to ten of 'John;' but a curious fact is noted in the records of events found among the papers of Wong Fu Key, who lived here in 1881, from which we gather that the 'hoodlum' was nearly always whipped in the numerous physical contests of the day. This word 'hoodlum' is yet well known to our people, for you see he is here yet, in small numbers, 'tis true, but yet still extant. That was, I believe, the proper name of the larger part of the Melicans residing on this coast, as we who live see but few to whom the description of the great Wong Fu Key is not applicable. They knew that the Celestial Empire contained four hundred millions, but this odds they thought was offset by considerations of intelligence; nine thousand miles of ocean separating the two countries, with the then known and inferior appliances of navigation, in the glamor of their egotism formed the basis of a hearty contempt for the agitators. These latter in turn pointed to the fact that for thou-



sands of years the Chinaman had been confined to his native land, and always regarded it as his home in life and after death. He had no navy in 1879, and but limited knowledge of the appliances of navigation and war, because those many centuries had been spent in ingraining into the national and individual character, by practice and descent, the true principles of economy, until he had the margin of life and death down to a few cents per day. This was true, and more. By this method was permitted the natural and utmost aggregation of population, made economy of utmost rigidity nature, taught patience and fanaticism, and prepared them to become the most apt and efficient imitators in the world. The exclusiveness maintained by the empire deprived the world of a knowledge of the vast wealth of China. About this time she began to borrow from other nations, and adopt, at small cost, as compared to the experiments they had been compelled to make in evolving them, those things soon to place her in the front as a maritime and military power. She had but followed on a grand scale the wisdom of the miller who dams up his water till he has enough to whirl his machinery successfully. She adopted the latest improvements in ships, and had arms the most effective on the globe, with armories and factories superintended by her own experienced workmen. She began to build vessels of commerce and war, and by 1895 was as well prepared for the competition on the water as any nation on the globe. It was during the fifteen years closing at that date that our Celestial Empire began to see, and our people to appreciate, that all this fuss and feathers against them was nothing more, and that the best field for substantial conquest and enlargement of the empire lay in this direction. The steps became apparent at once, that the Chinaman should become a citizen of the United States, so as to give him weight and influence. This was accomplished in 1890, and at the succeeding election in California the pro-Chinese ticket had seventy-four thousand majority. That frightened the opposition party, and it disbanded for want of leaders, no one being willing to arouse the certain political opposition of one hundred and fifty thousand voters, bound together by a common persecution and hope. So that party died, making its last fight in 1890, and so rapidly and to such an extent did this influence prevail that a Chinaman was elected a member of the Legislature in 1892, while in 1896 the same man, Wong Kiong Hop, became Mayor of San Francisco, that post of distinction being accorded by the affiliating party to secure the coalition. During all this time they were going

into the South in great numbers, and becoming wealthy even more rapidly than on this coast. In that section their political advancement was clogged, and attended with much disturbance, to which 'John' only showed greater numbers and solid ranks. This produced a complete unification of the whites and blacks, for the first time in the history of that section. By the year 1900, they were strong enough to arouse an active opposition in New Orleans and other Southern cities, not entirely unlike that which had been experienced here. By 1925 they held much of the commerce and agriculture of the South, and had begun to establish manufactories for working up the native cotton into fabrics. It was this year that Wong Kiong Hop was elected to Congress from this State, having a short time before married a wealthy Melican woman. The imperial statistics now kept here show over one hundred Chinese as members of Legislatures, Mayors, Sheriffs, and in other important offices on the Pacific Coast, while an equal number held offices of similar importance in the South. During the following ten years nothing occurred to break the monotonous, but ever-increasing, growth of our power. In 1940 Wong Kiong Hop forced a rupture with the white political allies, and proclaimed himself candidate for Governor of California. This raised another bitter contest, but after the most active campaign he was elected over the combined white opposition, and all the offices of the State, with an insignificant exception, passed into Chinese hands. As the East cared but little for this section, they were not disturbed at this result, nor did the encroachments in the South cause them any uneasiness, beyond that of the growing manufacture of cotton fabrics, which they thought scarcely promised success. They cared nothing about the white or black Melicans of the South, as they could never agree. When one said yes, the other said no, and an affirmation on a proposition from one made the proposition all wrong for the other, for apparently no other reason than, as is usual, that the country was going to the bad under the other; while, from a standpoint of their joint interest, the country was going to worse than the bad under their silly sectionalism. And so the tide of events rolled on, the number of Chinese immigrants increasing each year, and no political party dared declare against it, on pain of Chinese opposition at the polls. The majority of these either stopped here or went into the South, as the policy was not to disturb the North by an inundation till the time came. I now pass over the next seventy-five years, in which this struggle went on, and come to the year 2000.

That you may fully understand the situation, I will beg your attention to a few statistics."

Then he arose, rapidly stepped to a bookcase, took down a volume, and returned to his seat, which he drew to a center-table.

"You must know, sir, that, by this time, China had more merchantmen than all the navies of the world, peaceful and warlike combined, and a war navy double that of England, and ten times that of the United States. The white population of the United States was 49,430,000 in 1880. Here, sir, glance over these figures with me. In 1900, she had 80,437,249 whites. This rose in 1950 to 103,727,198, and by the year of which we are now speaking—2000—had fallen off to 91,200,473. Of blacks, in 1880, they had 4,327,341, which had gone down to 1,843,734 in 1900, and in 2000 to 320,453.

"As against this, we had, by the census secretly taken by the authority of the Imperial Government, in 1880, of Chinese in the United States, 203,730. It was in this year that we had demonstrated the foolishness of the opposition to us, and that the whites were practically tied, as to this question, by their own internal dissensions, and that leaders made promises and broke them, till, at length, the people had not faith enough to ask promises. Our people came, after that, in greater numbers. In 1890, they numbered 1,147,327; in 1930 we had on this coast alone that many, while in the whole country—let me see; yes, I have made the compilation on this fly-leaf—4,372,985. I take this year, 1930, because from then the influx became greater, swelling to the aggregate—not to weary you too much with detail—to 43,004,510 in 1965. That for 1980 showed an aggregate of 74,837,450. This was the era of greatest influx. In 2000, we had 90,374,001. A civil war need be mentioned only to say, that, during the time, the Chinese took firmer hold upon the country, and did little of the fighting. True, many of them were conscripted for military service, but their policy was not to fight, and they adhered substantially to it. In fact, they had a great advantage, as they were homogeneous, and threatened to join the other side if the conscription was forced, and this prevented its enforcement.

"Such indications will give you a true picture of the increase of population up to the year 2000. Now permit me to refer you to the statistics of 2070. There were: Whites, 71,052,903; blacks, 82,305; Chinese, 163,949,821; thus showing a majority of Chinese over all of 92,834,613. By reasonable calculation this number has now swelled to 100,000,000. The statistics of China show for that year a total of 405,987,489.

"During the earlier years social changes between the two races began to appear. Years of patient labor, with shrewd investments, had made some of our people very wealthy, and many built large and palatial residences in the most fashionable part of the city, furnished them after the most luxuriant American and European taste, and surrounded them with grounds that were models of art and beauty. Before this change our Consul at this place had been, a few times, invited to the houses of wealthy citizens to receptions, but it was always regarded as more official than social, and was confined to those in the diplomatic and consular service. This was first regarded as rather a favorable commencement, but after a few such events, when they saw that our representatives were men of fine, social culture, and, in every sense, socially the equals of those whom they met, this ceremony came to be considered the proper thing. It was an honor to have for an evening a representative of the Celestial Empire—the possessor of a pedigree that dated back two thousand years, a blue-blood among the blue-bloods. Indeed, we do not wonder at this when we remember that the American, while pretending pure democracy, in fact were socially aristocrats. By 'aristocrats' I may not exactly convey my idea, or faithfully portray the times to you. They affected the titled, and were quite snobby over any titled foreigner, or even over any of their countrymen who had attained eminence in public affairs. Particularly were they sweet (in the language of that day, which I culled from a wonderful work of the period, entitled, 'Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye') on members of the English nobility, even worse than they are now; and to such an extent was this carried, that untitled strangers, feigning to be baronets, or even less dignitaries, in England, were admitted to the bosom of society, and lionized to a great extent, even without a demand for credentials. I once came across a curious story of such an event that served well to illustrate the peculiar receptive condition of society among those Melicans. A young lion, supposed to be an English noble, was found to be a plebeian, and was at once excluded from society; and yet this society would say that it received or expelled only on personal merit or demerit. You readily see if he were received on the claims of his personal merit his assumed title had nothing to do with it, so he was guilty of receiving nothing by false pretenses, and was certainly quite as good on matters outside of title as he was before. But they dismissed him, and shortly afterward fell into the same kind of snares. Any one who had official position saw the unmistakable tenden-

cies of a growing social rank that seemed to attach to the office rather than to the person, while wealth, generally, was the 'Open, sesame,' to the patrician reception rooms. It became part of the social code, that with wealth the rule of presumptions attaching partly to persons was changed, and the person was not admitted because of positive personal qualities, but in the absence of insurmountable objections. As it was a matter of caste, it became quite easy to adjust the application of the rules of acceptance, so as to admit any desirable candidate with titles or wealth. This step from the acceptance of officials to that of the wealthy was easily taken, so potent had become the shekels of the wealthy in the social and matrimonial world. We have most abundant proof of this in the records of those times, kept by a prominent Chinese of this city, which makes mention of many notable invitations, and not a few communications of a tender character. As wealth had become, outside of official dignities, the only condition upon which the candidate for social honor received the highest preferment, young ladies who wished to hold their social guerdon, and who had admonitions of approaching bankruptcy, or who knew that they must bring money in the matrimonial market, or sink away from their former states, had strong temptation to fall into this trap set by commercial caprice. I have a curious relic of that age in the shape of a letter, which has been an heir-loom in my family for one hundred and eighty years. A brother of one of my ancestors, who was a dashing young fellow, with two millions of dollars, and well educated in the systems of both countries, was looking over his bank-book one day, when a letter was handed him."

Here the historian unlocked an *escritoire*, and took from an inner repository a faded envelope of tiny size and most exquisite shape, upon which was traced, in a delicate waving hand, bespeaking the gracefulness of the author, the name, "Mr. Ah Lee Tzching, 1591 Dupont Street, City."

Taking the note from the aged envelope, and opening it, the following, in faded lines, but still beautiful, was read:

"CALIFORNIA STREET, City.

"DEAR MR. LEE TZCHING:—You will, I know, pardon the boldness of this step, which would be unpardonable but for the motive that prompts it. My embarrassment will scarcely permit me to say what my heart is forcing from my lips; yet I must speak or die. I have met you, as you know, only twice, both times at Mrs. T—'s receptions at the Mission. Then the first time my heart went out to you, and ever since has known no man, no king, but you, in whom the happiness of my future is centered. Yes. I love you madly!

Is this pleasant? Do you not find an echo in your own manly, noble heart for the maiden who loves you so tenderly? If you love me meet me on the incoming Oakland boat at 5 P. M., sharp, to-morrow. I will be alone. Devotedly, your own

"NINA —."

The odors of roses that went with this little messenger, in that day of the long dead century, had ages ago taken wing, and gone to tell the listless airs the story of the maiden's devotion. The hand that penned it has been sleeping for a century and a half at San Mateo, from where, perchance, in each gloaming its spirit comes to listen to the moaning waves, and gaze across the tempestuous expanse of mysterious ocean toward the land that gave birth to the object of her love, where he, too, sleeps after the "fitful fever." Whether "Nina" was on the evening boat the next day, her little heart alternately trembling or standing still, as hopes and fears played shuttlecock with it, will never be known, as the naughty recipient of the missive was at that hour discussing boiled pig and rice, with fricasseed rat, and oblivious of the bright vision that so lately flitted across his life into the great world of the uncared for—like the low-voiced warbler that flits past us, to be lost in the darkness of the perfumed summer night of the south, with only one soft note of love and melody.

"I hear you ask," resumed the Professor, "whether the old system prevalent while our invasion was young, of leaving females behind, continued long. In answer, I have to give you a singular fact of natural history. For the most part during the eighteenth century few women came to America, but after that period a marked change took place. It was then safe to count upon a peaceful intercourse of the races, the prevalence of mere sentiment alone standing in the way, and as soon as the apprehension of massacres was dispelled it was far from difficult to get the ladies of China to come over. Indeed, considering the close margin of life then, and that for the last fifteen hundred years a falling off of laborer's wages five cents per day, although temporary, produced the worst possible effects of famine and pestilence, and that in America the Chinese laborer, who could not expect in his native land to make more than a bare subsistence, and was fortunate in doing this during his lifetime, could amass enough in a few years to be a well to do citizen in China, it is easily understood how women became anxious to come out in search of husbands. As soon, then, as the Emperor would permit, and peace here invited, they came over in vast numbers. As to the social status of those who came first, I am not prepared to speak, but it is

reasonable to suppose that they were of the lowest walks of life, and were oftener immoral than otherwise. They were brought over by companies formed for the purpose, who paid the expenses of the passage, and furnished work till they could dispose of them as wives to some of their prosperous countrymen. They were subject to inspection and selection, 'tis true, much as is the horse in the market, the merchant charging the husband for transportation and other expenses, and a fee as profit. The Chinese who had been here for a few years gladly accepted the opportunities, and a brisk business was for many years carried on by those companies, under imperial charter. As in China, polygamy was practiced, the husband taking upon himself the evasion of the unjust and harsh Melican law against it. Thus the pure Mongolian race was rapidly propagated, and, with the rich and plentiful food of this new country, the birth-rate was largely increased among the Anglo-Chinese residents.

"While this was progressing it must not be supposed that our thrifty people did not to some extent amalgamate with the Melicans. At first the barriers of race were almost insurmountable, but thrift and prosperity, by attrition, gradually bore these down, so far as the lowest and the highest classes were concerned, and the amalgamation of blood began. It was fortunate that our people first reached and obtained a footing on the Pacific Coast, where race questions had never been prominent, and where nationalities of the white race were greatly mixed, and sharing all vicissitudes of fortune alike. Anywhere else in the United States more opposition would have been developed, but in the cosmopolitan population of this new West but little attention was paid to the first evidences of this tendency until they became sufficiently numerous and frequent to defy interference. One by one, through the two centuries that followed, these barriers were swept away, until, toward the close of the twentieth century, there was, in fact, none in public practice left, whatever may have existed as an abstract sentiment. Coupled with the natural laws that prevailed sentiment among the Melicans of making money the standard of matrimonial acceptableness, and, as our people were frugal and industrious, they became wealthy, and could command wives from the native race with but little hinderance. As both races became very numerous, fortunes were less easily made, and this consideration pressed upon the natives with redoubled force, and became no inconsiderable influence in shaping this result. Now we come to a question of greater interest, from a scientific standpoint:

What were the characteristics of the issue of this cross of races? As the supply of Chinese women was below the demand, they were always taken as wives by men of their own race, and the encroachments upon the whites were mostly for wives for Chinamen. Of course, in households thus composed of Chinese husbands and Melican wives, the husband ruled (and this could be done legally under Melican laws), and gave to it a predominant Chinese character. Meals were cooked and served, and all the social regulations were preserved, strictly upon the Chinese plan, both because of this law of man and nature, as well as its inherent superiority over the system of the wife's ancestry. There was given great preponderance to our ideas and civilization over the other during the formation period of the children's lives, and made them, in taste and sentiment, Chinese, even from their earliest infancy. Coupled with this was the advantage of engrafting upon a stock physically superior to ours, and hence it resulted that many of our most prominent men were of the light olive tints that resulted from the white mother's modification of the more pronounced type of the father. These children, being by culture more allied to our people, adopted our customs, and adorned our social circles, and made for us an additional link, still further obliterating the race barriers, and drawing the whites more toward us. Do not suppose for a moment that we were reciprocally affected in our distinctive nationalisms, for these we have ever, through all the centuries, kept unimpaired and unbroken. For this reason, also, the daughters, being, generally speaking, superior in physical beauty to the pure-blooded Mongolian lady, were much sought after, and popular as wives for the prominent and wealthy Chinese, and in but very few instances became wives for white men. On the other hand, white ladies had less opposition to the sons of this cross of races than to the pure-blooded Mongolian, both because of the white blood showing in the lighter tints, and also in obedience to that sentiment of race that made them half-brothers of their own great family. Without wearying you, my dear sir, you will from this readily see the drift of affairs, and understand how the increase of Mongolian population was so pronounced. All these people, having Mongolian blood in them, shared with us a common aspiration and a general sentiment of unity, growing in part out of the reasons and similitudes of condition. There are to-day among the Chinese in America quite four millions with an ancestry reaching back into both of these two great families of earth. This, however, is a clear Mongolian gain.



"There is now pending a Presidential election, and, for the first time, we have a Chinaman candidate—Honorable Hop Lee, the St. Louis billionaire. We are sure to elect him, and this the whites know. During the last forty years we have sent into New England and the North over thirty millions of our people. New England has lost her manufacturing trade, and they are so incensed at the shape of affairs that a war is imminent. The thing that annoys them most is a plank in the Mongolian platform, which I will read you:

"'403.—Recognizing their unfitnes to exercise public power, from the abundant follies of which they have been guilty during the past two hundred years, we hereby declare the Melican unable to protect himself, unfit to exercise safely the elective franchise, and pledge the Mongolian party to the speedy disfranchisement of them, and the adoption of such other restrictive measures as may be necessary to properly secure to our people perpetual and permanent supremacy in this country in public and private affairs.'

"This, my dear sir, brings up the question squarely, and the issue is not doubtful. With a majority of Governors of our race, with the Senate, House of Representatives, and Supreme Court, and a majority of several millions on popular ballot, I can't see how we are to fail. In fact, they recognize this, and are preparing for war, still under the delusion that the hundred millions of odds in our favor cannot outweigh their valor. All this is anticipated, and we are prepared. Indeed, we have designed this event for twenty years, which is resulting as we wished and expected. Let me show you." And, taking me by the arm, he led me to a window, and, pointing toward a heavy, dark-hued house, rising over the others like a lofty mound on a plain, near where the Palace Hotel once stood, resumed: "You observe that heavy building? Well, in there are ten million rifles, of latest pattern, with a corresponding quantity of ammunition. This is alone for the Pacific Coast, but I don't see what we will do with them here. The hoodlum is a factor of the past, and the few still left will know better than to raise an arm. There are plenty of munitions of war in the East and South, and when the affair is precipitated they will see who make good soldiers. They have not, and cannot get, as many rifles in the whole Union as we have yonder. And then the Emperor of China will aid us. What can he do? This: We have this port, and he has already five millions of soldiers, with adequate transportation to put them across the ocean and into this port in three months from the time he hears of the beginning of hostilities."

Here he concluded, and I left him, with many protestations of thanks for his kindness. The following I write from personal observation during the period from this conversation to the hour in which I write:

The issue was squarely made, and war inaugurated without awaiting the election, which was completely overshadowed by the pending arbitrament of arms. The Americans had at last opened their eyes—who would not after reading that most explicit declaration in Section 403 of the Mongolian platform?—and over two millions of armed men were being rapidly mobilized in the great valley of the Mississippi. From every direction thousands of soldiers were being hurried toward the central position in southern Illinois. In the extreme South and on the Pacific Coast the Chinese forces completely overshadowed the whole country, and it was out of the question for substantial reinforcements to reach the Grand Army of Deliverance from either section. Still, in those remote and overshadowed portions no such excesses were committed by the Chinese as were expected—in fact, a profound sense of surprise existed at their moderation. Nearly three million Chinese were gathered in southern Illinois, under General Hop Wing. They were armed up to the highest achievements of art in fire-arms, for the most part with repeating rifles, fatal at the distance of two miles. As the Americans seemed to realize that the Mongolian ticket was irresistible, the pending election seemed to be forgotten in the more absorbing question of war. The appeal to arms was so manifestly the last chance that all eyes were turned to it, and about its issue all hopes clustered, the methods of peace being desperately abandoned for those of war.

The policy of General Phil. Schwartz, Commander of the American army, was to force the decisive conflict at an early day, while that of the Mongolian Commander was to temporize and delay till the column of two millions, hurrying from the Pacific coast, could reach the front. It was also made the wiser policy from the fact that five millions of imperial soldiers were *en route* from China to San Francisco, and expected to arrive within a month or six weeks. This immense force was being carried upon twenty-five hundred transports, convoyed by fifteen hundred monitors and improved gun-boats, intending to protect the flotilla until its arrival in the Bay of San Francisco, and then pass rapidly around the Horn to blockade the Atlantic ports, to prevent assistance from their brethren of Europe reaching the Americans. It would take some time for this blockade to be effected, but it was calculated that this naval

force could reach the Atlantic coast as soon as the land force from the transports could cross the mountains, with all their munitions of war, and join General Hop Wing at the front. Under the system of the art of war extant two hundred years ago, it would have been a grave question how this vast moving horde of five million soldiers could be provisioned during so long a march. They were, 'tis true, to march through a populous and wealthy country, but, from the nature of the passes, they marched along the same general route, and, under the old system, no country, however wealthy, could have supported them. This is true, even considering that they were Chinese, accustomed to live lightly, and perhaps the most frugally of earth, and that they could subsist upon much less even than the Mongolian soldier of America. I soon, however, saw that these reasons, however correct under the old system, had no application in this instance.

An American scientist some years before had analyzed food, and discovered the essential vital and life-sustaining element, and had succeeded in reducing the size and weight of a six months' ration to ten pounds, easily strung to the belt like the old cartridge-box. This the Chinese had adopted at once, as it was but a missing link for centuries in their system of economy, and the manufacture of food in this condensed form had become quite an industry. The Americans, as a rule, and a few of the wealthy Mongolians, for the mere gratification of the taste, now rapidly becoming disreputable, still loaded their tables with the dishes of old times. This was only, however, as a luxury, not a necessity. The discovery of condensing food seemed to have been the proper result of natural demands, and, when the masses adopted it, lulled to acquiescence by the anti-epicurean philosophers, in obedience to one of those great laws invariably controlling and adjusting supply and demand, a great dinner, such as any gentleman might every day give two hundred years ago, became a capital luxury that but few, even of the wealthy class, could continually indulge. This condensed food never administered to the taste, as a quantity as large as three compound cathartic pills of 1880 supplied the physical nourishment for an ordinary man for a day—even a soldier or laborer. This, then, explains the ease with which the maintenance and mobilization of such vast forces became comparatively easy. Every soldier of the Chinese Army of Invasion was provided with a kind of box, in size and shape, as well as mode of transportation, not entirely unlike the cartridge-box of 1880, in which were three thousand rations, for one man, of condensed food, which was enough

to provision the army for a thousand days, or a little short of three years. Cooking utensils were entirely unnecessary, thus lightening baggage, which, with the absence of the provision commissariat, greatly lessened the impediments, and made movement easy and rapid. By a military bulletin, issued by the commanding General, Prince Ah Kio, son of the Emperor, I learned that this supply was calculated to last during the war. The water supply was still a great trouble, as formerly; so in this bulletin it was estimated that one million of this host would perish in crossing the arid plains lying between the Sierra and the Mississippi, as it was for the most part sufficient only for the sustenance of the inhabitants. It was still early fall when the vanguard of the first division of this grand army reached the Mississippi, and the almost innumerable host began defiling through the network of bridges prepared for their passage. Between them and the American forces, actively manœuvring to force engagements in detail, lay the native Mongolian grand army, two million five hundred thousand strong, while from the department of Kentucky and Tennessee nearly two millions were hurrying toward them to form a junction. The cities of Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Memphis, and St. Louis were held by strong bodies of Mongolian troops, while from the latter place the Asiatic candidate for President, assumed the title of Chinese Viceroy, held his court, and issued orders in the name of the Emperor. Affairs were hastening rapidly to a final decision.

All efforts of the American commander, General Schwartz, to bring on an early engagement were fruitless. Almost every day battles were fought that, for numbers engaged and destroyed, were beyond parallel in modern warfare; still nothing decisive resulted. While forces enough to hold the ground were left in front of the Americans, flank movements, by heavy Mongolian forces, forced the Americans back, thus preventing the cherished wish of Schwartz.

Toward the latter part of the fall of 2081 the grand army of invasion completed a junction with the concentrated native Mongolian forces, and lay encamped in several counties in lower Illinois. This had been effected, and the ground held against the Americans, at a loss of half a million Americo-Mongolians, and to the Americans of little over half that number. General Schwartz seemed now in a dilemma, not certain whether to hazard a general engagement, or retire, and again try to beat them in detail. His army, now concentrated to the utmost, consisted, by report of the War Department of October 29, 2081, of 4,374,320 infantry, 97,342

cavalry, and of 18,240 field pieces. General Hop Wing had under his command, within the limits of ninety miles, 13,200,450 infantry, 173,000 cavalry, and 37,004 field pieces. On the 3d of November, while General Schwartz was still deliberating upon his plans, General Hop Wing advanced in thirteen columns to the attack, and moved rapidly on, so that on the 5th the advanced guard of the army encountered the American outposts, bringing on an indecisive engagement that lasted till nightfall. It was now too late to expect anything but a decisive engagement in force, so the night was spent by both parties in bringing up forces and arranging detail. Early next morning the conflict was taken up where left off the previous evening, the Chinese attacking with great fury, and sustaining heavy losses, while column after column was thrown in by both armies on the wings of those already engaged. All that day the battle raged with fury. The night of the 6th of November was spent, as the preceding one, in preparation for the grand attack of next day. The sun had scarcely risen on the 7th, when 8,000,000 Chinese were hurled, with fixed bayonets, upon their adversaries, to be met with a fire more destructive than the day before. This line of on-rushing heathens extended from the Wabash River across the rolling hills and valleys for nearly eleven miles, and were met by the intrenched Americans along the entire front. All day the conflict raged, while the smoke rose like a vast cloud-column wavering in the thunder-riven air, and cast a shadow of dim sulphurous twilight over the field, through which lurid volley-flashes, swift-dashing squadrons, and reeling, shattered columns could be dimly seen. The Americans were everywhere able to repulse the charge with greater loss than they sustained, and were congratulating themselves with assurances of victory, when the roll of platoons to the right rear aroused them. A column of 2,340,000 Mongolians had swept rapidly around their flank and was swinging to the American rear, where they encountered the division of General Smith, who was moving up to support the extreme right wing. This movement was, of course, checked, and a desperate fight then began on that part of the field.

The division of General Smith now reached from the Wabash River on his right to the right of the main line, reaching from a point on the river four miles below, and extending westward at an angle of about forty degrees—the Chinese closing in on them from two sides of the triangle, the third being formed by the deep and swollen Wabash. Under the repeated charges of Ah Ping, commander of the flank-

ing column, and harassed by the Chinese cavalry, General Smith fell slowly back, resting his left on the right of the original American line of rifle breastworks, while his center and right were slowly borne back, forming a V, with the angle continually growing smaller. By nightfall, the two American lines were within two hundred yards of each other, back to back. General Schwartz had looked in vain for some hours for an opportunity to retreat, and had made several concentrated charges to that end; but no opportunity was presented, or, if presented, was such as to appall contemplation in view of the fearful sacrifice now certain. The die of destiny was now cast; the flanking column, with an irresistible rush, pressed General Smith back on General Schwartz's line, and the Americans were surrounded. Though the Mongolian hosts passed through the American lines and into each other, they seemingly took no notice of it. Night had fallen, but the battle went on. Charge after charge rolled up against the thinned Americans, only to grapple a while, and retire shattered and bleeding. Toward midnight a heavy snow-storm set in, the fleecy particles filling the air with whirling sheets of ice. Through all the long night the din of battle fell upon the ear, and when day dawned, struggling through the storm, the partial lull of an hour gave way to the wildest fury. With the first gray of dawn, the long, yellow-uniformed hosts moved with yells and fixed bayonets, when the white flag arose over General Schwartz's line. The only response it met was a roar, like the bellowing of a storm-lashed ocean pouring its high waves among rocks, and the attacking column fixed bayonets and moved forward. One, two quick volleys from the now desperate Americans strewed the ground with them, and with wild cries, smoke, snow, and unutterable confusion and fury, the three lines closed.

The sun was high in the heavens when the conflict ended. The American army had passed from earth, while about their couch of death lay five millions of dead and wounded Mongolians. But few of the Americans were taken prisoners, and they were afterward placed in slavery by especial imperial command.

Thus was fought the great battle of the Wabash. The grand American army was exterminated. Then the smaller bodies of soldiers all over the country disbanded, or were furiously attacked and dispersed to meet no more, while a reign of horror, unknown even under the rage of Huns, Vandals, and Goths, spread all over the land. The mild policy advocated and practiced before by the Chinese had subserved its end; now dawned a different day under the changed rule. From the Gulf of

Mexico to the St. Croix, from Boston to San Francisco, the flames of unbridled passions rioted upon defenseless people; each midnight sky photographed in its angry reflections the conflagrations of a thousand cities. The blow was decisive; the Republic fell on the Wabash, broken into a million fragments; her people passed into Asiatic slavery. The fruit-time of

folly had come. By vice-regal order, rapine, murder, arson, and all the devils of human passion were to be unrestrained for a hundred days. Revolting at this sickening corollary of a people's folly, I turned away, murmuring to myself, When will the world learn that milksop philanthropy is not statesmanship?

LORELLE.

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

### NOTES ON THE FORMATION OF COAL.

It is well known that the coal-beds had their origin during the vast vegetable growths of the carboniferous age. The carbon and bitumen of that rank vegetation, which escaped ordinary decay, were undoubtedly solidified into coal, but by what particular process this was brought about is a matter in regard to which scientists differ. The coal of recent formation is not regarded as a true coal. It is rather of the nature of fossilized vegetation. There is no sign of vegetation in pure coal, while the lignites present unmistakable indications of vegetable fiber. The inference is that the component parts of true coal have been expelled from vegetable and animal matter by heat and pressure, in the form of oil, and afterward solidified into coal. A German scientist, Moses Zweizig, has recently published some interesting notes in this connection, from which we condense as follows: The enormous oil deposits of the carboniferous age resulted not only from resinous vegetation, but also from the countless myriads of marine animals which accumulated in connection with vegetable matter, in localities and under conditions favorable to such results. When these oil deposits were subjected to the proper conditions of heat, evaporation, and pressure, the coal-beds were formed, more or less bituminous, according to the degree of heat and other conditions to which they were exposed. In some cases these oil deposits were so sealed between rocky strata that no solidification could take place, and the oil has remained to this day. From these reservoirs we are now deriving the coal oil of commerce. The best anthracite coal contains about ninety per cent. of carbon; the oily cannel coal was evidently formed with very little heat; the ordinary bituminous with more; while the hard anthracite has been subjected to such a degree of heat as to render it nearly a pure carbon, like the residuum from the ordinary distillation of crude petroleum. Oil, being lighter than water, it readily accumulates on the surface of lakes, and, on long exposure, it forms a sheet of bitumen, or pitch, which in winter is hard, so that a man can walk on it with safety. There is such a lake on the island of Trinidad, and similar lakes are known to exist in other volcanic regions. Hence, during the periods of vegetable and animal oils, and of extraordinary volcanic activity, producing, no doubt, an abundance of oil directly from mineral sources, it is reasonable to suppose that immense bodies of water were thus covered to a great depth with plastic coal. The time of such formation necessarily corresponded with a period of volcanic inactivity. While forming, the sheet may have been occasionally sprin-

kled with a slight shower of ashes, causing an impurity in the coal; and a rent in the sheet, caused by contraction; may account for the fact that the miner sometimes suddenly loses the vein, and must grope for it through the rock. When volcanic action revived, the greatest imaginable changes must have taken place to account for the strata of rock overlying the seam. Between some of the seams the stratum is over two hundred feet thick. Showers of ashes or streams of lava may have sunk the sheet to the bottom, when, during the next period of inactivity, another seam may have been formed, to be submerged in like manner, but perhaps with a stratum of only a few feet in thickness.

### SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

Notwithstanding the good work which the spectro-scope has done in some directions, and although its delicacy and accuracy seems to be well established in qualitative analysis generally, but little success has thus far been attained in its application to quantitative analysis. The principles which form the basis of these two processes are quite dissimilar. Qualitative analysis by the spectro-scope is accomplished in the following manner: When an element is subjected to the heat of the electric spark, it is volatilized, and emits rays of certain colors, or, more correctly speaking, of certain wave-lengths. These wave-lengths are always the same in color and position on the spectrum for the same element. No two elements show the same wave-length, or color and position. When a compound body is thus subjected, each element shows its own proper lines, so that we can determine, at sight, the name of the elements of which that compound body is made up; but we cannot, by this method, determine the *relative proportions* of the different elements in the compound body. To reach that end, which is quantitative analysis, a different method is required. The principle which forms the basis of the method as usually employed was first noticed by Mr. Lockyer, and may be stated as follows: When a powerful induction coil is used for obtaining the spectrum of any mineral body, if the distance between the electrodes is gradually increased, certain of the lines of the spectrum break in the middle; and on still further increasing the distance between the electrodes, the lengths of the broken spaces in the spectrum lines are proportionally increased, until the lines themselves finally disappear. The most elaborate experiments in this direction, and after this method, have been conducted by Mr. W. C. Roberts, of the London



Mint, and by Mr. A. E. Outerbridge, of the Philadelphia Mint. Their experiments were undertaken with the special view of employing spectrum analysis for assaying the precious metals; but the results, as reported by each of these gentlemen, are quite unsatisfactory, and the method, founded on Lockyer's discovery, is pronounced "defective in the extreme." Mr. Outerbridge found that while the spectroscopy was very sensitive to pure metals, a comparatively large quantity of gold might be present in an alloy, and the spectroscopy fail to indicate even its presence. This same want of sensitiveness holds good of other metallic alloys. On this finding, Mr. Outerbridge pronounces the spectroscopy impractical for assaying purposes. Messrs. John Parry and Alexander E. Tucker read a joint paper before the English Iron and Steel Institute, in May last, on the application of the spectroscopy to the analysis of iron and steel, in which they came to conclusions very similar to the above in relation to the precious metals. They say: "Theoretically, a well focused spectrum of steel should be an unerring index to its composition; this is partly true in practice, but it is not, in our experience, absolutely so." They further report, that spectra of pure iron, chrome steel, Seimen's steel, and pig iron, etc., have, in some of their experiments, failed to show the presence of bodies which further research has proved to exist. Several reasons are given by Messrs. Parry and Tucker why this should be the case in their experiments with iron compounds. First, the number of lines due to iron is so great—from 100 to 130—that they overlap, in the lines due to other bodies, in the small spectra of only two inches, which was the largest they could obtain with the apparatus they used. Second, the intensity of light due to the mere traces of bodies may not be sufficient to record lines on the photographic plate, which was used instead of a screen. Third, because of the variation in the volatility of the elements, and, therefore, the necessity, but impossibility, of any variation of the intensity of the spark to conform to the requirements of the different elements of any given compound. From the above it will appear, that there is need of enlarging our chemical knowledge in regard to spectrum analysis before it can be made fairly practical in the way of analysis, or absolutely reliable for even determining the bare presence of all the different elements in any given compound.

#### NEW USES OF THE TELEPHONE.

According to a statement in a leading technical journal, it appears that there is good reason for believing that the telephone may soon supersede cupellation in the assay office, at least to some extent. Professor Roberts, the chemist of the London Mint, has recently discovered that equal and similar volumes of various metals and alloys have each a different and constant effect upon an electric current flowing around a coil. If two coils are connected by a wire, and a piece of silver alloy of known weight and fineness is placed in one of them, a disturbance of the current is produced, which may be correctly indicated by an attached telephone. Now, if another piece of silver alloy of equal weight and fineness be placed in the other coil, the equilibrium of the two coils is restored, and the telephone is silent. But if the second piece of silver varies

either in weight or fineness from the first the telephone instantly detects the fact. Hence, it is easy to comprehend how, by the use of standard alloys, the telephone may be employed as a reliable and ready substitute for the slow and tedious process of assaying. It is proposed to give the first practical test of the value of this discovery by employing it in determining the fineness of silverware, which has hitherto been done only by scraping, or boring, oftentimes manifestly to the permanent injury of the ware subjected to that process. Its use in readily determining counterfeit coins will at once suggest itself. But little is probably known as yet in regard to the adaptability of the telephone. Its employment in thermometric experiments, and its use in almost indefinitely extending the sense of hearing, are but the beginning of its possibilities. It will, doubtless, eventually prove capable of being utilized in many other and now most unlikely ways.

#### THE MECHANICS' FAIR EXHIBITION.

The modern "Industrial Fair" is now regarded as one of the greatest moral forces that ever impelled humanity in its rightful career of progress. In no other way than by this grand mode of object-teaching could such new and extensive fields of practical action have been opened up as have been improved during the past half century. A community of interest and thought has grown out of these industrial exhibitions, which has pervaded the whole civilized world with a new and healthy impulse in the direction of the beneficent arts of peace, in disseminating more widely the knowledge and spirit of trade, and in giving capital a more secure basis of investment, and labor a more constant field for employment. In short, the legitimate mission of these exhibitions—whether county, State, or national—is the unity of mankind into one great industrial brotherhood. The series of exhibitions, culminating with the one which has just closed in this city, has not been without their due influence for good. In passing through the pavilion, as we have often done during the past month, our attention has been arrested by quite a number of new and valuable inventions and improvements in almost every department. We regret that space will not admit of a full description of each; but as it is, we can only make the following brief reference: In the way of machinery we have, first, several additions to our mining appliances—Huntington's oscillating stamp-mill, Bruckman's combined crusher and pulverizer, Waughman's dry separator, Goss & Adams's improved ore-feeder, and Dodge's rock-breaker. We have also, in the line of new machinery, an important agricultural invention in the way of an improved elevator and feeder for thrashing machines by Byron Jackson; a new safety clutch for elevators by B. E. Hendrickson; a valve cut-off by A. O. Gale; and a washing machine, of novel construction, by Frelloer & Mahler. Another new invention, and one which added quite a novel feature to the pavilion, was an automatic railroad signal, to give warning of an approaching train, so that tracks and switches may be in readiness. We also noticed an improved hat-rest for opera houses, and other places of public assembly; an improved wire cushion for billiard tables; a novel device, whereby a bed is made, by a slight manipulation, to assume the character of a parlor organ, etc.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

## POPULAR TASTE.

Some time ago a wealthy San Franciscan, who had just returned from abroad, was boasting of his success in having procured, at very moderate rates, a choice collection of foreign pictures. He admitted his inability to judge of merit in works of art, but was perfectly satisfied with those he had procured, and proceeded to relate his method of obtaining them. It was his custom while in Paris to visit regularly places where pictures were sold, especially at auction. As the crowds came in he observed closely before which pictures they most congregated, and, after listening to their comments, if favorable, he marked upon his catalogue the pictures under consideration, with the intention to bid upon them. Since it was his wish to purchase cheaply, of course the greater number and more meritorious of those selected fell into other hands, yet he secured between thirty and forty works for the embellishing of his Californian home. Notwithstanding our lack of faith in the excellence of this manner of securing a gallery of pictures, we gladly accepted an invitation to view them, hoping to find evidences of higher general taste among the French people in matters of art than we believe to belong to the masses in general in other localities. It is a commonly expressed opinion by many people of intelligence the world over, that the masses are, after all, the best judges of merit, whether in music, literature, the drama, or art, as applied to painting and sculpture. Being unfamiliar with the processes by which certain results are produced, the methods employed have, of course, no place in their reasoning, but their conclusions are based entirely upon results attained. If a play be absorbing, and the parts acted with spirit, the production is at once pronounced a success, and the general verdict is that the author is entitled to distinction. The popular writer is pronounced the great writer, and the painter whose pictures excite the greatest general interest is, in the opinion of these intelligent gentlemen, the one upon whom the laurels should be heaped. Having reached this conclusion, they are content to go no further. They find in this consolation for the fact that their judgment differs, in many instances, very materially from that of so-called connoisseurs and professors. They attempt to make no distinction between peoples, and taste, as a result of more or less education, is by them completely ignored. They believe in inherent capacity, and cite themselves and the community in which they live as an evidence of the correctness of their views. Ask one of these gentlemen if he considers the popular test an infallible one, and he will unhesitatingly answer yes. Yet he will make no attempt to explain the fact that in his own community, "Under the Gaslight," or some equally sensational play, will draw crowded houses for weeks, while a Shakspearean representation is withdrawn from the boards after three nights, for want of patronage and popular appreciation. He will hardly claim that the "Arkansas Traveler" or "Ten Thousand Miles Away" are among the greatest musical productions, notwithstanding their popularity, and if asked to explain why Mr. Hopps's sign, repre-

senting a party of emigrants crossing the plains, attracts more admirers among the masses than the best picture ever painted by Hill or Keith, will only shrug his shoulders, and reaffirm his faith in the popular judgment. Absurd as this statement may seem, it is true in regard to a large number of our most respected citizens. Upon visiting the collection brought from France, it would be useless to say we were not disappointed. Though showing more or less skill, the pictures belonged to what the French call the "*bourgeoise*" order, and what in our own country are designated "pot-boilers"—showy, sensational subjects, gayly painted, and intended to captivate the uncultured, and keep the pot boiling, while artists devote their time and care to more serious works upon which to base their claim to distinction in their profession. As a people, the French, perhaps, show a greater aptitude for art than any other. This doubtless is owing to the greater facilities they enjoy for its study and cultivation. From infancy their thoughts are more or less associated with art. Their capital is the art center of the world. Their galleries are more numerous, and comprise many of the greatest works of ancient and modern times. The very atmosphere they breathe seems to be impregnated with it. Yet none perceive more readily than they the distinction between cultivated and uncultivated taste. If one of our intelligent citizens were to assert in their presence the belief that a community of Americans, who, until recently, had never seen other than very mediocre pictures, and who possessed no knowledge of the possibilities of art, could pass intelligent and just criticism upon pictures, he would at once become an object of ridicule. That picture making is a science, as well as an art, is yet to be learned by many; and that knowledge is as essential to a proper appreciation of the arts, as it is of the sciences, will be admitted by all who have given the subject the attention it deserves.

## THE OBELISK.

No doubt, ages hence, when London bridge shall be in fact a thing of the past, and the crumbling remnants of St. Paul's shall stand a stranger in their own land, surrounded by a new civilization, overtowered by hitherto unknown types of architecture, a curious fragment from the forgotten past, the wanderer to the continent of America will be astounded to discover upon that distant shore a towering monolith, so distinctive in character as to defy all reconciliation with surrounding objects. Grave treatises will be written by the sages of that time to account for the strange similarity existing between this and other monuments still extant in the ancient kingdoms of England and France. Like fragments will be found on the northern coast of Africa. Papers will be prepared and read before the learned societies of the day proving its Egyptian origin, and indulging in novel speculations as to what special time in the world's history the Pharaohs issued their mandates from an American throne. That the children of Thebes

and Memphis were a powerful and aggressive people, and had at some time, lost to history, overrun the world, will be proved in many an earnest debate by these lasting monuments. Before that time, be it understood, history will have repeated itself. Empires, kingdoms, and republics will have grown, flourished, and disintegrated. A new Genghis Khan will have arisen, and, dividing his mighty forces, will have advanced East and West, sweeping the world of its ancient civilization, using our libraries to heat their baths, as did the conquerors of Alexandria; or burning them on the highways, to destroy all traces of a false religion, after the manner of zealous Christians. When all this shall have been accomplished, the obelisk recently landed in New York will then become the possessor of a secret to which that of the Sphinx, were it known, might appear commonplace. All the pleasantry and satire expended by our contemporaries upon the harmless stone will have perished with the story of its transportation, and the Alexandrian obelisk will stand a perpetual puzzle. We do not insist that events shall transpire exactly as above foreshadowed. Probably they will not; but to make a rather sudden transition from fancy to fact, we confess ourselves much at a loss to comprehend why there is so much apparent opposition, or, at the least, ridicule, expended by some of the Eastern periodicals upon this interesting and, no doubt, valuable monument of early Egyptian art, to say nothing of its historical associations. The expenditure of the \$100,000 for its purchase and transportation may be begrudged by some of those who contributed nothing to the fund, but the large number in this country interested in archaeology who have not the time or means to bestow upon lengthy journeyings to gratify their taste will welcome its arrival, and view it with interest. Having no antiquities of our own, the American is more disposed to appreciate those of other nations; and it would seem that all should feel interested in procuring as many such objects as possible for their edification and instruction. Indeed, in our opinion, the only regret to be felt is the denuding a country of these interesting monuments of her past history, and disassociating them with the scenes of the events they record. Sometimes, however, as with the Elgin marbles, their preservation depends much upon a transfer of ownership, and where such is the case, we hope America will secure her full share.

#### NEW PICTURES.

As a rule, our artists seem reluctant to place upon view many new pictures. The various places of exhibition contain mainly works with which the public are already acquainted, though at Morris & Kennedy's, on Post Street, several new pictures are to be seen that are deserving of special mention. Among these, Mr. Perry's small picture of a sleeping babe is particularly attractive, as well for the simple, quiet composition as excellent quality and rich, unobtrusive color. Mr. Hahn has also two small pictures, companion figures, representing two types of girlhood engaged in domestic pursuits. They are drawn with Mr. Hahn's usual care, and painted in his best style. The public are already so familiar with this artist's work that it requires no special recommendation. Those interested in the doings of our absent artists will be gratified to find at the same place specimens of the later work of Benoni Irwin and Thaddeus Welch. Both of these gentlemen have been abroad

for several years, and their pictures show marked progress. Mr. Irwin's "Surgical Operation," after Rembrandt, is regarded as an accurate copy of that famous, though by no means enticing, subject, and will be of special interest to those unacquainted with the original. The "Lady with a Guitar" is more pleasing, and deserves careful study. The figure, draped in Spanish costume, with black veil and rich dark-toned dress, sits in profile, relieved against a dazzling yellow background. The free and skillful handling, fine harmonious coloring, and accurate preservation of values will at once impress the spectator. Mr. Welch's picture of "The Shoemaker" is a surprise to his friends and those acquainted with this artist's former work. He had, previous to his departure, become so identified with landscape painting that it is difficult to reconcile him with the painter of the excellent *genre* picture now on view. The subject is a homely though picturesque one, and is painted with such fidelity to nature as to cause one to forget his whereabouts, and imagine himself actually in the presence of the hardworking, unshaven old cobbler, who, seated before his littered bench, with greasy cap and apron, is engaged upon the shoe of a young girl who quietly watches his movements. The old interior, with soiled walls, well used stove and utensils, littered floor and benches, and large glass window, through which one sees the sunny street, with its shops and pedestrians, and, above all, the cobbler himself, almost challenge criticism. Shoes of all conditions—new and old, large and small, masculine and feminine, patrician and plebeian—strew the table, cover shelves, floor, and benches, each one with its story, and painted with the utmost faithfulness. The picture is so well composed, the painting so excellent, and the drawing and modeling in every other respect so accurate, that one is at a loss to decide whether the peculiar enlargement of the cobbler's feet and many of the shoes strewn round, is the result of accident or intention. Notwithstanding this apparent defect, the picture cannot fail to interest and command the admiration of all who see it.

#### MECHANICS' FAIR EXHIBITION.

The display of pictures at the Mechanics' Fair, just ended, in general excellence probably surpassed any recently held in that connection. With very few exceptions, the pictures were old to our San Francisco public, but many of these are sufficiently good to excite fresh interest with each exhibition—more especially those of Rosenthal, and some of the works of many of our home artists. Undoubtedly the best picture in the exhibition, from the standpoint of the artist, is "The Awakening," by J. G. Guay, an importation of the late W. C. Ralston, and now the property of Messrs. Hagerman and Haquet. It represents a nude woman, just awakening from slumber. The accessories are so simple, and so subordinated to the figure, that the picture resolves itself simply into a splendid study of the female form. The former, however, are so admirably painted, and so rich and harmonious in color, that to our mind they constitute the chief excellence of the picture. The figure is gracefully posed, the drawing faultless, and the flesh-coloring good—the whole, in fact, presenting so much realism as to have aroused much vigorous opposition from a good portion of the community, and much comment *pro* and *con* from our leading press. The opposition became so strong that the management was at length induced to veil the picture, and finally adopted

the rather questionable plan of leaving the matter of its exhibition to the wish of a majority of visitors upon a fixed evening. Mr. Guay's picture is, to our mind, a simple portrayal of one of God's most beautiful creations, executed so skillfully as to command approbation as a work of art. It would have excited no comment whatever in a French gallery, unless it be for its excellence, and certainly is no worse than many of the productions of the famous English artist, Etty. We believe that the true lover of art and nature can gaze upon it as enthusiastically and admiringly as upon any other beautiful natural object, and not for a moment entertain a question of its propriety. A simple, guileless nature could certainly study its beauty of line, delicacy of mod-

eling, its lights, shades, and half-tones, the masterly treatment of the flowing hair, and the elegantly painted accessories, without the least fear of contamination. Indeed, so much depends upon the character of the spectator that it is difficult to establish any fixed rule of propriety in the matter. The question simply resolves itself into one of custom and training. In our country, or in some parts of it rather, we are unaccustomed to such exhibitions, and are a little puzzled to know how to behave in their presence. We can certainly dispense with them; and as a simple act may become evil by the construction we choose to put upon it, it is perhaps well to retard the introduction of such works until our community is better prepared to receive them.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL GREEK LITERATURE. By Professor J. P. Mahaffy, Trinity College, Dublin. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

This is a work in two generous duodecimo volumes by an author who had already gained a good repute. Not to mention other productions, his "Social Life in Greece" met with a very favorable reception not many years ago. Now he appears in the more critical rôle of a general historian of the wide range of the classical Greek literature. The undertaking was a large one, and, as these volumes show, it was not rashly entered on. The field was an open one; for since the elaborate work of Colonel Mure, and a translation of K. O. Müller, supplemented by Donaldson, no English author had given a connected view of the results of the later investigations. It was time for some competent hand to present the freshest fruits of modern research, and lay before the English-reading public "a prospectus of Greek literature as a whole, of its life and growth, and of the mutual relation of the authors whom younger students read in accidental and irregular order." In executing the task thus described Professor Mahaffy treats only of the classical Greek writers. He resolutely closes the list of poets with Menander, and of prose writers with Aristotle and the lost historians of the fourth century B. C.; thus ignoring the productions of the critical Alexandrians, though giving account of Theocritus and others of the so-called Alexandrian school. As a needful introduction to the earliest Greek classics, he treats of the rise of epic poetry, and the succession of prevailing forms. Lyric poems must have antedated the extant epics. All other styles, together with many epics that preceded Homer, were utterly supplanted by the superior Homeric epics. Each prevailing type then ran its full career till it was worn out, the lyrical returning afresh after the epic, to be, in turn, overshadowed by the dramatic. As to Homer, Professor Mahaffy holds a position midway between the extreme German skeptics and the strong English conservatives, like Mure and Gladstone. He is a chorizontist, believing that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were from different authors. He thinks, with Grote, that an Achilleid was the core of the "Iliad," but supposes the overlying portions to be, not from an original Iliad, itself a unit, but a concrete from various hands.

Among the early rhapsodists who composed and recited heroic lays, and wandered from court to court, "one, called Homer, was endowed with a genius superior to the rest." Probably his superiority, like Shakspere's, was not fully appreciated at first; but succeeding generations of listeners gradually recognized his excellence, and then his work was extolled and enlarged. Various episodes were added, and some glaring inconsistencies attached themselves to the older poem. "When the greatness of the 'Iliad' had been already discovered, another rhapsodist of genius conceived the idea of constructing a similar but contrasted epic from the stories about Odysseus and Telemachus; and so our 'Odyssey' came into existence." With all his fairness, we think Professor Mahaffy fails to bring out the force of the chief objection to all the theories of a patchwork Homeric authorship; viz., the necessity of supposing that many, or several, poets of such magnificent gifts, should work in such perfect harmony. We are thankful that, in protest against the destructive German critics, Professor Mahaffy does leave us a Homer; but he gives us still too many Homers. By his own assertion it is not easy to pick out the inferior work of the interpolating and supplementing rhapsodists. The German critics can in no wise agree in their specifications. If there was a series of these mightiest of the world's poets, would they work in just the same vein, or would they differ as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides differed in tragedy, or as Plato and Aristotle differed in philosophy? In an appendix, Professor Sayce treats of the Homeric problem from a linguistic point of view. He certainly does make it appear that the language of Homer may be called a mosaic; but the blended Æolic, Ionic, and Attic elements may prove rather an inevitable contamination by transmission than an original diversity of workmanship. Passing over Professor Mahaffy's interesting account of the chief lyric poets, we note his estimation of Æschylus as not only first, but chief, of the tragic three. A still greater claim is put forth by our critic. He says, "So long as a single Homer was deemed the author of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey,' we might well concede to him the first place, and say that Æschylus was the second poet of the Greeks. But by the light of nearer criticism we must retract this judgment, and assert that no other poet among the Greeks, either in grandeur of concep-



tion or splendor of execution, equals the untranslatable, unapproachable, inimitable *Æschylus*." Professor Mahaffy almost reverses the usual judgment as to Sophocles and Euripides, claiming for the latter more tragic power than is wont to be conceded to him. "He was, doubtless, an inferior artist to Sophocles; he was certainly a greater genius, and a far more suggestive thinker." A full account is given of the prince of comic writers, Aristophanes. The "New Comedy," in which Menander stands preëminent, is treated briefly, and somewhat unsatisfactorily. As Professor Mahaffy's first volume is wholly taken up with the Greek poets, so the second is devoted to the Greek prose writers. This entire separation of prose and poetry is in imitation of recent German authors, and has decided advantages. It keeps the two pictures as distinct as their subjects are unlike. Introductory to the account of Herodotus is a chapter on the early use of writing, the influences of religion and philosophy upon literature, and the dawn of history. Between the great historians Herodotus and Thucydides we have the figures of the early philosophers, the Sophists, Socrates, and the earliest Greek orators; between Thucydides and Xenophon come Plato and the pre-Demosthenic orators; after Xenophon, Demosthenes and his contemporaries; after Demosthenes, Aristotle, the wayward and wonderful genius, on whom even the brilliant and more wonderful Plato could not impress his own image. We could wish that the historians, the orators, and the philosophers had been kept more distinct in Professor Mahaffy's vivid picture of the Attic golden age. For one thing we have especially to thank him. He has not confused his account by a mass of dry details, but has preserved a proper historical perspective. The really great figures in this greatest of the world's literatures stand out in just proportions. The criticism is at once sympathetic and independent. The narrative is uniformly interesting, and often charming. Frequent allusions to recent writers seem to link the ancient world to the modern. Throughout these volumes we find a breadth and suggestiveness of treatment stimulating alike to the scholar and to the thinker. We commend Professor Mahaffy's work to all intelligent readers who do not wish to be ignorant of the most intellectual and the most original people ever projected into the great drama of human thought and human activity.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF HORACE BUSHNELL.  
New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

A little over thirty years ago a small volume dropped into the religious circles of New England, made up of a dissertation on language, and three discourses delivered on important public occasions, the whole bearing the title, *God in Christ*. The subject was well fitted to seize the mind for which it was meant with power. The thought was a trifle nebulous, perhaps, but warm with an intense vitality, while the style was electric in every touch. The heresy hunter scented fine game, in the book. An ecclesiastical trial soon widely advertised the "bane" and the author. The latter was saved from the stake by a qualified acquittal, which still left an appetizing suspicion hanging over his orthodoxy. Another volume, *Christ in Theology*, soon followed, aiming to more fully explain and clear up the positions of the author. This failed to dissipate the suspicions of the more sensitive. But it was now evident that a new

light had come to view in the theological heavens—more than a transient meteor; but was it a star, or only a comet "trailing its evanescent glory across the sky?" The theological students and younger men in the ministry read the new thinker with avidity, and from this early taste many of them came to look for any new paper from the same hand with something of the eagerness with which the novel-reader hastens for the latest outcome from his favorite author. *Sermons for the New Life* appeared in 1858, original enough in thought to take them entirely out of the traditional dullness of sermon literature, rich in the suggestions of a profound and varied experience, and breathing withal a spirit so saintly, so almost pietistic, that the sensitiveness of the orthodox was greatly allayed, and they concluded that this phenomenon, were he star or comet, had better be left to go on undisturbed in his own orbit. The next year came his *chef-d'œuvre*, *Nature and the Supernatural*, designed to make clear the harmony between "science and religion, reason and revelation, nature and the supernatural." This work had long engaged his mind, and he had found time to nearly complete it during a year spent here in California in quest of health, in 1856-7, at which time the Trustees of the College of California (afterward transformed into our State University) tendered him the Presidency of that institution. This honor his love for the church over which he had been settled as pastor, in Hartford, Connecticut, for more than twenty years, constrained him to decline. His teeming brain afterward tossed to the reading public half a dozen octavos on miscellaneous subjects, largely "the literary by-play of a laborious profession," as he calls one of them, in which, notwithstanding great and growing physical infirmity, his amazing versatility seemed to spirt off the "plus energy" of his mind. Meanwhile he had serious work on hand. In elaborating his *Nature and the Supernatural*, another theme opened to his view, which he made his next great labor. The fruit was *Vicarious Sacrifice*, which was given to the world in 1866.

In this he claims that the atoning sufferings of Christ were no appeasing compensation thrown to angered Justice as an equivalent for the penalty of sin, no mystic device to liquidate the claims of law by putting the innocent under pain for the guilty, but the simple duty of the Sufferer in fulfilling his mission to an evil world; that in this simple fidelity to his own aim, even to the bitter end, he wrought out a divine manifestation of love to the unworthy, which is the mightiest of all influences, under well known laws of impression, to break down enmity and win love, and so "ingenerate" the spirit and life of the Sufferer in the hearts of those who are won by his self-sacrifice. This view startled the orthodox friends of the author again not a little, but it was so manifestly a step out of the realm of theological fictions, and what F. W. Robertson had before characterized as "the wonderfully unreal interpretations" of Christ's sufferings, that many of his opponents even more than half acquiesced in his new position, and large numbers of young men went wholly with him. In great feebleness of body, he supplemented this work, nine years later, by another, entitled *Forgiveness and Law*, and then the busy pen grew silent. He died at Hartford, where he had so long labored, February 14, 1876, at the age of seventy-four. Dr. Bushnell has assured his place in history. In his outward life there was nothing especially remarkable. It has hundreds of parallels. He will live in his writings. He founded no sect, laid the

basis of no new philosophy, lead no reform, discovered no new truth or principle in theology; yet so thoroughly did he enstamp the doctrines of his own class of religionists with the originality of his genius that it amounts to a revolution in religious thought. He touched the creed with his diffusive thought, and lo! it is another thing. It can never again be what it was. Probably no man of his generation has so profoundly affected and changed the current views of religious truth and experience in orthodox circles as he.

Yet it must be confessed that the influence of Dr. Bushnell is not likely to fall with power outside the circles of religious orthodoxy. His genius was versatile, acute, penetrative, intense, rather than comprehensive. He complained that Emerson tired him. He burlesqued the metaphysicians, although he found his richest author in Coleridge, the most metaphysical of all English minds. He was a little ostentatious of his claim to hold essentially with the old orthodox thinkers. He broke with none of their assumptions respecting the fall and moral state of man, miraculous inspiration and revelations, special providences, and specific creations—just the assumptions that the researches of modern scholarship and the demonstrations of natural science have brought into most serious question. He discarded the idea of evolution in its scientific form. To him, every shape of life was a separate and specific creation. Christianity was the coming of God into nature from without, instead of the outcoming of divine forces that had been working progressively forward from the beginning of creation—a miracle flung into human history by the arbitrary act of Deity. "Coming into nature from without" is his own phrase to designate the way the "Christian scheme" was given. The following words from *Work and Play*, p. 271, sufficiently indicates his idea of creation:

"There is one great fact, . . . that the animal races certainly were not created originally as germs, but as full-grown bodies; for how could the races of birds, for example, begin at the condition of eggs, with no parent bird to hatch them?—and how could the young of other animals be kept alive without their dams to feed them? In all of which it is clear, beyond a question, that *lives* and full formed living bodies were created first, and had the priority of all the sperm-cell and germ-cell operations. The mere mineral world, uninhabited as yet by living creatures, could not compose the germs of anything; and as the animal races certainly did not come out of germs originally, we naturally believe that all creatures of life, animal and vegetable, began as creatures in the full activity of life."

This was printed in 1864, and one finds no hint that he ever felt constrained by later developments of science to reconsider this position. From such a point of view it was impossible that he should do much toward the solution of the most vital questions between science and religion that press the mind of this day—he never came up to them. His effort in *Nature and the Supernatural*—wonderfully ingenious in thought and rich in style as it is, and hailed by many as the finest defense of the Christian system since Butler's *Analogy*—by reason of starting from this unscientific assumption, must be counted as already superannuated: a brave old ship thrown high ashore, able to yield rich stores to any one who will take the pains to pay it a visit, but not able to carry any across the seas it was built to sail. But his writings, so far as they move in the sphere of religious insight and experience, promise to long remain among the most inspiring and helpful to be found in the lore of the Christian church.

This *Life and Letters*, prepared by the daughter of Dr. Bushnell, aided by very able friends of his, brings out the man in vivid relief. Its six hundred pages might have been condensed somewhat, perhaps, without material loss, but affection and admiration can be pardoned for finding it hard to omit. Besides, the minute study of such a figure pays. The part of the biographer is done with no little artistic skill. In the quotations, freely indulged, from the writings of the subject, the reader gets a taste not only of his vigorous thought, but feels the stimulus of one of the most unique and quickening styles to be found in modern literature.

THE FATE OF REPUBLICS. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The plan of this book is quite simple, and the author has not found it needful to add a word of preface. The undertaking is to sketch, very briefly, the nature and fate of every republic named in history, extinct or now existing, and to apply the results of the inquiry to a study of our own national problems. No one will deny that the idea is a good one. The book is neither unreadable nor lengthy, and as it lacks depth and originality, and shows withal from time to time some good sense, and is written clearly and with manly earnestness, it ought to find its way to a large and respectable public. The causes of the downfall of republics in the past are set forth briefly and plainly, though the author's competency to treat historical questions at first hand would be more than doubtful, if he made any claims to such competency. He does not, however, and his collection of data leaves, after all, a tolerably clear, though of course very inadequate, total impression of the life of republican institutions. An account of existing republics, compiled in like manner and joined with some speculations about the future, forms the transition to the most important part of the book—the discussion of the supposed securities and existing perils of our own republic. The precise point of view of the author upon a number of important questions is kept out of sight. One even has some doubts as to his religious opinions. When speaking of the trust of many in Providence as the guardian of America, he very solemnly remarks that, though "there is no difficulty in discovering and tracing remarkable providences" in our country's annals, yet "the student of history everywhere meets the startling fact that the era of providential interposition, after a while, in case of nearly every nation, gives place to the era of at least apparent providential desertion." He further adds that "the day may dawn when a monarchy will result in the greatest good to the greatest number. Then, if that day come, God will not longer interpose to save the republic, but will order its overthrow, and in mercy permit a monarchy to be established by those who have skill and daring sufficient to undertake and accomplish it." Whence it appears that our author's Providence has a preference for the strongest party, and for the most skillful and daring leaders. Surely our trust in such a Providence will need very little proof, and furnish very little comfort. This remark, and the dedication of the book to General Grant, as to the fittest earthly defender of our endangered republic, would put a suspicious reader upon his guard, lest the author might be inclined to make game of him now and then, using some especially subtle irony. A glance further convinces, one, however, that this old soldier—for such he declares himself to be; viz., an officer in the

Northern army during the Rebellion—lacks, among other things, the sense of humor, and can introduce a chapter on the dangers of Popery with an enumeration of the cases where true prophets of coming evil have been disregarded, beginning with Demosthenes and continuing even until now. This chapter on Popery is decidedly the weakest in the book, as the one on national government, and on the conditions under which alone a republic can be stable is, though very brief, in our thinking, the very best. The author's conclusion, in the last chapter of the book, after speaking of "Political Evils," is that the only thing that can save the United States from the fatality of historic republics is "biblical Christianity among the masses of the people." His own faith seems to be, indeed, somewhat clouded, for he speaks a moment after of "the invisible forces of the universe, sometimes called God, which countenance nothing but righteousness," an expression whose origin and drift every one initiated will comprehend forthwith. But his hope as to the social effects of "biblical Christianity" is only weakened by his fear that the people will not be governed by it. With this bible-faith, as he holds, we could "disband our army, extend our territories, get rid of tramps, be safe against invasions, insurrections, and usurpations," and, in brief—so we judge our author's meaning—see the roast pigeons come flying lovingly into our mouths. But the author has little hope that we shall be fortunate enough to see so happy a result. We are too unbelieving.

**SAMUEL LOVER.** A biographical sketch, with selections from his writings and correspondence. By Andrew James Symington, F.R.S.N.A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

This little book is a tribute of personal friendship. It is rather a compilation from the works of the author than an attempt at a biography. In the two hundred and fifty-six pages which it covers, there are upward of sixty selections from Lover's stories, novels, and songs, besides about twenty of his letters. While several of these quotations are quite brief, the longest covers thirty-nine pages of the book. They are strung together upon a slender thread of narrative, so slender, indeed, as to leave a certain sense of incompleteness in the performance of the task. The author has chosen to present Lover to the reader rather through his own writings than by writing about him. Perhaps this was in a measure due to the fact that his life was an uneventful one. But when we learn that the man was a successful miniature painter, an etcher, a novelist, and a musical composer; that he has written several songs which are familiar, the world over, as household words, and that his dramatic talent was such that, like Charles Dickens, he could enchant audiences by reading and reciting selections from his own writings, we feel that we should be glad to know more of the man himself than can be acquired from this "life-sketch." Such versatility of talent, accompanied by evidences of success, rank Lover as an extraordinary man. His name would be preserved through the instrumentality of either "Widow Machree," "Rory O'More," "The Bowld Sojer Boy," or "The Low-backed Car," even without the aid of his more ambitious, and possibly less enduring, productions. As the author of *Handy Andy*, he earned for himself a distinct and well defined position among writers of fiction. His sketches of Irish and American character, and his humorous stories, place him before

us not only as an acute observer, but through and by means of them we are enabled to estimate the genial temperament and happy nature of the man who could devise so much amusement for himself and others from the eccentricities and whims of those with whom he came in contact. The author expresses in his preface the desire that "Lover's exemplary perseverance, courage, reverence, conscientious, patient goodness, and hopeful, buoyant brightness, may in some degree influence despondent toilers, young or old, who, it may be, are now in these hard times wearily fighting the battle of life." It is in this spirit of reverence for his friend's memory that he has approached his task. The abundant quotations of Irish stories, sketches, and ballads render the book readable and entertaining. It is put forth with the expressed intention of supplying the public with a "shorter life of Lover" than that already published by Bernard, and it is, perhaps, from the necessities of the situation that we rise from the perusal of the book with a feeling that, after all, our desire for knowledge of Lover himself is not fully satisfied.

**AN AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.** By Noah Webster, LL. D. Revised, enlarged, and improved, by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D. D., and Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

The man whose necessities limit his library to one book should get Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. It would be difficult to conceive of a more perfect work than the new edition of this great conservator of the English language. As there is nothing for which men have more frequent use than language, and as there is nothing less frequent than its accurate use, it follows that there can be no book of reference of greater value than one which is an acknowledged standard by which we can regulate our daily speech. Elsewhere in this number Professor Sill speaks of the "terrible inference" which "a bad slip in the refinements of English syntax, coming from some newly introduced person, and coming, too, with the fatal smoothness of habitual use, opens up to you in a second." Many times, persons, from mere carelessness, permit themselves to use colloquialisms which expose them to ridicule, as well as to the "inference" of ignorance and essential vulgarity. Hence we say, that there should be no better thumbed book than one's dictionary. It would be an invaluable habit which would regard every word with suspicion until its lineage and its social position among its verbal contemporaries were fully established. To one who has impartially examined the merits of the different dictionaries there can be no question that Webster's latest unabridged edition is far in advance of any similar work ever published. It is more complete and satisfactory, more accurate and authoritative than any of its competitors. It is abreast of the times, and contains a supplement of nearly five thousand new words, with their definitions. The new pronouncing biographical dictionary at the back contains the names of about ten thousand noted persons, with their nationality, occupation, and the dates of their birth and death. There is also a valuable vocabulary of the names of noted fictitious persons and places; there is a list of Scripture proper names, with their pronunciation; a similar list of Greek and Latin proper names; an etymological vocabulary of modern geographical names, and a pronouncing vocabulary of the same; a list of common

English Christian names; quotations from foreign languages; abbreviations and contractions; arbitrary signs; the metric system of weights and measures; and a classified selection of pictorial illustrations. While many of these features have appeared in former editions, several are new, and all are brought down to the latest date. The body of the work is also illustrated by numerous designs. The definitions and the spelling are such as are sanctioned by the best usage. It is no disparagement to other publications to say that, as a monument of learning and accurate industry, this latest unabridged edition stands unparalleled.

**CONGREGATIONALISM.** The Congregationalism of the last three hundred years, as seen in its literature, with special reference to certain recondite, neglected, or disputed passages, with a bibliographical appendix. By Henry Martin Dexter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

This bulky, but elaborately wrought, work its author styles an "episode." Dr. Dexter has for the last fifteen years been recognized as a chief authority in the history of that peculiar form of ecclesiastical polity which came to America in the *Mayflower*, and which had much to do with shaping the civil polity, first, of New England, and, subsequently, of our whole country. Many years since, Dr. Dexter began to collect material for a thorough history of the Plymouth Colony, and is still working industriously in that direction. Meantime, in this episodic way he issues this tractate of 1082 pages, designed to serve as a sort of thesaurus, or guide-book, to the literature of Congregationalism during the past three hundred years. The main text of the work occupies 716 pages. To this follows an appendix of 286 pages, giving the titles of 7,250 books and pamphlets, together with the date at which each was published. These are all works illustrative of the history and character of Congregationalism. Apart from all questions of purely denominational interest, the volume throws much light upon the early history of New England. It is a work of immense research, and is deserving of praise, at least, as a guide-book to future students and writers of American history. It is a good service rendered not only in its special line, but in the line of general history. There is a wide field open to similar thorough workers in other directions.

**AMERICAN ART REVIEW.** Devoted to the Practice, Theory, History, and Archaeology of Art. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1880.

This monthly publication, which has now reached its ninth number, is devoted to the general development of art, but its special feature is announced to be "a series of original painter-etchings by American artists." One advantage which a magazine that produces etchings has over one that publishes engravings, is that in the former case the plates are the work of the artist himself, without the intervention of a middleman, or engraver. Such etchings are in no sense a reproduction, but are the direct work of the master-hand. The publication before us is certainly one of the most perfect of its kind, and those interested in American art have reason to congratulate themselves upon its success. Among the artists who have contributed, or have promised to contribute, original etched plates are A. F. Bellows, J. Foxcroft Cole, Henry Farrar, J. Appleton Brown, Edwin Forbes,

R. Swain Gifford, Peter Moran, James D. Smillie, J. W. Champney, Wm. M. Chase, F. S. Church, Samuel Colman, F. Dielman, H. F. Farney, J. M. Falconer, George Inness, L. S. Ipsen, John La Farge, Walter F. Lansil, Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, Charles H. Miller, Thomas Moran, Walter Shirlaw, George H. Smillie, J. R. Tait, and F. P. Vinton. We give these names, which will be recognized as those of leading American etchers, to show the high standard at which the *Review* aims. Plates are also promised from Unger, Flameng, Rajon, Greux, Leibl, Meyer, Forberg, and other renowned European artists. Although etching is the principal feature, it is not by any means the only one of this charming work. Engravings, heliogravures, wood-cuts, photo-engravings, etc., are given in profusion, and with the most accurate art. In addition, a number of able articles are given each month from the pens of critics of ability and reputation. As we have turned over the pages of the several numbers, we have been particularly struck with Mr. Bellows's exquisite little etching, "Mill Pond at Windsor, Conn.," in No. 7, and with Mr. Wm. Unger's "Wallachian Team," in No. 9. No. 6 contains a fine head of Sir Gilbert Scott, by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt; also a suggestive plate, "Travellers before an Inn," by Mr. Unger. Karl Hoff's "In the House of Mourning," in No. 8, is a powerful and touching embodiment.

**FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.** New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

No. 126—*The Duke's Children.* A novel. By Anthony Trollope.

No. 127—*The Queen.* By Mrs. Oliphant.

No. 128—*Miss Bouverie.* A novel. By Mrs. Molesworth.

**HARPER'S HALF HOUR SERIES.** New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

No. 141—*The National Banks.* By H. W. Richardson.

No. 142—*Life Sketches of Macaulay.* By Charles Adams.

**SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST.** By John Mortimer Murphy. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

**AMERICAN MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW.** By George T. Fish. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

**BUNYAN.** By James Anthony Froude. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

**CHAUCER.** By Adolphus William Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1880. For sale in San Francisco by Payot, Upham & Co.

**ODETTE'S MARRIAGE.** A novel from the French of Albert Delpit. Translated by Emily Prescott. 1880. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.

**THE BALLET DANCER'S HUSBAND.** Translated from the French of Ernest Feydeau by Mary Neal Sherwood. 1880. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.

**HER BRIGHT FUTURE.** A novel. 1880. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co.



# OUTCROPPINGS.

## WATCHING THE BELLS.

'Tis Sabbath evening, and the hour of worship is at hand;  
Deep lies the silence, like a kiss of God, upon the land.

I stand within a valley; and, on either side, the towers  
Lift up their heads, and listen for the coming of the hours.

On yonder dusky dial now the pointer creeps apace;  
It stands upon the minute, like intent upon a face.

See yonder huge, dim shadow rise athwart the shutter bars,  
Like the dark brow of a prisoner lifted upward toward the stars!

It stands aloft upon the dusk, as if to hail the skies;  
But silence, like a mighty hand, upon its black throat lies—

A moment only, and its voice in billowy clangor breaks,  
And through the drowsy, twilight air a long, deep answer wakes.

Now, in yon open tower, I see the bell begin to move,  
The rising of its ponderous rim against the sky above.

It cries out wildly to the night, as 'twere a naked soul,  
And through the hollows of the hills its flying echoes roll.

But in that grim and lonesome tower, with windows through  
the stone,

Why sleeps the great cathedral bell, and keeps the hush  
alone?

It wakes—it stirs; with hollow rush, and parting of the  
night,

It hurls its huge bulk to the sky, and fills the tower with  
fright.

It speaks, and all the rest are still; it sinks, but thunders  
yet—

It speaks again, and in the vault the mighty peals have met.  
PAUL PASTNOR.

## WALT WHITMAN AGAIN.

In the July number of *THE CALIFORNIAN* appeared an article entitled "Satin vs. Sacking." In it the writer pitted the extreme of two distinct styles—Whitman's and Fawcett's—against each other. In one, the writer aimed to clothe his thoughts in cheap, badly fitting garments, full of rags and patches, until an idea looked like "Topsey," with her head thrust through the bottom of a gunny sack. In the other, we find thought—such as it is—arrayed in a masquerading costume, all glittering with tinsel and dazzling with color, but, for the life of one, the character of the thing inside cannot be even so much as guessed at. Either of the two will attract attention anywhere. One is as diffused and elaborate as the other is clumsy and tedious. It is, perhaps, out of place to criticize adversely the writings of a man who gives satisfaction to thousands of people, but hardly more so than to eulogize one whose writings thousands could not be hired to read.

It has become fashionable for Americans to vastly admire anything which they have never read.

Walt Whitman has gained great notoriety "because he got out of the common rut." On the contrary, he

remained persistently in the commonest rut he could find. His admirers lay great stress upon the fact that his writings are "absolutely without art." Now, what would these people think of their upholsterers and crockery men, if they insisted in bringing chairs without finish, or plates unglazed? We are told to abhor art in nature, and who does not? But poetry is not natural, never was, and never can be. It is artificial in all its aims, and stilted and unreal in its construction. We despise art when applied to the mathematically trimmed box-wood trees seen in the gardens of San Francisco, because such art cannot impress us as does a natural landscape in the Sierra; but, at the same time, we want the tiles in the walk regularly laid, and the posts of the porch perpendicular. An elegantly furnished room, beautified by art, is preferable to a log cabin, with a pool of stagnant water just before the door. One is all art, and the other absolutely without it, like Whitman's poetry. Of course, these comparisons indicate extremes, but not more so than *Leaves of Grass* and *Phantasy and Passion*.

Whitman apparently labors to acquire as much pure and simple clumsiness as possible in his versification. He describes the visit of a runaway slave to his house as follows:

"The runaway slave came to my house and stopped outside.

I heard his motions crackling the twigs of the wood-pile.

Through the swung half-door of the kitchen I saw him,  
limpy and weak,

And went where he sat on a log, and led him in and assured  
him,

And brought water, and filled a tub for his sweated body  
and bruised feet,

And gave him a room that entered from my own, and gave  
him some coarse, clean clothes;

And remember perfectly well his revolving eyes and his awkwardness,

And remember putting plasters on the galls of his neck and  
ankles.

He stayed with me a week before he was recuperated, and  
passed North.

I had him sit next me at table. My firelock leaned in the  
corner."

The above gives the details of a very touching picture. Nothing can be more beautiful or poetical than the melting of human sympathy for the alleviation of distress. The meter employed is that in which Longfellow has written much, and is something which the ear soon tires of. It is simply prose, cut up into certain lengths, and the reading of it, with its monotonous pauses, and regularly recurring accents toward the close of the line, after a time sounds like a boy hammering endlessly upon a drum. It has justly been compared to an auctioneer reading off the inventory of a grocery store. If in such versification a line is reached which is too short or long, or the accent is in an unfamiliar place, it is like an oasis in a desert. Those who assert that they like such poetry would choose a rough charcoal sketch in preference to a finished painting. Let us look for a moment at Whitman's opposite, Poe.

Here is a fair refrain of his studied art, taken from the "Haunted Palace":

"Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago);  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts, plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away."

It is not hard for one to imagine Whitman rendering the above something like this:

On the roof of the castle yellow banners floated, and glorious  
and golden banners—  
It was a very long time ago that all this happened—  
And the airs that came over the white ramparts at that  
time  
Had wings to them, which took away a very sweet smell.

Speaking of animals, Whitman merely remarks that he would like to live with them, and enjoys looking at them:

"I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so  
placid and self-contained;  
I stand and look at them sometimes half the day long."

Lytton paints a finished picture from the same scene, where he writes:

"From the warm upland comes a gust, made fragrant with  
the brown hay there.  
The meek cows, with their white horns thrust above the  
hedge, stand still and stare.  
The steaming horses from the wains droop o'er the tank  
their plated manes."

Here are some strange passages from Whitman in which strange mixtures occur:

"A child said, What is the grass?—fetching it to me with  
full hands.  
How could I answer the child? I do not know  
What it is any more than he.  
I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hope-  
ful green stuff woven;  
Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,  
A scented gift and remembrancer, designedly dropped,  
Bearing the owner's name some way in the corners,  
That we may see and remark, and say, Whose?"

The idea that it is the "flag of his disposition, out of the hopeful green stuff woven," makes a peculiar combination of the raw and the manufactured article in one metaphor. If the child had brought him a tuft of sheep's wool, he might, with the same propriety, have designated it as his shirt. He next thinks it must be "the handkerchief of the Lord," as if Divinity sometimes had a bad cold, and needed to use a handkerchief. If such poetical license is to be allowed, the ownership of cravats, paper collars, towels, and blue neckties will next be attributed. Such lines only lower the plummet of bathos to the lowest depths. The idea of the Lord's name being worked in the corner, that the finder, seeing, may vociferate, "Whose?" is still more absurd. If the name were there, why in the name of all that is good should the finder say "Whose?" He goes on to say:

"Tenderly will I use you, curling grass;  
It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men;  
It may be if I had known them I would have loved them;  
It may be you are from old people, and from women,

And from offspring taken soon out of the mothers' laps—  
And here you are the mothers' laps.

"The grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old  
mothers,  
Darker than the colorless beards of old men,  
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.  
Oh, I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,  
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths  
for nothing."

Now, if one should take the last stanza of the above, and read it to a crowd of a dozen people, the reader would wait a long time before the listeners agreed as to what it means. What is meant by the remark that the grass did not come from under the roofs of mouths for nothing? Grass does not, as a rule, "transpire from the breasts of young men," or the "white heads of old mothers."

The author himself is utterly at a loss to render his meaning intelligible, for he writes:

"I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young  
men and women,  
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring  
taken soon out of their laps."

I have seen these lines somewhere, but cannot now positively state that they came from Whitman's pen. They are certainly in Whitman's style:

"There are times when at midnight I feel a great stillness,  
And I like to feel it, too, because it helps me brood easier."

Contrast this with the master tones of Prentice:

"'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now is brooding like a  
gentle spirit  
O'er the still and pulseless world."

Perhaps many who find beauties in Whitman will charge others with overlooking them. Jewels have before now been found in ash-heaps, but all people are not expected to be possessed of the patience necessary to insure finding them. SAM DAVIS.

#### THE FOUR BULLWHACKERS OF BITTER CREEK.

Perhaps every person who is somewhat advanced in life can remember some incident of his early years which he would really like to forget, something that resulted from the freshness and vast inexperience of youth. I remember one which I have spent a good deal of time trying to forget. Just before the Union Pacific Railroad reached the Bitter Creek country, I made my first overland trip to the Pacific Coast. I staged it from the then terminus of the Union Pacific to the Central Pacific, which was pushing east. The stage broke down on Bitter Creek, and the passengers had to walk to the next station. I grew tired of walking before I reached the station, and coming, late in the afternoon, to where some teamsters were camped, I concluded to stop with them for the night. On asking their permission to do so, they assented so heartily that I felt at home at once. Life in the West was something new to me. I was young and buoyant, and just out of college. I was fond of talking. I thought it would be novel and delightful to sleep out with these half-savage ox-drivers, with no shelter but the vaulted, star-gemmed heavens. There were four teamsters, and as many wagons, while thirty-two oxen grazed around in the vicinity. Of the

teamsters, one was a giant in stature, and wore a bushy black beard; another was shorter, but powerfully built, and one-eyed; the third was tall, lank, and hame-jawed; while the fourth was a wiry, red-headed man. In my thoughts I pitied them, on account of the hard life they led, and spoke to them in a kind tone, and endeavored to make my conversation instructive. I plucked a flower, and, pulling it to pieces, mentioned the names of the parts—pistil, stamens, calyx, and so on—and remarked that it must be indigenous to the locality, and spoke of the plant being endogenous, in contradistinction to exogenous, and that they could see that it was not cryptogamous. In looking at some fragments of rock, my thoughts wandered off into geology, and, among other things, I spoke of the tertiary and carboniferous periods, and of the pterodactyl, ichthyosaurus, and dinotherium. The teamsters looked at me, then at each other, but made no response. We squatted down around the frying-pan to take supper, and as the big fellow, with his right hand, slapped, or sort of larruped, a long piece of fried bacon, over a piece of bread in his left hand, sending a drop of hot grease into my left eye, he said to the one-eyed man:

"Bill, is my copy of Shakspeare in yo' wagon? I missed it to-day."

"No. My Tennerson and volum' of the Italian poets is in thar—no Shakspeare."

The lank looking teamster, biting off a piece of bread about the size of a saucer, said to the big man, in a voice which came huskily through the bread, "Jake, did yer ever read that volum' of po'ms that I writ?"

"No, but hev often hearn tell on 'em."

"Yer mean 'Musin's of an Idle Man,'" spoke up the red-headed man, addressing the poet.

"Yes."

"Hev read every line in it a dozen times," said the teamster with the red hair; and as he sopped a four-inch swath, with a piece of bread, across a frying-pan, he repeated some lines.

"Them's they," nodded the poet. "The Emp'r of Austr'y writ me a letter highly complimentin' them po'ms."

"They're very techin'," added the wiry man.

I took no part in these remarks. Somehow I did not feel like joining in.

The wiry man, having somewhat satisfied his appetite, rolled up a piece of bacon rind into a sort of single-barreled opera-glass, and began to squint through it toward the northern horizon.

"What yer doin', Dave?" asked the stout man.

"Takin' observations on the North Star. Want to make some astronomical calkulations when I git inter Sackrymenter."

"Well, yer needn't ter made that tel'scope. I could er tuk yo' observations for yer, bein' as I haint but one eye."

"Git out thar, yer durned ole carboniferous pterodactyl," yelled the hame-jawed driver to an ox that was licking a piece of bacon.

"I give a good deal of my time to 'stronomy when I was in Yoorup," remarked the tall man.

"Over thar long?" asked one.

"Good while. Was Minister to Rooshy. Then I spent some time down ter Rome."

"Rome!" exclaimed the lank individual. "Was born thar. My father was a sculptor."

"Good sculptor?"

"Yes."

"Well, one wouldn't er thought it, to look at yer."

"I never was in Yoorup," remarked the one-eyed man. "When I ocypied the cheer of ancient languages in Harvard College my health failed, and the fellers that had me hired wanted me ter go ter Yoorup for an out, but I concluded ter come West ter look—Hold up thar, yer infernal ole flea-bitten ichthy'saurus," he bawled to an ox that was chewing a wagon cover.

I felt hot and feverish, and a long way from home.

"I got ready once ter go ter Rome—wanted to complete my studies thar—but give it up," said the one called Dave.

"What for?"

"They wanted me ter run for Guv'ner in Virginny."

"Yer beat 'em?"

"Thunder, yes."

"Why didn't yer stay thar?"

"Well, when my job as Guv'ner give out they 'lected me 'Piscopal Bishop, an' I hurt my lungs preachin'. Come West for my lungs."

"Found em?"

"Well, I'm improvin'."

I did not rest well that night. As day came on, and the men began to turn over in their blankets and yawn, the tall one said:

"Hello, Bill. How yer makin' it?"

"Oh, I'm indigenous."

"An' Dave?"

"I'm endogenous."

"An' you, Lanky, yer son of a sculptor?"

"Exogenous."

"How you feel, Jake?" inquired one of the three who had responded.

"Cryptogamous, sir, cryptogamous."

I walked out a few steps to a little stream, to get a drink. I felt thirsty, and I ached. Then I heard a voice from the blankets:

"Wonder if them durned ole dinother'ums of ourn are done grazin'."

Then a reply:

"I guess they've got to the tertiary period."

I walked a little piece on the road, to breathe the morning air.

I kept on.

LOCK MELONE.

#### AFTER THE SEASON.

Fade, flowers—droop, trees—in noontide heat;

Glare, pavement, in the sun;

What matter dust and scorching street?

The season's course is run.

The noisy roll has ceased at last;

The blossoms, balconied,

That dust has choked, and crowds have passed,

Have withered, drooped, and died.

No evening crowd round Mayfair's doors:

No Kensingtonian hum;

No languid waltz on polished floors;

No ball, no rout, nor drum.

But where reviving breezes blow

On purpled heathery hill,

Or where the virgin-peaks of snow

Worn minds with beauty fill,

London has fled; and, still the same

At rest or on the wing,

Dresses and chats, and loves and hates,

In autumn as in spring.

London has fled; but yet amid  
The heat and poison air  
Three millions linger — never rid  
Of labor, famine, care.

Three millions who, in den and court,  
Hid from God's wind, God's sun,  
Pine for air fresher, purer thought,  
Or end lives scarce begun.

No glimpses of green waving trees  
For them, nor dewy grass;  
E'en Nature's ripeness brings disease  
And death to them, alas!

So time for some in sadness flows;  
To some in perfumed ease;  
God grant His pity unto those—  
His patience give to these!

LAURE WILLEY.

## ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE CALIFORNIAN has now been running three-quarters of a year. From the issuance of the January number to the present time, it has been met with words of encouragement and approval alone. Personal interviews, private letters, and the expressions of the public press have all bid us God-speed. The reception which the magazine has met proves that a field is open for it on this coast, and a glance at the pages of the various numbers reveals the existence of a local talent which, to many, was unsuspected. But it has been evident for some time past to those interested in the enterprise, that, in disregarding the experience of all other publications, by fixing the price so far below that of other monthlies, a mistake had been made, which, sooner or later, would have to be corrected. The large sums which have to be expended for paper, composition, press-work, and the innumerable expenses of printing, issuing, and circulating a monthly magazine, which have, of late, been higher than for many years before, prevent the possibility of placing the publication on that high plane of literary and typographical excellence which its proprietors desire, without a change in the present price. The only alternative was one which the owners would not for a moment consider, that of deteriorating the quality and diminishing the quantity supplied at the existing rates. For some time, therefore, the only question has been, when shall this change be effected, and it has been decided, after consultation, that the sooner it is done the better. Commencing, therefore, with the first day of October, the price of the magazine will be advanced to thirty-five cents for a single number, and to \$4.00 for the yearly subscription, the usual price for first-class monthlies. In order that there may be no dissatisfaction among those of our patrons who have not, as yet, subscribed by the year, THE CALIFORNIAN will receive yearly subscriptions at the old rates (\$3.00) until the date fixed for the change in the price (October 1, 1880). No one, therefore, needs be affected by the change for the present year. With this change, we expect to redouble our efforts to make the magazine worthy of the high favor with which it has been received, and are able already to promise new features which will make it more attractive than ever before.—[Reprinted from last month.]

## A LITERAL MEXICAN.

One of our Eastern exchanges tells this story: Wick- edly anxious to obey orders to the letter was a Mexican taking the stand, in a New York police court, as a witness in an assault case. Having informed the Judge that he spoke English, he was told to state what he knew of the affair in question. Thereupon the prosecuting attorney, an Irishman by birth, quite unnecessarily intervened with:

"Ye onderstand, sor, that ye are to go on and state to the coort what ye know about the case in your own language."

"You want me to tell the story in my own language?" asked the witness.

"Yes, sor, I do," replied the lawyer.

The Mexican began: "Este mujur quenia a mi casa—"

"What is that ye're saying?" exclaimed the attorney.

"I am speaking in my own language, as you requested me to do," was the reply.

"I didn't mane for ye to spake your own language when I said for ye to spake yer own language," exclaimed the legal gentleman. "Can't ye spake to me as I'm spakin' to ye?"

"I can try, sir," said the Mexican; and he went on with his story thus: "Well, thin, yer Honor, this man and this woman kem to my house, and says the man to the woman, says he, 'I want to spake wid ye,' says he—"

Here the indignant examiner broke in with: "What do ye mane by spaking in that way?"

"Shure, sor," responded the witness, "ye axed me to spake in the language ye use yourself, and shure I'm thryin' to oblige ye."

Then the Judge thought it time to interfere, and bade the Mexican talk English.

"With pleasure, your Honor," said he. "I should have done so at first, but the learned gentleman seemed rather particular in regard to the language in which he wished me to give my evidence."

*This is the last number before the price is advanced. Read the announcement on this page, and send in your yearly subscription before the first day of October, so as to get the benefit of the old rate.*

## UNDERSTOOD.

In the gloaming  
Love is born,  
When the roaming  
Sun is gone,

When the starlight casts its shade  
On the lover and the maid,  
As they sit  
With wistful eyes,  
Silent in their sweet surprise.

By the token  
Understood,  
Though unspoken  
Be the word;

By the trembling, conscious air,  
As it bends to stroke their hair,  
Two shall plight  
With wistful eyes,  
Clasping hands in sweet surprise.